SHELLEY

HIS LIFE AND WORK

BY

WALTER EDWIN PECK

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

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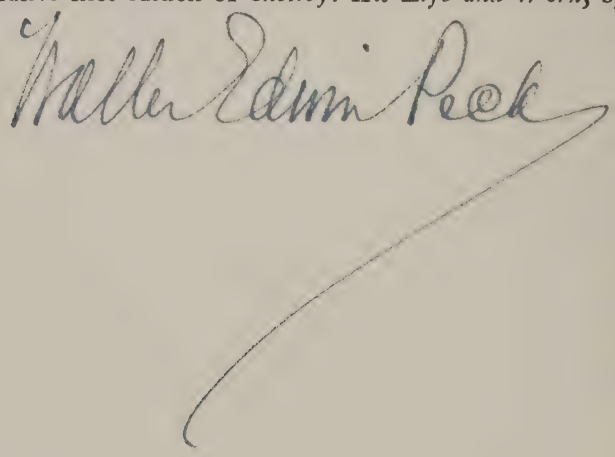

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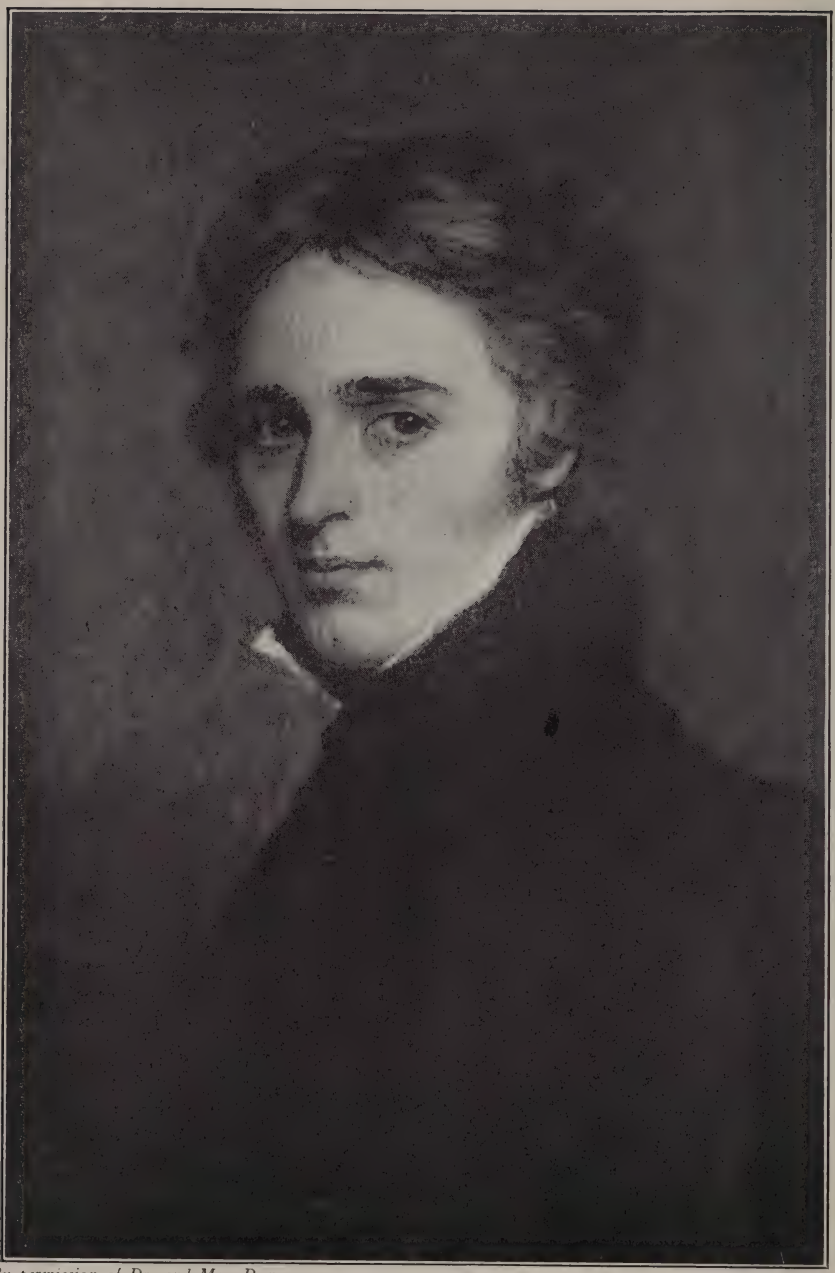

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PORTRAIT OF SHELLEY

By the American artist, William E. West, from the original painting in the possession of Dr. and Mrs. John Dunn, Richmond, Virginia.

SHELLEY

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VOLUME II

1817–1822

BY

WALTER EDWIN PECK

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SHELLEY
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CHAPTER XIII

LAST DAYS IN ENGLAND—LAON AND CYTHNA

Address to the People on the Death of the Princess Charlotte

AS his boat floated under the beech groves of Bisham,[1] or as he went wandering over the fields of Buckinghamshire, Shelley's mind was at work on a poem which by his own declaration was in "the style and for the same object as *Queen Mab*, but interwoven with a story of human passion, and composed with more attention to the refinement and accuracy of language, and the connection of its parts." [2] The actual composition had begun in April 1817, but hints of its central theme may be found five years earlier in Shelley's letters to the Hurstperpoint schoolmistress. In January 1812, Shelley had promised Miss Hitchener that in a month he would complete "a tale illustrative of the causes of the failure of the French Revolution to benefit mankind"; [3] and had also notified Godwin: "I am writing 'An inquiry into the causes of the failure of the French Revolution to benefit mankind.'" [4] This tale, which may have been the lost novel, *Hubert Cauvin*, was not published as promised; but in February he appealed to Miss Hitchener: "Let us mingle our identities inseparably, and burst upon tyrants with the accumulated impet-

[1] Mary Shelley's Note on *The Revolt of Islam*, in *Poetical Works* ed. 1839, i. 376.

[2] Shelley, Letter to Lord Byron, from 13, Lisson Grove North, Paddington, London, September 24, 1817. *Lord Byron's Correspondence*, ed. Murray, 1922. ii. 60.

[3] Letter, January 7, 1812. *Letters*. i. 213.

[4] Letter, January 10, 1812. *Letters*, i. 221.

uosity of our acquirements and resolutions";[5] and again: "I desire your presence—because you would share with me the high delight of awakening a noble nation from the lethargy of its bondage."[6] In the letter, already quoted, which Shelley wrote to Lord Byron from Bath, September 29, 1816, we have seen how Shelley had urged Lord Byron to undertake a "greater enterprise" than any he had yet attempted, and to that end had "recommended the Revolution of France as a theme involving pictures of all that is best qualified to interest and to instruct mankind."[7] Shelley would not have known it; but in the summer of 1799 Coleridge had made a similar suggestion to a fellow poet. "I wish," he wrote Wordsworth, "you would write a poem, in blank verse, addressed to those who in consequence of the complete failure of the French Revolution, have thrown up all hopes of the amelioration of mankind, and are sinking into an almost epicurean selfishness, disguising the same under the soft titles of domestic attachment, and contempt for visionary *philosophers*. It would do great good."

In October 1817, when he sent the first four pages of his MS. to a publisher, Shelley explained that his poem was "in fact a tale illustrative of such a Revolution as might be supposed to take place in an European nation, acted upon by the opinions of what had been called the modern philosophy, and contending with ancient notions, and the supposed advantage derived from them to those who support them. It is a revolution of this kind that is the *beau ideal*, as it were, of the French Revolution, but produced by the influence of individual genius and not out of general knowledge. The authors of it are sup-

[5] Letter, February 24, 1812. *Letters*, i. 262.
[6] Letter, February 27, 1812. *Letters*, i. 267.
[7] *Lord Byron's Correspondence*, ed. Murray, 1922, ii. 19.

posed to be my hero and heroine, whose names appear in the title." [8]

The poem as originally christened and printed was *Laon and Cythna; or the Revolution of the Golden City: a Vision of the Nineteenth Century.* In the preface to the first version Shelley explained that he had "written fearlessly"; and that as there was "in the personal conduct of . . . Hero and Heroine . . . one circumstance . . . intended to startle the reader from the trance of ordinary life," he desired to say that it was his "object to break through the crust of those outworn opinions on which established institutions depend"; that incest was to him but one of the "crimes of convention." The preface ended with a note: "The sentiments connected with and characteristic of this circumstance have no personal reference to the Writer." In a letter to Maria (Mrs. John) Gisborne in 1819 he spoke of incest as "a very poetical circumstance," said it might arise from "the excess of love or hate" according as it exhibited circumstances portraying "the defiance of everything for the sake of another, [as in the case of Laon and Cythna in the poem now under discussion] which clothes itself in the glory of the highest heroism"; or "that cynical rage [exhibited by Count Cenci's violence toward Beatrice in *The Cenci*] which, confounding the good and the bad in existing opinions, breaks through them for the purpose of rioting in selfishness and antipathy." [9]

"Whatever may be the difference of men's opinions concerning the measure of Mr. Shelley's poetical power," wrote a *Blackwood* reviewer, "there is one point in regard to which all must be agreed, and that is his Audacity." [10] In a year which

[8] Letter, from 13, Lisson Grove North, October 13, 1817. *Letters,* ii. 559.
[9] Letter to Maria Gisborne, November 16, 1819. *Letters,* ii. 749.
[10] Review of *Prometheus Unbound, Blackwood's Magazine,* Sept. 1820.

had witnessed the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, and the enactment of the Suit in Chancery which had deprived him of the custody of his children on the grounds of his moral, political, and religious beliefs, exemplified in his actions, is it not surprising that Shelley should dare again to bait the lion of the law by portraying, in *Laon and Cythna*, a brother and sister living in the relationship of lovers? "The sincerity of Shelley's speculative opinions," says Medwin, "was proved by the willingness with which he submitted unflinchingly to obloquy and reproach in order to inculcate them—and he would have undergone the martyrdom he depicts in *Laon and Cythna*, rather than have renounced one tittle of his faith." [11] Medwin was of the opinion that such "sincerity, if it does not form a justification either of his doctrines or his acts, entitles him to our esteem, and disarms our censure." [12]

If support is sought for Medwin's assertion that Shelley would have endured martyrdom rather than recant, it will be found in the poet's letter to Byron, September 24, 1817, in which he asserted of *Laon and Cythna*, then just completed:

> It *is* to be *published*—for I am not of your opinion as to religion, &c., and for this simple reason, that I am careless of the consequences as they regard myself. I only feel persecution bitterly, because I bitterly lament the depravity and mistake of those who persecute. As to me, I can but die; I can but be torn to pieces,[13] or devoted to infamy most undeserved; and whether this is inflicted by the necessity of nature, and circumstances, or through a principle, pregnant, as I believe, with important benefit to mankind, is an alternative to which I cannot be indifferent.[14]

[11] Medwin, *Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, 1847. ii. 351–2.

[12] Medwin, *Revised Life of Shelley*, 1913. p. 438.

[13] An early reference (the first?) to the plight of Actæon, to whom Shelley likened himself in *Adonais, xxxi, and Epipsychidion*, 246–9, 272.

[14] *Lord Byron's Correspondence*, ed. Murray, 1922. ii. 60.

But if Shelley was willing to sacrifice himself for his theories, his publishers were not; and though the publication of *Laon and Cythna* by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, and C. & J. Ollier went so far as to involve the dispatch of copies, printed and bound, to the *Quarterly*, to Thomas Moore and to Godwin, its further circulation was stopped in December 1817, by Charles Ollier, who insisted upon the alteration of the poem to avoid complaint from any source that it contained matter incestuous, treasonable, and blasphemous. "Shelley," says Peacock, "had no hope of another publisher"; and though he "for a long time refused to alter a line,—his friends finally prevailed on him to submit. Still he could not, or would not, sit down by himself to alter it, and the whole of the alterations were actually made in successive sittings of what I may call a literary committee. He *contested the proposed alterations step by step;* in the end, sometimes adopting, more frequently modifying, never originating, and *always insisting that his poem was spoiled.*" [15]

The alteration of sixty-two lines of the poem, and the excision of the last paragraph of the preface to accord with the ideas of Ollier and his literary committee were accomplished by the insertion of cancel-leaves in that part of the edition of 250 copies which it was thought would be needed by the booksellers to supply the general demand for Shelley's poems. All this was not done, however, until the following most positive protest had gone from Shelley to Ollier:

It is to be regretted that you did not consult your own safety and advantage (if you consider it connected with the non-publication of my book) before your declining the publication, after having accepted it, would have operated to so extensive and serious an injury to

[15] *Works of Thomas Love Peacock*, 1875, iii. 448–9. Italics mine.

my views as now. . . . You foresaw . . . all that these people [16] would say. You do your best to condemn my book before it is given forth, because you publish it, and then withdraw; so that no other bookseller will publish it, because one has already rejected it.[17]

He urged Ollier to reconsider the matter. He reminded him that Sherwood, Neely, and Jones had desired to appear as the principal publishers; and said he thought perhaps that firm might take over the general direction of publication on Ollier's explanation to them that it was the desire of the author that they should assume it. This, Shelley believed, would free Ollier of most of the responsibility for publishing the poem. He hoped that Sherwood, Neely, and Jones would accede to the plan. Whether Ollier approached them on the subject is not known. Their names did not reappear on the title-page of the revised poem; only the Olliers were there designated as its publishers.

Unlike the poem that follows it, the preface to *Laon and Cythna* is clear and explicit. Shelley announced that, with the exception of canto i, "which is purely introductory," the poem was "narrative, not didactic." He said:

It is a succession of pictures [18] illustrating the growth and progress of individual mind aspiring after excellence, and devoted to the love of mankind; its influence in refining and making pure the most daring and uncommon impulses of the imagination, the understanding, and the senses; its impatience at "all the oppressions which are done under

[16] One or more of Ollier's customers had threatened to withdraw his patronage from Ollier, after glancing at the poem.

[17] Letter from Marlow, December 11, 1817. *Letters,* ii. 669–70.

[18] "—if we let the reason sleep and are content to watch a succession of dissolving views, the poem is seen at once to overflow with beauty, from the faultless dedication to the last voyage of the reunited spirits whose bodies have perished on the pyre."—Oliver Elton, *Survey of English Literature,* 1780–1830. 1920. ii. 191.

the sun"; its tendency to awaken public hope and to enlighten and improve mankind; the rapid effects of the application of that tendency; the awakening of an immense nation from their slavery and degradation to a true sense of moral dignity and freedom; the bloodless dethronement of their oppressors, and the unveiling of the religious frauds by which they had been deluded into submission; the tranquillity of successful patriotism, and the universal toleration and benevolence of true philanthropy; the treachery and barbarity of hired soldiers; vice not the object of punishment and hatred, but [? of] kindness and pity; the faithlessness of tyrants; the confederacy of the Rulers of the World, and the restoration of the expelled Dynasty by foreign arms; the massacre and extermination of the Patriots, and the victory of established power; the consequences of legitimate despotism, civil war, famine, plague, superstition, and an utter extinction of the domestic affections; the judicial murder of the advocates of Liberty; the temporary triumph of oppression, that secure earnest of its final and inevitable fall; the transient nature of ignorance and error, and the eternity of genius and virtue.[19]

The French Revolution, Shelley thought, was now beginning to be better understood. Men no longer

believed, that whole generations of mankind ought to consign themselves to a hopeless inheritance of ignorance and misery, because a nation of men who had been dupes and slaves for centuries, were incapable of conducting themselves with the wisdom and tranquillity of freedom so soon as some of their fetters were partially loosened. . . . Could they listen to the pleas of reason who had groaned under the calamities of a social state, according to the provision of which, one man riots in luxury whilst another famishes for want of bread? Can he who the day before was a trampled slave, suddenly become liberal-minded, forbearing, and independent? [20]

[19] *Laon and Cythna*, 1817. pp. vi, vii.
[20] *Ibid.*, pp. viii, x.

In 1789 there had sprung up an almost universal feeling of sympathy with the French Revolution. But when demagogues and tyrants had gained a temporary control in France "many of the most ardent and tender-hearted of the worshippers of public good" had given themselves over to despair. "Hence," he said, "gloom and misanthropy" had "become the characteristics" of the age "in which he and his readers were now living." The influence had tainted the literature of the age with the hopelessness of the minds from which it flowed. The study of metaphysics, and moral and political science, had declined. English "works of fiction and poetry have been overshadowed by the same infectious gloom." [21] He believed, however, that the age of despair was at an end; and that the ideal it had once held forth was not unattainable, but "the consequence of the habits of a state of society to be produced by resolute perseverance and indefatigable hope, and long-suffering and long-believing courage, and the systematic efforts of generations of men of intellect and virtue." [22]

Shelley's reference to his travels of 1814 and 1816, introduced into the preface of *Laon and Cythna*, has often been quoted. It helps us to understand from what springs Shelley drew his descriptions of mountains, rivers, and lakes in this and later poems. He declared that his own choice of language was not directed by any conscious desire to imitate any of his predecessors or contemporaries, for he wished even if what he produced should prove to be worthless, still to rest satisfied with it in so far as it was at least genuinely his own.[23]

[21] *Ibid.*, pp. xi, xiii; and cf. Peacock, *Nightmare Abbey*, ch. vi, for a scathing satire on the "Morbid Anatomy of Black Bile." "If we go on in this way," says Mr. Hilary, in this novel, "we shall have a new art of poetry, of which one of the first rules will be: To remember to forget that there are any such things as sunshine and music in the world." ed. 1818, p. 80.

[22] *Laon and Cythna*, 1817, p. x.

[23] *Ibid.* p. xii.

But he had drunk deep at the fountain-heads of poetry and history and philosophy and had by this qualified himself to be one of the auditors of poets. Whether he also had "that more essential attribute of Poetry, the power of awakening in others sensations like those which animate" one, he could not say.[24]

He had adopted the Spenserian stanza not because he considered it superior to the blank verse of Shakespeare and Milton, "but because" as he himself said, "in the latter there is no shelter for mediocrity; you must either succeed or fail." Perhaps, he admitted, this should have spurred him to use it. But he had been "enticed also, by the brilliancy and magnificence of sound which a mind that has been nourished upon musical thoughts, can produce by a just and harmonious arrangement of the pauses of the measure." He apologized for the presence of an Alexandrine in the middle of one stanza,[25] but apparently was not aware that the poem also contained three seven-foot ballad lines, and that one stanza lacked the terminal Alexandrine required in the Spenserian stanza; to say nothing of at least eight errors in the rhymes.[26] He made it clear that though the poem attacked the "erroneous and degrading idea which men have conceived of a Supreme Being," it did *not* inveigh against "the Supreme Being itself." Allowing "no quarter—to Revenge, or Envy, or Prejudice," he had constructed a poem in which "Love is celebrated everywhere as the sole law which should govern the moral world." [27]

[24] *Ibid.* pp. xiv–xv.
[25] *Ibid.* pp. xvi–xvii.
[26] First noted by Forman, *Shelley Library.*
[27] *Laon and Cythna,* 1817, pp. xx–xxi.

INTERCHAPTER VII

The Sources and Significance of Laon and Cythna

The poem proper was preceded by a fourteen-stanza Dedication to Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, from which two stanzas (iii–iv) were quoted earlier in the present study, in connection with his life at Sion House. Shelley referred in this to his disappointment in his first marriage, and praised Mary for the courage she had exhibited in coming to live with him even in the face of the decrees of the tyrant "Custom" which would have prevented the act during the lifetime of Harriet Shelley. He and Mary had together endured poverty and infamy, and the desertion of friends; but afterwards these inconstant friends had returned to them when with "a serener hour," an adequate income and an orthodox marriage had become their portion. The births of William and Clara were mentioned. Mary's parents were panegyrized; of Godwin's *Political Justice* we hear that

> One voice came forth from that unshaken spirit [28]
> Which was the echo of three thousand years;
> And the tumultuous world stood mute to hear it
> As some lone man who in a desert hears
> The music of his home:—unwonted fears
> Fell on the pale oppressors of our race,
> And Faith, and Custom, and low-thoughted cares,
> Like thunder-stricken dragons for a space
> Left the torn human heart, their food and dwelling-place! [29]

[28] i. e., Godwin. This reading of line 1 of stanza 13 is from the Avington Park and Bodleian MSS. Cf. Locock, *Examination of the Shelley MSS. in the Bodleian Library,* 26; Ingpen, *Shelley in England,* 520.

[29] *Laon and Cythna,* Dedication, xiii.

The first canto opens with the statement that when the First Empire had arisen in France, the poet, who had been in sympathy with the Revolution, had mounted, in despair, to an aerial promontory, at whose base the waves beat ceaselessly. It is not the first instance of such a situation in the poems. In *The Dæmon of the World* Shelley had related how

> the pure Spirit
> Serene and inaccessibly secure,
> Stood on an isolated pinnacle,
> The flood of ages combatting below.[30]

Thence he had seen "the golden dawn" come forth in an interval of calm. But a moment, and the earth shook, thunder burst over the waveless deep, and trains of mist shrouded the sun. Silence followed.

> Darkness more dread than night was poured upon the ground.[31]

A wind sprang up, sweeping earth and heaven. Lightning flashed, the sea boiled, there was a chaos of all the elements. Another pause succeeded, in which the sea-birds which, wailing, had sought their caves, again flew forth, to observe

> What calm has fall'n on earth, what light is in the sky.[32]

Cloven by the storm, darkness fled, and the blue sky shone through the clouds. The ocean beneath that clear canopy of azure, "quivered like burning emerald." On earth all was calm; but above the storm still raged, driving along the clouds.

> Countless and swift as leaves on autumn's tempest shed.

[30] *Dæmon of the World*, i. 285–8.
[31] *Laon and Cythna*, I. ii.
[32] *Laon and Cythna*, I. iii.

As the whirlwind grew in strength above, the clear spot in the sky grew more serene, and the moon emerged, moving along slowly, majestically. Its upper horn was at first hid in mist; but this was soon dissipated and for a few moments the moon rode forth in all her beauty. But in a little while a shadow of "a speck, a cloud, a shape" [33] appeared on its surface, a form

> Like a great ship in the sun's sinking sphere
> Beheld afar at sea, and swift it came anear [34]

and a winged Being drove toward them, urged on by lightning and tempest.

The poet saw that the form was that of an eagle, horribly involved in a life-and-death struggle with a serpent. Shelley's description of the fight is perhaps the most stirring narrative he ever wrote, in prose or verse. It is remarkably swift and full of the element of suspense. At last the eagle was victorious; the serpent, "lifeless, stark, and rent," fell into the sea,[35] and the eagle flew away. With the departure of the eagle the tempest also fled. Ocean and earth and sky grew bright again. The poet went down to the sea, which he found

> Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber bound.[36]

Beneath the rocks that beetled above the shore sat a Woman, "beautiful as morning." [37] To the poet she seemed

> fair as one flower adorning
> An icy wilderness.[38]

[33] *Ibid.* I. iv.
[34] Ibid. I. vi. Cf. *Ancient Mariner,* iii. 147 ff.
[35] Cf. *Prometheus Unbound,* III. i. 72–4.
[36] *Laon and Cythna,* I. xv.
[37] Cf. *Thalaba,* v. sec. 9; *Curse of Kehama,* XIII, x–xv. XVII. iv–v.
[38] *Laon and Cythna,* I. xvi. Cf. Wordsworth, "She dwelt among the untrodden ways" II. 7–8.

Near her lay a beautiful boat. She, too, had watched the aerial combat, not without tears. When the serpent fell into the sea, wounded and defeated, she sang to it, in a language familiar to the serpent. The latter, therefore, came to her and she received it into her bosom.[39] She then rose, and smiling on the poet, with eyes

> Serene yet sorrowing, like that planet fair,
> While yet the daylight lingereth in the skies,
> Which cleaves with arrowy beams the dark-red air.[40]

she invited him, as Queen Mab had invited Ianthe, to venture on a "voyage divine and strange." Somehow, the quality of her voice reminded the poet of "some loved voice heard long ago." The little boat is described by Shelley in words of such exquisite fancy that like Mercutio's description of the Faëry Mab in *Romeo and Juliet* [41] it seems of the very essence of the land of faëry.

The poet and the woman embarked, and as they sped along over the waters, she told him "a strange and awful tale" of the Manichæistic philosophy, explaining how

> from the depth of ages old,
> Two Powers o'er mortal things dominion hold,
> Ruling the world with a divided lot,
> Immortal, all pervading, manifold,
> Twin Genii, equal Gods.[42]

The first earth-dweller had looked on a blood-red Comet (the Spirit of Evil) and the Morning Star (the Spirit of Good) in

[39] Cf. *The Assassins:* "The girl sang to it, and it leaped into her bosom." *Prose Works,* ii. 242.

[40] *Laon and Cythna,* I. xxi; note references to morning and evening stars in Shelley's poems.

[41] Act I. sc. iv. 55 ff.

[42] *Laon and Cythna,* I. xxv.

combat. The star had fallen, defeated, and had been altered by his adversary

> To a dire Snake, with man and beast unreconciled.[43]

The darkness that reigned over earth in consequence was the very "breath and life" of the Spirit of Evil, who extended the limits of his empire over the earth, while the serpent, creeping among men, was reviled by all. For men now no longer knew good from evil, but bowed themselves before Evil, calling him "King, and Lord, and God," and he rewarded them with

> Death, Decay,
> Earthquake and Blight, and Want, and Madness pale,
> Winged and wan diseases, an array
> Numerous as leaves that strew the autumnal gale.[44]

Their enslavement to the Spirit of Evil was made perfect by their yielding to Fear, Hatred, Faith, and Tyranny, shapes invisible except when at the command of Nightmare they rise up, before the eyes of tyrants and impostors, to whom they appear like shapes reflected in a black mirror.

But the Spirit of Good after a time renewed the struggle with Evil, and in that hour thrones tottered, men began to regard their own powers, and fear fled. Greece arose, and her sages, inspired by the Spirit of Good, spoke out in words which in all dark hours since have been

> a light to save,
> Like Paradise spread forth beyond the shadowy grave.[45]

[43] *Ibid.* I. xxix.
[44] *Laon and Cythna,* I. xxix.
[45] *Ibid.* I. xxxii.

The conflict between the two spirits is forever renewed as men oppose their tyrants, or experience within their own hearts the struggle between justice and truth, on the one hand, and "custom's hydra brood" on the other; or when priests and kings seek to dissemble their own "inquietude" at the birth of hope in the hearts of their slaves. Then

> The Snake and the Eagle meet—the world's foundations tremble! [46]

The Woman urged the poet not to forget the struggle in mid-air that he had seen; for already "the victor Fiend" was aware of his swift-approaching end.

She related the story of her own youth; of her early anxiety for the state of man, his sorrows and enslavement; of her home "in a deep mountain glen" near the sea; of her walks by the side of the water and in the forests, where she went quietly, fearless of storm, but stirred to tears of joy when the sky cleared, promising better days to man. A dying poet, the poet of *Alastor,* had given her books, and so she had been "nurtured in divinest lore." She described her benefactor:

> A youth with hoary hair—a fleeting guest
> Of our lone mountains.[47]

Aroused by news of the Revolution in France, she had cried out in joy at the expectations of which that event was the parent. She had slept, and at her waking

> the Morning Star
> Shone through the woodbine wreaths [48]

that bound her casement. It seemed to her that the star smiled upon her; but at the rising of the sun the star sank un-

[46] *Ibid.* I. xxxiii.
[47] *Ibid.* I. xxxvii.
[48] *Ibid.* I. xl.

der the sea.[49] Beginning at that moment, she had continually drawn nourishment from the light of that star. In her dreams a youth would rise, wearing on his brow the Morning Star, and would kiss her in dream, saying:

> a Spirit loves thee, mortal maiden,
> How wilt thou prove thy worth? [50]

With the end of the dream, and the fading of the vision, came sadness. She went to the sea-shore to indulge her grief; but there

> a joy less soft, but more profound and strong [51]

than her dream had been, crept over her and urged her to go to Paris. At the capital she "walked among the dying and the dead" and beheld the "fearless deeds of evil men" during the Terror. She even

> braved death for liberty and truth,
> And spurned at peace, and power, and fame.[52]

But the erection of the Empire under Napoleon, the invasions of France by the armies of the Continental Coalition, and the overwhelming defeat of the French arms at Waterloo, had driven her away from Paris, sad of heart, almost in despair. In this dark hour, she said,

> The Spirit whom I loved in solitude
> Sustained his child: the tempest-shaken wood,
> The waves, the fountains, and the hush of night—
> These were his voice, and well I understood

[49] An astronomical impossibility. Venus does not set when the sun rises.
[50] *Laon and Cythna,* I. xliii.
[51] *Ibid.* I. xliii.
[52] *Ibid.* I. xliv.

His smile divine, when the calm sea was bright
With silent stars, and Heaven was breathless with delight.[53]

After many years "a mystic robe was thrown" over her, a "bright Star" glowed before her, and she reported that "the Snake then met his mortal foe." In answer to the poet's query as to whether she feared the serpent on her bosom she replied only: "Fear it!" in a tone of utter contempt. The poet found that they were now advancing among

Mountains of ice like sapphire piled on high,
Hemming the horizon round; [54]

and that the boat was proceeding more swiftly. The motion of the boat lulled him into a trance, from which he was awakened by wild music to see that they had

past the ocean
Which girds the pole, Nature's remotest reign,[55]

and that they were moving rapidly through blue waters surrounded by æthereal mountains. In the midst stood

a Fane
. . . girt by green isles which lay
On the blue sunny deep . . .[56]

a temple modelled closely, by the way, on that in *Queen Mab*.[57]

At the foot of an ivory stair the boat paused, and the poet and the Woman, passing through a portal sculptured with strange, beautiful designs, came to a great hall having a roof

[53] *Ibid.* I. lxv.
[54] *Ibid.* I. xxvii.
[55] *Ibid.* I. xlviii.
[56] *Ibid.* I. xlviii.
[57] *Queen Mab,* ii. 22–39.

of diamond; but they could see it only through a veil of "spell-inwoven" clouds,

> That work of subtlest power, divine and rare;
> Orb above orb, with starry shapes between,
> And hornèd moons, and meteors strange and fair,
> On nightblack columns poised.[58]

Among the ten thousand columns ran bright labyrinthine aisles. The walls were hung with paintings, "the poesy of mightiest thought," exhibiting the history of the Spirit. Within the temple

> sate on many a sapphire throne,
> The Great, who had departed from mankind
> A mighty Senate [59]

of old men, maidens, "ardent youths, and children bright and fair." Some of these were playing on lyres. In the midst was a vacant seat.

When the Woman entered the temple, she only shrieked the Spirit's name and vanished. At her disappearance

> Darkness arose from her dissolving frame,
> Which gathering, filled that dome of woven light,
> Blotting its spherèd stars with supernatural night.[60]

The Serpent appeared, trailing along the floor, and as he came forward his eyes increased in size and rising grew into

> One clear and mighty planet hanging o'er
> A cloud of deepest shadow.[61]

[58] *Laon and Cythna,* I. liii.
[59] *Ibid.* I. liv.
[60] *Ibid.* I. lv.
[61] *Ibid.* I. lvi.

This cloud was next cloven by a beautiful Form which had appeared in order to announce the advent of two spirits who would reveal a tale of great deeds done in "the world's raging sea." Here Laon and Cythna enter to tell the story of their life and love.

"In this strange introduction," comments Mr. Clutton-Brock, "Shelley shows an utter contempt or ignorance of the story-teller's art. The reader is perplexed at the outset, and his patience exhausted before the hero and heroine appear. Shelley tries to make a myth; but its significance is lost in descriptions, wonderful but vague. The introduction lacks substance, and there is the same fault all through the poem."[62] Mr. Brailsford thinks that the "wilful inversions" of the mythology, as, e. g., the representation of the serpent which in the Bible is an emblem of the Evil Spirit, as a symbol of the good principle, are "puzzling to the uninitiated reader."[63] My own belief is that Shelley in attempting to cover the history of the French Revolution, 1789–1815, in the first canto of his poem, set himself a well-nigh impossible task; but with all its imperfections on its head this canto does nevertheless bravely attempt the goal. Such vaguenesses as arise from reading the canto are likely to be the by-product of the repeated changes from calm to tempest and from tempest to calm, at the opening of this section of the poem; and (on the reader's part) inattention to the meaning of Shelley's allegory and symbolism and their interrelation with all the natural scenery of the poem. There *is* a definite inversion in Shelley's mythology; it may have been wilful; and no doubt it would confuse readers accustomed to other uses of these same symbols. But Shelley's gold, if I may borrow a figure from Ruskin, is not

[62] A. Clutton-Brock, *Shelley, the Man and the Poet*, 145.
[63] *Shelley, Godwin, and Their Circle*, 236.

spread out on the mountain tops, and if any would obtain it they must dig for it. The attitude may smack of intellectual snobbery. It was Shelley's view that "Few poets of the highest class have chosen to exhibit the beauty of their conceptions in its naked truth and splendour; and it is doubtful whether the alloy of costume, habit, &c., be not necessary to temper this planetary music for mortal ears." [64]

Laon is the first to speak—Laon, who had been born

> In Argolis, beside the echoing sea [65]

where tyrants held supreme control and all the citizens of the state "pined in bondage" civil and ecclesiastic. Like Ianthe under the guidance of Mab, he had "wandered through the wrecks of days departed" and the ruins had not kept silence before him, but had reminded him of "a race of mightier men" who had held "less ungentle creeds"; and he had determined to end the reign of the Evil principle. In lines afterwards prefixed by Leigh Hunt as a motto for the first edition of *The Mask of Anarchy*, Shelley voiced his delight in being chosen to act as an agent of this amelioration of the existing state of things:

> Hope is strong,
> Justice and Truth their winged child have found.[66]

The heart of Laon opened wide to fellowship with all human kind; and in friendships with three persons successively he imagined that he had found his "heart's brother." But all had disappointed him, and one [67] had betrayed him. Laon

[64] *Defence of Poetry*, in *Prose Works*, iii. 119.
[65] *Laon and Cythna*, II. ii.
[66] *Ibid.* II. xiii.
[67] Edward Graham, or Thomas Jefferson Hogg?

then paid tribute, in lines afterward butchered by Ollier's "literary" committee, to one inmate of the home of his youth:

> I had a little sister, whose fair eyes
> Were loadstars of delight, which drew me home
> When I might wander forth; nor did I prize
> Aught human thing beneath Heaven's mighty dome
> Beyond this child: so when sad hours were come,
> And baffled hope like ice still clung to me,
> Since kin were cold, and friends had now become
> Heartless and false, I turned from all, to be,
> Cythna, the only source of tears and smiles to thee.[68]

In another stanza, reminiscent in mood and imagery of Byron's *She Walks in Beauty*, and Wordsworth's *Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower*, Cythna is further described:

> She moved upon this earth a shape of brightness,
> A power, that from its objects scarcely drew
> One impulse of her being—in her lightness
> Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew,
> Which wanders thro' the wide air's pathless blue,
> To nourish some far desart: she did seem
> Beside me, gathering beauty as she grew,
> Like the bright shade of some immortal dream
> Which walks, when tempest sleeps, the wave of life's dark stream.[69]

They had grown together "like twin flowers," [70] their affection innocent, their souls joying in a perfect communion born of a common love of poetry and desire for human freedom. Mary Wollstonecraft's plea for the emancipation of women probably suggested to Shelley the sentiments of Laon:

[68] *Laon and Cythna*, II. xxi.
[69] *Ibid.* II. xxiii.
[70] *Fiordispina*, l. 1.

Never will peace and human nature meet
Till free and equal men and women greet
Domestic peace; and ere this power can make
In human hearts its calm and holy seat
This slavery must be broken.[71] . . .

. . . . . .

Can man be free if woman be a slave? [72]

Cythna promised to lead "a happy female train" to meet Laon as he should advance with a great multitude eager for reform, to the Golden City. She realized that to bring about the revolution of this city they must first go abroad, separately, to awaken the enslaved millions from "the world's unquiet trance" and yet anticipated the sorrow of their separation, saying to him:

Thou wilt depart, and I with tears shall stand
Watching thy dim sail skirt the ocean grey.[73]

In a dream, that night, Laon imagined himself sitting with Cythna "upon the threshold of a cave." He imagined, too, that they lived one day as lovers. Then a tumult arose in the cave and they were borne forth on the winds, while "foul and ghastly shapes" seemed to pluck at Cythna in passing. He woke from this dream to find his cottage filled with the armed minions of the tyrant Othman; and to hear Cythna's sudden cry without. Drawing his dagger, he hurried forth, to discover her bound, and about to be carried to the harem of Othman. At the news of her impending fate Laon, in what

[71] *Laon and Cythna,* II. xxxvii.

[72] *Ibid.* II. xliii. In a copy of *The Revolt of Islam* presented by Shelley to Elizabeth Kent, these passages were scored by the author in the margins.

[73] *Ibid.* II. xlv.

is I think the sole act of violence countenanced by Shelley in any of his works, slew three of the hired bravos, seized a fourth by the throat and called upon his countrymen to rally for liberty or death.

At this moment he was wounded by an unknown hand, and being rendered unconscious by the blow, was borne in this state up a rock, by a steep path, to a lofty column, magnificently carved, which for many ages had served mariners as a landmark by which to guide their craft to safe harborage. In a cavern in the hill beneath the column the captors unbound their prisoner, and proceeding through dank underground passages up a steep and narrow stair they conducted Laon to the top of the column, where, binding him with chains, they shut him away behind a grating of brass. But Laon from his lofty situation could find some relief by viewing the country round about the tower. When he saw in the harbor the ship which was to bear Cythna away into slavery, grief returned upon him. Thirst and famine brought him, in their train, a host of most fearful dreams, the description of which Oscar Wilde might have read before writing *The Ballad of Reading Gaol.* Says Laon:

> The forms which peopled this terrific trance
> I well remember—like a quire of devils,
> Around me they involved a giddy dance;[74]

He dreamed that the seven men who had brought him, a captive, to the tower, came again, bearing four corpses which they hung "on high by the entangled hair"; that he leaned out of the window of his prison and beheld, as he thought, Cythna's corpse among these. A hurricane arose, and wafted him to the outermost limits of space, where,

[74] *Ibid.* III. xxiii.

in the deep
The shape of an old man did then appear,
Stately and beautiful, that dreadful sleep
His heavenly smiles dispersed; [75]

and when he woke, a voice like that of pine-trees musical in the night-wind was heard, and the old man of his dream appeared to him in person, unbound him, and bound up his wounds; and when Laon next recovered consciousness they two were alone on the sea, and Laon

saw a star
Shining beside a sail, and distant far,
That mountain and its column, the known mark
Of those who in the wide deep wandering are.[76]

They sailed on until, the following night, coming to a grove starred with myrtle blossoms, they rested in

a silent cove
Where ebon pines a shade under the starlight wove.[77]

Now they faced a gray stone tower, whose gate was overgrown with ivy, floored with star-bright sand, and "rarest sea-shells," thrown up by the sea. The old man spoke kindly to Laon, and conveyed him gently down the worn stairs of the tower, to a small room tapestried with moss, in which he placed the young advocate of liberty on "a couch of grass and oak-leaves interlaced." In the moonlight Laon could observe the sculptured roof, and the books from which the old man had drawn the food of wisdom.

[75] *Ibid.* III. xxvii.

[76] *Ibid.* III. xxx.

[77] Note the insistence upon the stars in the image of the myrtle blossoms and the shade of the pines beneath starlight; *Ibid.* I. xxxiv.

Madness came upon Laon; he imagined himself

> On the margin of a lake,
> A lonely lake, among the forests vast
> And snowy mountains,[78]

and doubted the reality of his life that had been. The old man, now first described as a hermit, nursed the youth through his illness; and afterward in conversation revealed to him how greatly he, too, was interested in Cythna, in wisdom and justice. Laon's courage was renewed by the conversation of the old man, who told him of his years of study and how this was interrupted only when he heard of Laon's endurance in Argolis of "torture for liberty." He had then gone to the tower where Laon was confined, and so won upon the guards by his irresistible eloquence, that they had permitted him to enter and to set Laon free. He told Laon that the people of earth were beginning to be stirred by the message he had preached to them; and acknowledged that he himself had been but the "passive instrument"[79] of Laon in all he had done for human freedom. The power which reason may have over the minds of men is twice[80] expressed in this canto, in terms reminding one of the later declaration as to the power of poetry:

> Poetry is a sword of lightning, ever unsheathed, which consumes the scabbard that would contain it.[81]

The effect of the pronunciation of Laon's name, upon the multitude, is compared by the hermit to the effect of the light of the stars upon the waves of the sea.

[78] *Ibid.* IV. iv.
[79] *Ibid.* IV. xvi, *Mab,* vi. 215.
[80] *Ibid.* IV. x, xvii.
[81] *Defence of Poetry* in *Prose Works,* iii. 117. Cf. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* III. xcvii: "With a most voicelesss thought, sheathing it as a sword."

The hermit conveyed to Laon the thrilling news that Cythna had by the sole might of her speech so charmed her captors that they had freed her, while they wept at their own evil-doing. Once liberated, she had gone her way, preaching the emancipation of her sex; and everywhere had been tumultuously received by women who had been held in bondage of many kinds. Slaves of the tyrant Othman, sent to quell the rising sentiment of the people, fell under Cythna's sway instead; the number of her followers swelled to thousands, who encamped outside the Golden City to the terror of the tyrant, who in this critical hour felt himself powerless, and wondered only that his death was not immediately decreed. Only his personal guards remained with him, interposing between himself and the awakened people.

Laon, regarding sorrowfully how through suffering he had grown gray and frail, began his journey to the Golden City, and the great camp of the multitudes whom Cythna by her eloquence had roused to claim their rights as women. He came to the camp at night, and there encountered the friend of his youth who in the first canto had been charged with having betrayed Laon. The latter now learned that

> envious tongues had stained his spotless truth,
> And thoughtless pride his love in silence bound,
> And shame and sorrow mine in toils had wound,
> Whilst he was innocent, and I deluded;
> The truth now came upon me, on the ground
> Tears of repenting joy, which fast intruded,
> Fell fast, and o'er its peace our mingling spirits brooded.[82]

It would be interesting to know whether this has any bearing on the York episode of October 1811. If so, perhaps Shel-

[82] *Laon and Cythna,* V. v.

ley was satisfied within a year of Harriet's death, that Hogg had been maligned by her or by Eliza Westbrook or by both in that case.

The tyrant to save himself sent murderers out to the camp of the reformers, who there murdered some ten thousand of the host that lay sleeping under the walls. But the camp was roused, and when one cried "Laon!" the murderers fled. The people pursued and surrounded the fugitives, however, in "a craggy vale" and would have slain them there. But as one of the pursuers thrust his spear at a member of the band of assassins, Laon intervened, just as Matilda had done in *Zastrozzi*,[83] and received the spear-thrust in his arm. Wounded sorely, but anxious for the preservation of the lives of the assassins Laon harangued the crowd, and won both parties to his standard.

> Lifting the thunder of their acclamation,
> Towards the city then the multitude,
> And I among them, went in joy—a nation
> Made free by love;—a mighty brotherhood
> Linked by a jealous interchange of good;
> A glorious pageant, more magnificent
> Than kingly slaves arrayed in gold and blood.[84]

But Laon's inquiries as to the whereabouts of Cythna, or Laone, as she then began to be called, were in vain. He went to the gate of the "Imperial House," which he found desolate, and the tyrant sitting alone save for a beautiful child who as she had formerly done continued to dance before him, for she knew that her dancing gave him pleasure. Laon led the deserted wretch out of the palace

[83] Ch. xii; *Prose Works* i. 106.
[84] *Laon and Cythna*, V. xiv.

thro' portals sculptured deep
With imagery beautiful as dream,[85]

to the camp, where the multitude gathered around the fallen tyrant and gave utterance to their rejoicing over his low estate; being glad that he had

Sunk in a gulph of scorn from which none may him rear! [86]

They clamored for his execution, but Laon intervened to urge upon them the futility and evil of revenge, saying:

justice is the light
Of love, and not revenge, and terror and despite.[87]

The result of Laon's appeal was that the tyrant was taken "to a home for his repose assigned," where some remnant of his ancient splendor, in kindness to him, was kept up.

A great celebration of the liberated nations of earth was arranged, which took place about "the Altar of the Federation." Laon's joy in the event was great, but lacked the completeness which the knowledge of Cythna's safety would have afforded it. On the top of the altar, which was in the shape of a pyramid, sat "a female Shape upon an ivory throne"; but at first Laon did not know her. Her name nevertheless and Laon's were being joined together in the acclamations of the crowd. She revealed herself to him; and then pointed to the three statues which had been ranged about her throne: a Giant (Equality)

whose grasp crushed, as it were
In dream, scepters and crowns; [88]

[85] *Ibid.* V. xxvi.
[86] *Ibid.* V. xxi. Cf. *Prometheus Unbound* i. 101.
[87] *Ibid.* V. xlix.
[88] *Ibid.* V. xlix.

From an engraving after a portrait by Antonio Leisman in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

This engraving seemed to Shelley's intimate friend Thomas Love Peacock to represent him "much more truthfully" than any other portrait.

a Woman (Love)

> feeding from one breast
> A human babe, and a young basilisk; [89]

and "the third Image" (Wisdom) beneath whose feet

> represt
> Lay Faith, an obscene worm, who sought to rise.[90]

Laone addressed this Image in a rapturous song which owes some of its elements to *Queen Mab*, canto viii, and anticipates to a considerable extent the rejoicings in the fourth act of *Prometheus Unbound*, over the fall of Jupiter. In an exalted strain she praised Wisdom, that had driven out Scorn, Hate, Revenge, and Selfishness, and had inaugurated a new era of Pity, Peace, and Love; and Equality, that had made it possible for all to share the bounty of nature, to live as lovers without the bonds of marriage, to abide in amity even with the dumb beasts formerly slaughtered to provide man with a diet of flesh, and to live without fear of a God essentially Evil. A great feast was spread out for the multitude, a

> Festival, which from their isles
> And continents, and winds, and oceans deep
> All shapes might throng to share, that fly, or walk, or creep.[91]

That night Laon did not visit Laone but rested where

> on the outmost plain
> A festal watchfire burned beside the dusky main.[92]

The night waned on Laon as he sat in impassioned talk with the friend of his youth, and the watchfires died,

[89] *Ibid.* V. i. Cf. *Queen Mab*, viii. 86–87; and *Thalaba*, ix. 413–16.
[90] *Ibid.* V. i.
[91] *Ibid.* V. lv.
[92] *Ibid.* V. lvii.

and darkness wrapt
The waves, and each bright chain of floating fire was snapt.[93]

This somber opening of the sixth canto is followed swiftly by the news brought to Laon at dawn that Othman has appealed to a foreign tyrant for aid to uphold his sovereignty, and that the hirelings of the outsider have arrived. Laon, as Shelley's heroes somewhat too often do, broke down, weeping, at this disaster. In a vivid stanza whose imagery is very like that of *Marianne's Dream*, another poem of 1817, the conflagration which the incendiaries of the enemy had set going in the Golden City is described. The cavalry of the foreign despot swept down upon the multitude encamped by the walls, and a terrible scene of slaughter ensued. Laon, however, gathered a few of the most stout-hearted about him and made desperate resistance to the onslaught. Ships "from Propontis" assisted the invaders by a fiery bombardment; and the cries of the wounded were fearful to hear. In the midst of this grim tragedy Laon found the old hermit, and the friend of his youth, at his side.

Searching for arms with which to defend themselves, some of the multitude found

A bundle of rude pikes, the instrument
Of those who war but on their native ground
For natural rights.[94]

With these they opposed the steel of the mercenaries, and a fierce struggle ensued, in which the old hermit was stabbed to death. Night fell upon the conflict, and soon none save Laon among the defenders remained alive. Suddenly terror seized

[93] *Ibid.* VI. i.
[94] *Ibid.* VI. xiii.

on the craven soldiers of the foreign tyrant and they fled as Laone, like the spirit, "Faithful and True" in *Revelation*, swooped down, mounted on

A black Tartarian horse of giant frame,[95]

and ordered Laon to mount beside her. He obeyed, and the steed bore them away over hills and streams to a marble ruin on a mountain. There they dismounted, and Laone imprinted a kiss upon the white moon on the front of the charger.

Within the marble ruin, and accessible through a broken doorway was a hall, whose roof was overgrown with ivy, again the symbol of liberty. Under its shade the dead leaves had been blown together to form a little couch, and among them had sprung up flowering parasites, whose petals were forever falling as the winds wandered through that place.

A meteor (symbol of love? [96]) appeared, "high in the green dome" and the wind that blew upon its hair made music that was like the voice of a spirit. Laone and Laon, when the meteor had passed, embraced each other as lovers and so remained together the rest of the night and all of the following day. Laon was roused at length by the sound of loud winds overhead. They sat on the hill, listening to the "waves contending in its caverns," knowing that a storm was brewing, which already began to shake the gray ruin. Laon did not know that Cythna (she here resumed her name) had had no food for two days, and had grown faint for lack of it. When he learned this, he returned on the swift Tartar steed to the haunts of civilization, in search of food for his beloved. In a "desolate village in a wood" he met a mad old woman who

[95] *Ibid.* VI. xix. Cf. *Thalaba,* VI, sec. 3–5; VIII. line 425 for another poet's use of such a steed; and note their common original for the refrain: "Away, away!" Bürger, *Lenore.*

[96] Cf. *On Leaving London for Wales,* 27; and *Thalaba,* VI, viii.

called herself the Pestilence, and who took a fiendish delight in tempting three dead infants with loaves of bread. Laon took some of the loaves and returned to Cythna.

Cythna related to Laon the story of her maltreatment at the hands of the lustful Othman; of how, having wreaked his passion upon her, he had her conveyed by two servitors to a cave wherein a fountain played, and whose lofty roof

Was pierced with one round cleft thro' which the sun-beams fell.[97]

The brink of the fountain was paved, like the floor of that temple to which Laon and the old hermit had repaired, after Laon's release,

> With the deep's wealth, coral, and pearl, and sand
> Like spangling gold, and purple shells engraven
> With mystic legends by no mortal hand.[98]

At first driven almost to madness by the thought of Othman's outrage, she had succeeded, later, in calming herself so that she slept. A sea-eagle brought her food. Some time afterwards, a child was born to her.

She digressed to explain the cave-symbol, saying:

> Its deep foundation no firm purpose knows
> Immutable, resistless, strong to save,
> Like mind when it mocks the all-devouring grave.[99]

The significance of Shelley's wave-reflected imagery, of which there is a super-abundance in the poem, is also clarified by her reference to the

> One mind, the type of all, the moveless wave
> Whose calm reflects all living things that are,

[97] *Laon and Cythna*, VII. xii.
[98] *Ibid.* VII. xiii.
[99] *Ibid.* VII. xxviii.

> Necessity, and love, and life, the grave,
> And sympathy, fountains of hope and fear;
> Justice and truth and time, and the world's natural sphere.[100]

Earthquake wrecked the cave in which Cythna had been imprisoned, and soon afterwards some mariners, approaching in a white-sailed ship, took Cythna away with them at her request.

On the journey, she harangued them on the Shelleyan theme of atheism. She challenged the witnesses to the existence of a God:

> Men say they have seen God, and heard from God.
> Or know from others who have known such things,[101]

lines anticipating Kipling's reproach to "Tomlinson," and protested against the exercise of tyranny in the training of children, and the enslavement of women. The result of her appeal was that the maidens held captive aboard and destined for the harem of Othman were immediately liberated, and Cythna united the hands of a youth and maid who were of the party.

They anchored in a woody bay, and after a night's rest, brought boughs from the forest with which they decorated the ship, transforming it as once Bacchus had transformed that of the mariners who had carried him, a sleeping captive, on board their vessel. All the ships that saw the symbol of liberty (the green boughs thus displayed) welcomed the sight with great acclaim; and Cythna walked through the Golden City happily and triumphantly, attended by the mariners and by joyful maidens. Stanzas xxi–xxvi of the ninth canto may be seen to pave the way toward the far finer *Ode to the West*

[100] *Ibid.* VII. xxxi.
[101] *Ibid.* VIII. vii.

Wind, published two years later. These stanzas, and the three immediately following them, mark a higher lyrical point than Shelley had hitherto reached in the poem.

Nightly, Laon mounted the Tartar steed and sought and secured food for himself and Cythna. The country was filling rapidly with foreign mercenaries brought hither by Othman. Addressing some of these, Othman directed them to

> Go forth, and waste, and kill! [102]

whereupon one of them showed himself like another Macbeth, equal to anything but the ordeal of facing a ghost. He related how, as he was about to end Laon's life on a former occasion,

> An Angel bright as day, waving a brand
> Which flashed among the stars, past,[103]

and the sight had unnerved his every sinew. He could not, would not face the "spirits of the night." Enraged at this speech of the mercenary, Othman commanded that he be put to the torture; and offered the rest of the band, as a special *bonus* to be awarded to him who should bring Cythna to the same torture, the opportunity of consigning his own worst enemy to be broken on the wheel. To this Othman also added the promise of "gold and glory" to the captor of Cythna. With such prizes dangling before them, the mercenaries hastened forth, breathing and effecting a great slaughter. After many days of horror, Famine first, then Plague came among the people. A priest who was especially venomous toward atheists gave it as his opinion that Laon and Cythna should both be burned, if the nation would rid itself of hunger and disease. Othman increased the rewards offered for Laon

[102] *Ibid.* X. ix.
[103] *Ibid.* X. x.

and Cythna. Under the inspiration of the priests, a persecution of atheists was inaugurated and many of this persuasion were burned.[104]

Laon, at the beginning of the eleventh canto, and in a thoroughly Wordsworthian passage, described Cythna as

> She looked upon the sea, and skies, and earth;
> Rapture, and love, and admiration wrought
> A passion deeper far than tears, or mirth,
> Or speech, or gesture, or whate'er has birth
> From common joy.[105]

He parted from her then; but Cythna was fearful of his going, and as he went called after him to return. The passion of stanzas vi and vii suggest that Shelley may have been thinking, again, of his last interview with Fanny Godwin as he wrote it. Meanwhile the multitude at the Golden City waited despairingly for Cythna to reappear. Laon arrived in the city and appeared disguised before the Senate and King, to whom he addressed such thoughts as were later to fall from the lips of "Julian" when the latter was in conversation with "Count Maddalo."

> Alas, that ye, the mighty and the wise,
> Who, if ye dared, might not aspire to less
> Than ye conceive of power, should fear the lies
>
> it is our will
> That thus enchains us to permitted ill.—
> We might be otherwise—we might be all
> We dream of happy, high, majestical.
> . . . We know

[104] Such persecution had appeared in *Queen Mab*, VII. 1 ff., from which most of the imagery of this passage is derived.

[105] *Laon and Cythna*, XI. iv.

Which thou, and thou, didst frame for mysteries
To blind your slaves . . .
—*Laon and Cythna.* XI. xvi.

That we have power over ourselves to do
And suffer—what, we know not till we try.
—*Julian and Maddalo.* 170–3, 184–6.

When some of the young men present sprang up joyfully in response to Laon's appeal, they were stabbed by the minions of the tyrant, and their corpses were hurried out of sight. One hired assassin would have taken Laon's life, but the young advocate of human freedom thwarted his intent by exclaiming, *a la* Godwin:

> What hast thou to do
> With me, poor wretch? Calm, solemn, and severe,
> That voice unstrung his sinews, and he threw
> His dagger on the ground, and pale with fear,
> Sate silently— [106]

an echo, as Mr. Brailsford has pointed out, of the prose passage in *An Enquiry into Political Justice:*

> When Marius said, with a stern look, and a commanding countenance, to the soldier, that was sent down to assassinate him, "Wretch, have you the temerity to kill Marius?" and with these few words drove him to flight.[107]

Laon, the young apostle of reform, offers himself for execution on condition that they would allow Cythna to emigrate to the United States of America. In three stanzas informed with Shelley's admiration for the experiment in democratic control which was then going forward over-seas, Laon described that

[106] *Ibid.* XI. xx.
[107] Cf. *Political Justice.* ed. 1798, ii. 338.

"new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." [108]

The twelfth canto introduces Laon proceeding to his execution. The beautiful child who in an earlier canto had been the sole companion of the deserted monarch, intervened at this point to plead for his life. Her request was coldly denied. Then once more there was

> The tramp of hoofs like earthquake, and a steed
> Dark and gigantic, with the tempest's speed,[109]

bursting through their ranks, flashed into the square, bearing Cythna. At the advent of the strange and beautiful figure the tyrant and the people fled; but they were rallied by a priest who mocked them for their fear of her whom they had been anxious to seize and punish. Cythna, dismounting from her charger, and kissing the moon upon his brow, let him run free. The conception first introduced into the early poem, *On An Icicle that Clung to the Grass of a Grave*, still remained with Shelley in 1817, and he made Laon say:

> The warm tears burst in spite of faith and fear
> From many a tremulous eye, but like soft dews
> Which feed spring's earliest buds, hung gathered there,
> Frozen by doubt,[110]

when he wished to describe the sorrow of the multitude for Cythna's fate. That prophetess of the emancipation of her sex next offered to meet a common fiery doom with Laon. Her strength, however, failed her as she attempted to climb the pyre built for his execution. She therefore requested the slaves of the tyrant to bind her among the snakes that hissed

[108] Lincoln, *Gettysburg Address*, in *Works*, ed. Clifford and Miller, v. 183.
[109] *Laon and Cythna*, XII. viii.
[110] *Ibid.* XII. xiv.

on top of the pyre. The slaves did as they were asked and in a moment the flames shot up about the two, closing the earthly scene to tortured eyes.

But Shelley was not content to end all here. Animated by the desire to portray the realm of pure Spirit to which these lovers and apostles of the new freedom returned after death, the story went on. Laon heard

> The music of a breath-suspending song,[111]

and at the touch of "a soft and tremulous hand" awakened to find Cythna reclining beside him

> on the waved and golden sand
> Of a clear pool, upon a bank o'ertwined
> With strange and star-bright flowers, which to the wind
> Breathed divine odour; [112]

in the midst of "lawny mountains," "incense-bearing forests," and "vast caves of marble radiance"; while the flood rolling from "jagged caverns" rose through "a chasm of hills" to discharge into

> A river deep, which flies with smooth but arrowy speed.[113]

A boat approached whose description [114] tallies closely with that of the boat introduced into canto i, stanza xxiii. In it sat a bright Shape who proved to be their own child, who had been the dancer before the king, and who at the moment Laon and Cythna were facing death on the pyre, was stricken with the plague, and died. The child remembered how, just before her death one had arisen among the multitude

[111] *Ibid.* XII. xvii.
[112] *Ibid.* XII. xviii.
[113] *Ibid.* XII. xix.
[114] *Ibid.* XII. xxi.

that had watched the execution, and that this solitary voice had praised the characters of the two who had just then been sacrificed in the cause of human freedom. At the close of his speech, this man, challenging the crowd to behold

> How Atheists and Republicans can die— [115]

had stabbed himself. She herself had then been translated to the likeness of a "winged Thought" before "the immortal Senate," commanded by

> that star-shining spirit, whence is wrought
> The strength of its dominion, good and great,
> The better Genius of this world's estate; [116]

to lead other spirits to the

> Elysian islands bright and fortunate,
> Calm dwellings of the bright and happy dead.[117]

Three days and nights were spent by the trio, journeying together, down a "mighty stream, dark, calm, and fleet," which flowed

> Between a chasm of cedarn mountains riven [118]

through "forests, deep like night," and

> mighty mountains crowned
> With Cyclopean piles, whose turrets proud
> . . . frowned
> O'er the bright waves which girt their dark foundations round,[119]

all of which scenes were doubtless born in Shelley's memory of his journeys in France, Switzerland, and Germany in 1814 and

[115] *Ibid.* XII. xxx.
[116] *Ibid.* XII. xxxi.
[117] *Ibid.* XII. xxx.
[118] *Ibid.* XII. xxxiii.
[119] *Ibid.* XII. xxxv.

1816. There was, for example, "the château of Saint Michel, a haunted ruin built on the edge of a precipice and shadowed over by the eternal forest" [120] which Shelley had seen in the valley of the Arve in 1816; and he must have seen other castles on cliffs above the Rhine as he journeyed down that river in a frail boat with Mary and Claire, two years before that. Waterfalls they passed, that

> burst and shiver
> Among rocks clad with flowers, the foam and spray
> Sparkled like stars upon the sunny river; [121]

and meadows, filled with flowers; and

> wide and vaulted caves, whose roofs were bright
> with starry gems.[122]

As they passed on, "shades beautiful and white" issuing from "dark-green chasms" crossed their path; and at last they won their way through a vast ravine to the "silent refuge" of an "azure sea," surrounded by "snow-bright mountains." [123] In the midst of the rich and varied scene hung the Temple of the Spirit, which

> The charmèd boat approached, and there its haven found.

The poem, in its original form, was reviewed by John Taylor Coleridge in the *Quarterly* for September 1819. The revised text had previously been noticed in three numbers of the *Examiner*, February 1, 22, and March 1, 1818;[124] and by

[120] *Letter from Percy B. Shelley to T. Peacock, July MDCCCXVL.*, pg. 13.
[121] *Laon and Cythna*, XII. xxxiv.
[122] *Ibid.* XII. xxxvi.
[123] *Ibid.* XII. xli.
[124] On this review Dr. Barnette Miller has a curious statement in his *Leigh Hunt's Relations with Byron, Shelley, and Keats*, p. 76: "A review of the

John Wilson ("Christopher North") in *Blackwood's* for January 1819. The savagery of Coleridge in the *Quarterly* brought Leigh Hunt forward to defend Shelley from the personal aspersions in that article. Hunt's counterblast was sounded in the *Examiner* for September 26, October 3, and 10, 1819. Hunt especially objected to Coleridge's assertion that Shelley was "shamefully dissolute in his conduct," and sustained his objection by giving first-hand evidence relating to the purity and simplicity of Shelley's life at Marlow while *Laon and Cythna* was being written.

In his own review of *Laon and Cythna* Hunt had grown enthusiastic over Shelley's rebellion against a malevolent Deity, and his proselytism on behalf of the gospel of *love* as "the sole law which should govern the moral world"; and said: "Will theologians never discover, that men, in order to be good and just to each other, must either think well of a Divine Being, . . . or not think of him at all?" The excellencies of the poem, Hunt believed to be its "depth of sentiment, grandeur of imagery, and a versification remarkably sweet, various, and noble, like the placid playing of a great organ"; its faults, "obscurity, inartificial and yet not natural economy, violation of costume, and too great a sameness and gratuitousness of image and metaphor . . . drawn from the elements, particularly the sea." He found the book "full of humanity"; but pointed out that it did not "go the best way" to appeal to it "through the medium of its common knowledges." He had no great hopes of its general success; but admitted that though he would have willingly left it "unsaid, both from ad-

Revolt of Islam ran through three numbers, January 25, February 8 and 22, 1818." It is true that an excerpt from the poem appeared in the *Examiner* for January 25; but the review, in Hunt's *Literary Notices*, nos. 39–41, appeared on the dates I have stated.

miration of Mr. Shelley's genius and love of his benevolence," he was compelled to confess that the work could not *possibly* become popular. He advised Shelley, in the interest of securing a larger audience, to "forget his metaphysics and sea-sides a little more in his future works" and to "give full effect to that nice knowledge of men and things which he otherwise really possesses to an extraordinary degree." [125]

In later times, perhaps the best analysis of the strength and weakness of the poem has been given by the first president of the Shelley Society, the Reverend Stopford Brooke, who included *Laon and Cythna* under the head of that section of Shelley's "work in which he tried to be real and to embody with temperance his ideas on the progress of mankind, but was continually swept in spite of himself into an impassioned idealism and fury; but where, feeling himself lost and uncontrolled, he tried to get back again into temperance and reality, and only half succeeded, so that the poem is broken, unequal, unsatisfactory from want of unity of impression." [126]

In February 1821, Shelley wrote to Ollier from Pisa, asking: "Is there any expectation of a second edition of the *Revolt of Islam?* I have many corrections to make in it, and one part will be wholly remodelled." [127] Again in September he inquired: "Is there any chance of a second edition of the *Revolt of Islam?* I could materially improve that poem on revision." [128] These expressions, coming from Shelley three years after the publication of the poem, show clearly that he was not insensible to its defects. They also show that the poem continued to interest him, although by the time he addressed the last of these inquiries to Ollier he had written

[125] *Examiner*, No. 531, Sunday, March 1, 1818, pp. 140–1.
[126] *Naturalism in English Poetry*, 1920, p. 211.
[127] Letter, Feb. 16, 1821; *Letters*, ii. 850.
[128] Letter, September 25, 1821. *Ibid.* ii. 916.

and published such incomparably greater works as *Adonais* and *The Cenci*. There was no second edition of the *Revolt* in Shelley's life-time. Indeed, as late as 1829 John Brooks, a bookseller of London, was able to offer a large number of copies of the suppressed *Laon and Cythna* and *The Revolt of Islam* indiscriminately under the latter title, by removing title-pages and half-titles and substituting his own title-page, dated 1829.[129]

For a half-century after Shelley's death the text of this poem which invariably appeared in collected editions of Shelley's poetry was that of *The Revolt of Islam*. But in 1869 Swinburne protested against this,[130] and five years later Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd gave the world what Swinburne had desired—a collected edition [131] of Shelley's poems in which the original version of the poem was printed, so far as might be, *verbatim et literatim*. The example of Mr. Shepherd was followed by H. Buxton Forman, Esq., C.B., in his most carefully-prepared edition of Shelley's *Poetical Works*.[132]

[129] Forman, *Shelley Library*, pp. 73–87.
[130] Art. on *Notes on the Text of Shelley*, *Fortn. Rev.*, May 1869, p. 544.
[131] In 4 vols., 1874–5.
[132] In 4 vols., 1876–7.

CHAPTER XIII

(CONTINUED)

THE reader of *Laon and Cythna*, if he be well posted as to the political and industrial situation of England after Waterloo, will see to what an extent the matter of the poem is a reflection of the temper, or the distemper, of the times. The slaughter of the multitude before the gates of the Golden City will be a reminder for him of the use in England in 1817 of cavalry to awe the English people, break up public meetings, and quell discontent. It will remind him of the suspension of Habeas Corpus in that year; and of the sending out of those abominations of the earth, the *agents provocateurs* whose business was, if they did not find discontent, to create it; and having created it, to betray its leaders to the government. Anxious to bring other men to the block, these miserable men appear to modern eyes as most deserving it in those dark days. These slaves of tyranny did not go about murder openly. Like the assassins who came in the night upon the multitude in slumber under the walls of the Golden City, these creatures moved and struck only in the dark. If this reader, as I have said, sees such things behind the veil of poetry in which Shelley has clothed his own opinions on the political and economic state of England in 1817, he will realize that the next publication by Shelley, of which I must now speak, is but a prose sequel to *Laon and Cythna.*

On November 5th, 1817, three poor, deluded weavers were executed at Derby for participation in an abortive attempt at an insurrection which had been instigated and directed by

Oliver, a Government spy. The *Examiner* for Sunday, November 9, which carried the intelligence of this shameful act [133] of an utterly shameless Government was bordered in black, but not as a tribute to these men of Derby. The Princess Charlotte had died in childbirth, and a period of public mourning had been decreed.

In America this combination of circumstances led *The Niles Register*, Philadelphia, to say in its issue of January 10, 1818, (p. 323, column 1:) "The same British papers that are so dolorous about the death of the Princess Charlotte, as mere commonplace things, have accounts of the execution of certain persons at Derby for *high treason* . . . i. e., while the prince of Coburg was rioting on about 100,000£ a year of their money, they would not starve quietly, as good subjects ought to have done. One of these had an amiable and beloved wife and daughter. They were hung, after which their heads were chopped off and held up by the hair to the view of the populace."

Here was Shelley's cue. In a pamphlet entitled *An Address to the People on the Death of the Princess Charlotte*, and issued over the pseudonym of "the Hermit of Marlow," Shelley deplored the death of the Princess, but compared and contrasted it with that of the three misguided weavers, snared by Government and hurried to the scaffold. A public conscience that could tolerate such enormities from those to whom Government had been entrusted, was blighted, shrivelled, dead.

"Nothing is more horrible," wrote Shelley, "than that man should for any cause shed the life of man. For all other calamities there is a remedy or a consolation. . . . But when man

[133] *Examiner*, No. 515, pp. 715–17. The article contained two dispatches from Derby, dated November 5 and 7, respectively. The latter dispatch appeared *verbatim* in *The Philanthropic Gazette*, No. 46. Wednesday, November 12, 1817. pp. 376–7.

sheds the blood of man, revenge, and hatred, and a long train of executions, and assassinations, and proscriptions is perpetuated to remotest time." [134] This was the philosophy of Macbeth, who only put it more tersely:

> we but teach
> Bloody instructions, which being taught return
> To plague the inventor.[135]

While the French Revolution was yet in its early stages Mary Wollstonecraft had set down her apprehension that "if the aristocracy of birth is levelled with the ground, only to make room for that of riches, . . . the morals of the people will not be much improved by the change, or the government rendered less venal." [136] Similar fears began to seize upon Shelley about 1813. "My republicanism," he had declared to Hogg, in that year, "would bear with an aristocracy of chivalry and refinement before an aristocracy of commerce and vulgarity; not, however, from pride, but because the one I consider as approaching most nearly to what man ought to be." [137]

By 1817 the "aristocracy of commerce and vulgarity" was in full sway in England, and Shelley traced the sources of its strength to speculation in government funds. The scheme, which he described as having originated in the reign of William III, of anticipating taxes by loans, and thus bonding the future to pay the claims of the present, was, to his mind, wholly iniquitous. For from it sprang the enormous national debt, with its annual interest charge of £44,000,000 to be as-

[134] *Prose Works*, ii. 106–7.

[135] *Macbeth*, I. vii. 8–10.

[136] *Posthumous Works of the Author of a Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, iii. 43–4; & cf. her *Historical and Moral View of the Origin and Progress of the French Revolution*, i. 518; and *Letters Written During a Short Residence in Sweden, Norway*, &c. 170, 251–2, 255.

[137] Letter, February 7, 1813. *Letters*, i. 382.

sessed against the citizens of England to maintain an increasing number of drones who had invested in government bonds.

The "new aristocracy" with "its basis in funds" instead of "in force," was "not like the old aristocracy men of pride and honour, *sans peur et sans tache,* but petty piddling slaves" who had "gained a right to the title of public creditors, either by gambling in the funds, or by subserviency to government, or some other villainous trade."

The interest these men reaped from their investment had so burdened the people of England that the day-labourer gained no more, in 1817, "by working sixteen hours a day than he gained before by working eight." This condition of affairs had awakened the nation "to demand a free representation of the people" in Parliament. Unrest and disaffection had been rife in the manufacturing districts for years; but when voices demanding a reform in the representation grew loud enough, a "conspiracy" would be declared on the information of spies, and tyranny would be granted even greater power than before to prevent those general disorders, feared by the enemies of reform. "Our alternatives," said Shelley solemnly, "are a despotism, a revolution, or reform." [138]

As for the present hour, Shelley advised his countrymen to mourn the death of the Princess; but to remember at the same time that Liberty, too, was dead; that man had murdered her; and that at her passing a "blast and curse" had descended upon the heads of those who had connived at or countenanced her murder. "Fetters heavier than iron weigh upon us," wrote Shelley, "because they bind our souls." Then in a concluding sentence but one remove from poetry, he added: "if some glorious Phantom should appear, and make its throne of broken swords and sceptres and royal crowns trampled in the

[138] Cf. *Philosophical View of Reform,* pp. 49–50.

dust, let us say that the Spirit of Liberty has arisen from its grave and left all that is gross and mortal there, and kneel down and worship it as our Queen."

The pamphlet was evidently written after a conversation with Charles Ollier a few days before November 12th, on which date he sent the MS. of the tract to the publisher, with the direction that he wished it to be "sent to the press without an hour's delay." When it was published, we do not know; nor can we know the form in which it was issued; for no copy of the original edition is forthcoming. Not later than 1843, however, the pamphlet was issued by Thomas Rodd, in the form of a stabbed octavo pamphlet of sixteen pages; and all present texts have been derived from this alleged "reprint." [139] No reviews of the tract have been discovered in newspapers of 1817–18. If it was published before 1843, it was printed in a small edition, and circulated chiefly among those parliamentarians whom Shelley was anxious to move toward reform.

Meanwhile Shelley's interest in the great minds of the past was no less keen than his concern in contemporary politics. On December 7 he wrote Ollier, asking him to secure and forward to him copies of the *Dionysiaca* of Nonnus, and Dante's *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* in Italian and English (Cary's translation). Little more than a week later, hearing perhaps from Ollier, who visited Marlow on the 15th, that he had been unable to locate the desired books, Shelley despatched the following message, not in previous editions of the *Letters*, to the publishers who were already at work on Mary's *Frankenstein*. The postcript heads the letter.

I wish added to the books below, Careys Dante, the Paradiso and the Purgatorio. I have the Inferno.

[139] Or as Mr. Thomas Wise thinks, the first edition. See his *Shelley Library*.

Great Marlow
Albion House—Dec. 23, 1817.

Gentlemen

Be so good as to let me have copies of Frankenstein as soon as they can be put up in boards— I think I said, that in addition to the six stipulated for, I wished nine to be sent to make in all fifteen, & the extra copies to be placed to mine or the author's account.—On what day do you propose to publish it?

Be so good as to send me, "Discours sur les Sciences et les Arts par Rousseau, avec les Responses" and the "Dionysiaca" of Nonnus, a Greek Poem of the 5th Century, printed I think at Paris— I owe you 8s. I will send the whole when there is enough to make it worth while to write a check

Your obedient Servant
P. B. Shelley

Address outside:
Messrs. Lackington & Co.
Finsbury Square [140]

There can be little doubt that the *Dionysiaca* was ordered by Shelley on Peacock's recommendation. Says Dr. Carl Van Doren, in his admirable *Life of Thomas Love Peacock:* "He [i. e., Peacock] had a distinct weakness for Nonnus"; and quoting Peacock's praise of the *Dionysiaca* as "the finest poem in the world after the *Iliad*," Dr. Van Doren adds that he "took a malicious pleasure in finding Oxford scholars who knew not the Panopolitan." [141] During 1817, while Keats was working away at *Endymion*, and Shelley was producing *Laon and Cythna*,[142] Peacock was busily engaged on a poem

[140] From the original holograph in the Bodleian. MS. Montagu d. 3.

[141] Pp. 18–19.

[142] "Shelley told me that he and Keats had mutually agreed, in the same given time, (six months each) to write a long poem, and that the Endymion, and the Revolt of Islam, were the fruits of this rivalry." Medwin, *Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, i. 298.

later published [143] as *Rhododaphne: or the Thessalian Spell.* Numerous similarities of style and imagery appear among the three poems; and Peacock and Keats both owed something, also, to the earlier-published poem, *Alastor.* These similarities were no doubt due in part to the passion which all three poets at this time entertained for Greek literature. But they may also be traced to the interaction of the ideas of the three as they met, walked, and talked together: Peacock and Shelley, at Marlow; Shelley and Keats, and perhaps also Peacock, in town.

When *Rhododaphne* appeared, in February 1818, Shelley reviewed it,[144] and Mary's transcript of Shelley's critique was sent to Leigh Hunt. It was not published then, however; but remained *perdu* until 1879 when it was unearthed by Mr. Forman and published in his Library Edition of Shelley's *Prose Works* in 1880. "This it is to be a scholar; this it is to have read Homer and Sophocles and Plato," Shelley exclaimed, after commenting on the Greek and Pagan character of the poem. "We are transported to the banks of the Peneus and linger under the crags of Tempe, and see the water lilies floating on the stream. We sit with Plato by old Ilissus under the sacred Plane tree among the sweet scent of flowering sallows; and above there is the nightingale of Sophocles in the ivy of the pine, who is watching the sunset so that it may dare to sing; it is the radiant evening of a burning day, and the smooth hollow whirlpools of the river are overflowing with the aerial gold of the level sunlight." [145] Perhaps Shelley's

[143] By Hookham, and Baldwin, Cradock & Joy, 1818.

[144] "On Friday, 20th, copy Shelley's critique on *Rhododaphne.*" Mary's *Journal* entry, Feb. 20, 1818. Marshall, *Life and Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley,* i. 209.

[145] iii. 18–23. A portion of the MS. had been lost in the interval between 1818 and 1879 and the present text of the review is therefore necessarily incomplete.

friendship for Peacock biassed his judgment, and led him into exaggeration in this review. But *Rhododaphne* is, beyond question, Peacock's finest achievement in verse; and contains many lines of great beauty. Another poet, the American, Edgar Allan Poe, himself no slight master of harmony, found *Rhodọdaphne* "brimful of music," [146] and to prove his case quoted the lines:

> By living streams, in sylvan shades,
> Where winds and waves symphonious make
> Sweet melody, the youths and maids
> No more with choral music wake
> Lone echo from her tangled brake.[147]

In this courtesy of reviewing his friends' books Shelley was always at the service of such of these as desired the favor. In 1814 he had written a criticism of Hogg's novel, the *Memoirs of Prince Alexy Haimatoff*, and this had been published in the *Critical Review* for December of that year.[148] On December 28, 1817 the *Examiner* carried, over the signature of E[lfin] K[night],[149] Shelley's review of Godwin's *Mandeville*.[150] "Godwin," wrote Shelley, "has been to the present age in moral philosophy what Wordsworth is in poetry." But he hastened to reiterate his regret, earlier expressed in the *Sonnet, to Wordsworth*—published with *Alastor* in 1816—and in the *Verses on Receiving a Celandine*, that the poet of *The Excursion* had deserted the liberals. The author of *Mandeville* was contrasted with the "Lost Leader." Sardonically, even, Shelley declared: "The personal interest of the latter [i. e.,

[146] *Marginalia*, Ingram's ed., Edinburgh, 1874–5, iii. 443.
[147] *Rhododaphne*, iii. 1–5; ed. 1818, p. 47.
[148] *The Critical Review, or Annals of Literature*, ser. 4, VI. vi. 666–74.
[149] Mary's pet name for Shelley.
[150] *Examiner*, No. 522. pp. 826–7.

Wordsworth] would probably have suffered from his pursuit of the true principles of taste in poetry, as much as all that is temporary in the fame of Godwin has suffered from his daring to announce the true foundation of morals, if servility and dependence and superstition had not been too easily reconcileable [*sic*] with Wordsworth's species of dissent from the opinions of the great and the prevailing." He thought it "singular, that the other nations of Europe should have anticipated in this respect the judgment of posterity, and that the name of Godwin, and that of his late illustrious and admirable wife, should be pronounced, even by those who know but little of English literature, with reverence; and that the writings of Mary Wollstonecraft should have been translated and universally read in France and Germany, long after the bigotry of faction had stifled them in our own country."

He thought the language of the novel "more rich and various, and the expressions more eloquently sweet," but no less energetic and distinct than these both were in *Political Justice* and *Caleb Williams*. "The pleadings of Henrietta to Mandeville, after his recovery from madness," seemed to him "the most perfect and beautiful piece of writing of modern times." Was it not "the genuine doctrine of *Political Justice*, presented in one perspicuous and impressive view and clothed in [the] enchanting melody of language?"

Gifts of money—free reviews—these Shelley bestowed on his friends whenever he might, or when they were desired. But these were not all. Sometimes, as Shelley had already done for Byron in the latter's transactions with Murray over the *Childe*, he acted as literary agent for his friends, going to the front for them, even to that formidable first-line trench, the publisher's sanctum. Some time before March 9, 1817, when Hunt was Shelley's guest at Marlow, the author of

Rimini had contracted to furnish a book of verse to Taylor and Hessey within a specified time. On such an arrangement they had advanced £20 to Hunt, who took the money but did not fulfil his part of the engagement, offering them instead a scrap-book collection of prose articles from his pen which had appeared here and there in the press of London and the provinces. These Taylor and Hessey did not want, and told Hunt they would not accept. Hunt then got Shelley to negotiate with the publishers for him, and according to the latter's statement, quoted by Hunt in a letter to the publishers, now in the Spencer MSS., in his letter to Hunt from Calais, March 13, 1818, Taylor had agreed to give up the copyright on the promised volume on the repayment by Hunt of the £20, or the endorsement over to them of the profits of *Rimini* until that sum should be realized. Hessey's letters to Hunt indicate that neither he nor his partner intended to abide by any arrangement for repayment through the profits of *Rimini*. How the misunderstanding arose it is difficult to say; for Shelley, as the letter from Calais shows, stood by his version of Taylor's conversation with him. Whether the advance made by the publishers to Hunt was ever repaid I am unable to say; the letters [151] that I have seen, which passed between Hunt and Hessey on the subject, giving no evidence on the point.

In September 1817 the Shelleys were visited at Marlow by William Baxter of Dundee, father of Mary's girlhood friends, Isabel and Christy Baxter. Baxter appeared to be delighted with Shelley whom by his own confession Baxter had expected to find "an ignorant, silly, half-witted enthusiast, with intellect scarcely sufficient to keep him out of a mad-house, and morals that fitted him only for a brothel." Instead, he said, he met "a being of rare genius and talent, of truly republican frugality

[151] Among the Spencer MSS.

and plainness of manners, and of a soundness of principle and delicacy of moral tact that might put to shame (if shame they had) many of his detractors; and, with all this, so amiable that you have only to be half an hour in his company to convince you that there is not an atom of malevolence in his whole composition!" [152]

Isabel and Christy, who, since Mary's flight with Shelley, three years before, had not been on intimate terms with her, were now drifting into such friendly relations with her as augured a return of the old intimacy. But in December Isabel's husband, stern David Booth, intervened, and not only prevented his wife from joining the Shelleys for the trip to Italy which they had been contemplating and were soon to undertake, but also obliged Baxter to fly in the face of his own letter and to break off all relations with Shelley. When Shelley learned from Baxter of the latter's desire to sequester himself and his daughters from the dangerous company of himself and Mary he immediately traced the cause of Baxter's sudden veer to his son-in-law, David Booth. But the breach thus opened did not heal during Shelley's life.

The episode is chiefly important because out of it grew the situations, treated fictionally, of course, in the opening section of *Rosalind and Helen,* written at Marlow; and in which Lionel represents Shelley; Helen, Mary Shelley; and Rosalind, Isabel Baxter. But as this poem was not completed at Marlow, it does not properly form a part of the English chapter of his life. In this respect it is like the poem, *Prince Athanase,* which, though begun at Marlow, was, in Mr. Locock's opinion, "revised and added to at a date later than 1817."

On the 3rd of December 1817, Mary addressed the follow-

[152] William Baxter, letter to Isabel Booth, October 3, 1817. Dowden, *Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley,* ii. 174.

ing hitherto unpublished letter to Baxter, in which some of the causes that lay behind their removal from Marlow, which followed shortly, are set forth.

Marlow
Dec. 3rd 1817.

My dear sir you—receive the cheque enclosed for the money.

Isabell promised to write to me some time ago and not having performed this promise I am afraid that she is ill will you let me know about this.

Shelley is not well—he has a cough this house is so very damp—all the books in the library are mildewed we must quit it. Italy is yet uncertain.

Have you yet received a copy of Shelley's poem he has ordered one to be sent—and above all have you read Mandeville & what do you think of it.

When you write to Izzy tell her that I shall send her a parcel in a few days.

William & Clara are both well—Clara is very much grown & William grows daily I think— He suffers however when the weather is the least cold for his complexion is so delicate.

Remember me to Mrs. Booth when may we expect you both or one of you at Marlow.

Will you oblige Peacock by sending down all the Cobbetts that have been published since No. 25.

Clare and Shelley desire their best remembrances to you and your son in law.

Most sincerely
M. W. Shelley.

addressed outside:
Mr. W. T. Baxter
117 Dorset Street
Salisbury Square
Fleet Street [153]

London postmark:
4 o'clock
DE. 4
1817 EV

[153] From the original holograph letter in the possession (1921) of Maggs Brothers, 34–35 Conduit Street, London.

Shelley's health, we observe from his letter, was not improved by the condition of their home at Marlow. Other evidence of this is in Shelley's letter to Godwin, December 7, in which he said: "My health has been materially worse. My feelings at intervals are of a deadly and torpid kind, or awakened to a state of such unnatural and keen excitement, that, only to instance the organ of sight, I find the very blades of grass and the boughs of distant trees present themselves to me with microscopical distinctness. Towards evening I sink into a state of lethargy and inanimation, and often remain for hours on the sofa, between sleep and waking, a prey to the most painful irritability of thought.—The hours devoted to study are selected with vigilant caution from among these periods of endurance." He announced to Godwin that he had "experienced a decisive pulmonary attack," and from the symptom feared he was a prey to consumption. If he should go to Italy, it would be that he might delay to the latest possible moment the time when that disease should wholly overcome him; but he urged Godwin to believe that this desire to postpone the hour of his death arose from no selfish motive but from an anxiety for "those to whom" his death might bring "the reverse" of all that "happiness, utility, security, and honour" which had flown to them in part through himself.[154]

On January 25, 1818,[155] Shelley succeeded in letting Albion House to another tenant, and on the 7th of the following month left for London, to which, two days later, Claire, William, and Allegra followed. On the 10th Mary rejoined the family in town. To finance the trip to Italy, Shelley had re-

[154] *Letters*, ii. 565.

[155] Claire Clairmont's *Diary* establishes the date.

WINDSOR CASTLE,

From the Long Walk.

Published by T. Pewtress 67 Newington Causeway,
& Ackermann & Co. 96 Strand.

alized £2,000 on a post-obit bond for £4,500 sold to William Willatts, of Fore Street, Cripplegate; [156] and to secure himself against possible loss, Willatts had done what most [157] of Shelley's creditors somehow failed to do—he had insured the poet's life.

In London the Shelleys and Claire took lodgings at 119 Great Russell Street, Covent Garden, in which street, at the corner of Bow, Charles and Mary Lamb at that time were residing. Evenings with friends—Hunt, Hogg, Peacock, Horace Smith, and Keats, at home, at the theater, or at the opera; days crowded with preparations for departure to Italy—such activities as these filled up the last hours of the Shelleys in England. On the 9th of March, at St. Giles-in-the-Fields Church, the two Shelley children and Clara Allegra Byron were baptized in the Christian faith, the Reverend Charles Macarthy performing the ceremony. There is no direct evidence as to whose desire it was that the children should be christened in the Church which Shelley had attacked so bitterly in *Queen Mab;* but probability points to Mary as the one who desired it and saw that it was done in Protestant England, before their departure for the Continent.

"A hope of amelioration" wrote Mary Shelley, "always attends on change of place, which would even lighten the burthen of my life." [158] It was, however, not only amelioration of the body that Shelley sought in Italy, but peace of mind and spirit. There they promised themselves they would be far from the importunings of needy friends, far from judicial and ecclesiastical persecution, from the general unhappiness and suffering

[156] Dowden, *Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley,* ii. 181.

[157] According to Francis Place. Brit. Mus. Addit. MSS. 35, 145, *circa* ff. 30–36.

[158] *The Last Man,* iii. 347.

which, with no reform in sight, promised to be England's portion for many a year succeeding.

March 10th was Shelley's last day in London, and the Hunts spent it with him and Mary. In the evening Shelley fell into one of his occasional deep slumbers and so, as he afterwards reproached them for it, they left without a final handshake, and Marianne also without giving him a parting kiss. Early the next morning, they took coach, breakfasted at Dartford, once the scene of Wat Tyler's rebellion, and passing through Chatham, Ospringe, and Canterbury came the same evening into Dover. The town, with its houselights twinkling on its many hills, seemed to Claire "like a fairy city." The night was spent at York House.

Next day was stormy, and there was some discussion as to whether they should cross the Channel under such conditions. They decided the question in the affirmative, and shipped in the *Lady Castlereagh* for Calais.

Four years later, when Shelley was writing *Charles the First* in Italy, he gave to Hampden, in the fourth scene, this speech:

> England, farewell! thou, who hast been my cradle,
> Shalt never be my dungeon or my grave!
> I held what I inherited in thee
> As pawn for that inheritance of freedom
> Which thou hast sold for thy despoiler's smile:
> How can I call thee England, or my country? [159]

Yet the words have scarcely cooled when Hampden confesses that the least lovely spot in England is yet one

> To which the eagle spirits of the free,
> Which range through heaven and earth, and scorn the storm

[159] *Charles the First,* iv. 1–6.

Of time, and gaze upon the light of truth,
Return to brood on thoughts that cannot die,[160]

even in exile. One imagines that in these lines Shelley has left us some record of the conflicting emotions which possessed his spirit on that epochal March morning of his twenty-sixth year.

[160] *Ibid.* iv. 51–54.

CHAPTER XIV

"THE PARADISE OF EXILES"

Journey into Italy—Milan, Como, Bagni di Lucca, "Rosalind and Helen," Florence, Venice, "Julian and Maddalo";—Death of Clara—Este, "Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills,"—Trip to Rome.

"AFTER a stormy but very short voyage," reported Shelley to Leigh Hunt, "we have arrived at Calais, and are at this moment on the point of proceeding. We are all very well, and in excellent spirits. Motion has always this effect upon the blood, even when the mind knows that there are causes for dejection." [1] Thus began auspiciously the journey "towards the spring" [2] which was to have so beneficial an effect on Shelley's mind and spirits.

Their route to Italy lay through a dismal country to Douay (March 14); thence to La Fere (15th), Rheims (17th), St. Dizier (18th), Langres (19th), Dijon (20th), Macon, where they were delayed three hours by the breaking of a spring of the *calèche* in which they were traveling, and Lyons (21st). At Douay (now Douai) they may have given a thought to the English College, where in 1609–10 one of the quaintest English versions of the Bible was produced, a year or more before the "Authorized Version" made its appearance. At Rheims they must have visited the cathedral, and admired the rich scenery between Dijon and Lyons which,

[1] *Letters*, ed. Ingpen, ii. 587.
[2] *Ibid.* ii. 589.

in the words of a contemporary traveler, appeared "a well cultivated garden." [3]

The same traveler who visited Lyons in 1814 has left it on record that he found it "a very fine city . . . situated in one of the most picturesque spots one can imagine. It is situated at the bottom of a hill intersected with houses, and may justly be esteemed the second city in France for commerce and magnificence." The party went out to view the confluence of the Rhone and Saone at this point; and were able to see the Jura and Mt. Blanc, and the moon rising "broad and red behind the Alps." [4] "The Buildings," records my anonymous diarist, "are fine, but the streets are narrow, and the stones very inconvenient to foot passengers on account of their sharpness. In the Church of St. Paul, there are 4 Pillars made of Granite which were formerly in the temple of Augustus. The Cathedral is also well worth seeing." [5] In the afternoon of the 23rd they rode out to the Isle de Barbe, where a fête was in progress,[6] and in the evening saw the Comedie at Lyons.

Past "white châteaux and scattered cottages among woods of old oak and walnut trees" the Shelleys continued their travels on March 25th into the valleys of the Alps. At Pont Beau Vois they had an experience common to many travelers of that day. At this little town, on the then-border of French and Sardinian territory, they were held up at a bridge crossing the Guiers Vif while their passports and luggage were thoroughly examined. Unfortunately, Shelley was carrying along some volumes by Rousseau and Voltaire; and these the censor would not allow to pass until a canon, who had once met Sir Timothy Shelley at the Duke of Norfolk's, and who happened to be in

[3] MS. Journal, Author's Collection, f. 34 r.
[4] Mary Shelley's *Journal*, quot. Dowden ii. 188.
[5] MS. Journal, Author's Collection, f. 35 r.
[6] Mary's *Journal*, quot. Dowden *op. cit.* ii. 189.

the party, intervening on Shelley's behalf, so far prevailed upon the authorities that they allowed the books to go through. But this was granted upon the condition that the disputed volumes should again be submitted to the censorship of Chambery, the ancient capital of Savoy.

Hazlitt, relating a similar experience at the same place, says: "I had two trunks. One contained books. When it was unlocked, it was as if the lid of Pandora's box flew open. There could not have been a more sudden start or expression of surprise, had it been filled with cartridge-paper or gunpowder. Books were the corrosive sublimate that eat out despotism and priestcraft . . . the artillery that battered down castle and dungeon walls . . . the ferrets that ferreted out abuses . . . the lynx-eyed guardians that tore off disguises . . . the scales that weighed right and wrong." [7] Hazlitt's books were taken from him and only forwarded to him when he had reached Florence, outside of Sardinian territory.

After this interruption they continued to Les Echelles, a little village nestling at the foot of the mountain of the same name at the boundary line between France and Savoy, where they dined. After dinner they climbed the mountain, following "a road cut through perpendicular rocks, of immense elevation, by Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, in 1582." [8] Shelley has left a description of the scene which, because of its probable relationship to some of the scenery he was later to introduce into *Prometheus Unbound*, has a special interest for us. "The rocks," he says, "which cannot be less than a thousand feet in perpendicular height, sometimes overhang the road on each side, and almost shut out the sky. The scene is like that described in the Prometheus of Æschylus. Vast

[7] *Tour Through France and Italy*, in *Works*, 1903. ix. 186.
[8] *Letters*, ii. 590.

rifts and caverns in the granite precipices, wintry mountains with ice and snow above; the loud sound of unseen waters within the caverns, and walls of toppling rocks, only to be scaled as he describes, by the winged chariot of the ocean nymphs." But in the midst of this natural beauty Shelley could not lose sight of the fact that the inhabitants of the valley were "in a state of most frightful poverty and disease." [9]

That night the party slept at Tour du Pin. At Chambery they lingered during a day of rain, and did not continue their approach to the highest Alps until Saturday, March 28th. That night they put up at St. Jean Maurienne, from which they went forward to the foot of Mt. Cenis on Sunday. On Monday, the 30th, they dined on the top of the mountain and Claire relates in her journal that they there blessed Napoleon, by whose command the new road over the mountain had been built. Descending the Alpine slopes they came to Susa, standing "amid rocky eminences on the banks of the Dura." [10] Here, directed by a "blonde woman, of light and graceful manners, something in the style of Fuseli's Eve," [11] they visited the triumphal arch which Cottius, having resigned his throne to Rome and accepted a Roman prefectorship, had erected to the glory of Augustus Cæsar. Shelley was much impressed by the "ruined arch, of magnificent proportions, in the Greek taste, standing in a kind of green lawn over-grown with violets and primroses . . . in the midst of stupendous mountains." [12]

Through the defile of Susa and "a narrow pass, formed by rocky hills branching out from the Alps" [13] they passed over plain and dell and a noble avenue of several miles "remark-

[9] *Letters*, ed. Ingpen, ii. 590–591.
[10] Eustace, *Classical Tour*, ii. 386.
[11] *Letters*, ii. 592.
[12] *Idem.*
[13] Eustace, *Classical Tour*, ii. 386.

able only for a royal villa" to Turin. "The appearance of Turin," wrote an American traveler, who visited the city in 1821, "struck us very agreeably at our entrance, for the houses are good and built with much regularity, and the principal streets are as straight and broad as those of Philadelphia. In one particular they are to be preferred to any city in the United States," he continued, "—the side-walks are under wide arches, opening on one side into shops and coffee-houses." [14] So much for the external state of the city; but Eustace, writing a few years earlier, had deplored Turin's fall from a "residence of a race of active and magnificent princes" to the position of "the chief town of a French department," under Napoleon; and the American traveler's journal shows that half a dozen years after Waterloo the people of the city were in a very uncertain state of mind as to their future in the hands of the Allies. The catastrophe, Eustace believed, was owing to the weakness and irresolution of the city when it was first threatened by the invading French. The opera attracted the Shelleys and Claire, but she set down the fact in her journal that she could "neither get at its title, nor make out a single word of what it was all about."

"No sooner had we arrived in Italy, than the loveliness of the earth and the serenity of the sky made the greatest difference in my sensations. I depend on these things for life; for in the smoke of cities, and the tumult of human kind and the chilling fogs and rain of our own country," wrote Shelley to Peacock, "I can hardly be said to live." [15] Not only was his health improved in the warm climate of the south but his mind awakened to activity and he looked forward to producing

[14] *Journal of a Tour in Italy in the Year 1821*, by "An American." New York, 1824, p. 465.

[15] *Letters*, ed. Ingpen, ii. 591.

From Batty's Italian Scenery, London, 1820

TURIN

Through which Shelley passed, in 1818, on his way into Italy.

a tragedy based upon the life of Tasso. "I have many literary schemes," he told Peacock, "and one in particular . . . which I thirst to be settled that I may begin." [16]

At Milan he was fascinated by the cathedral, of which he gave Peacock a memorable description. "This cathedral," he wrote, "is a most astonishing work of art. It is built of white marble, and cut into pinnacles of immense height, and the utmost delicacy of workmanship, and loaded with sculpture. The effect of it, piercing the solid blue with those groups of dazzling spires, relieved by the serene depth of the Italian heaven, or by moonlight, when the stars seem gathered [17] among those clustered shapes, is beyond anything I had imagined architecture capable of producing." Behind the altar of the cathedral, where, as he says, "the light of day is dim and yellow under the storied window," he read Dante; and I imagine that a good many lovers of Shelley have looked as I did, a few years ago, for that spot of yellow light in which Shelley sat and steeped himself in the rhapsodies of the *Divina Commedia.* There are many such spots behind the altar; and I suppose we shall never know precisely which one Shelley chose. But no one who has searched for it can rid himself of the impression that if Shelley were indeed an atheist, the book and the place were strange choices for him to make; and for myself I dare say that an hour in that portion of the sanctuary gave me a deeper consciousness of Shelley's genuinely religious spirit than did a pilgrimage to any of the other scenes of his life, most of which I have visited.

As he was drawn to Italy's places of worship he was also attracted by her music; and at La Scala he heard with delight the opera of *Othello.* "The manner in which language is

[16] *Letters,* ii. 593.

[17] Cf. *A Summer Evening Churchyard* (1815), ll. 13–18.

translated into gesture," he confessed to Peacock, "the complete and full effect of the whole as illustrating the history in question, the unaffected self-possession of each of the actors, even to the children, made this choral drama more impressive than I could have conceived possible. The story is *Othello*, and strange to say, it left no disagreeable impression." [18] He was also pleased with the ballet, usually of a high standard at that city at that time, which was performed by marionettes who were celebrated there.[19]

From Milan, following Eustace, whose *Classical Tour through Italy*, published four years before, Shelley carried with him on his travels, he took a side-trip to the lake of Como, where he endeavored to secure the *Villa Pliniana* for his residence. "This house," he wrote Peacock, " . . . once a magnificent palace, and . . . now in ruins, . . . is built upon terraces *raised from* the bottom of the lake, together with its garden, at the foot of a semi-circular precipice, overshadowed by profound forests of chestnut. The scene from the colonnade is the most extraordinary, at once, and the most lovely that eye ever beheld. On one side is the mountain, and immediately over you are clusters of cypress-trees, of an astonishing height, which seem to pierce the sky. Above you, from among the clouds, as it were, descends a waterfall of immense size, broken by the woody rocks into a thousand channels to the lake. On the other side is seen the blue extent of the lake and the mountains, speckled with sails and spires." The apartments of the villa he found "immensely large, but ill furnished and antique." Two days at Como were succeeded by a return to Milan, where they tarried, awaiting the result of their negotiation for the villa.

[18] *Letters*, ii. 592.

[19] MS. Journal, Author's Collection, f. 107 v.

Although, many years after, Mary Shelley chose to revisit Como and spend nearly two months beside this "queen of the Italian lakes," I suspect that it was on account of her desire for society rather than solitude that Shelley in 1818 gave up his plan for settling there. In a letter to Peacock, Shelley says only: "You may easily conjecture the motives which led us to forego the divine solitude of Como. To me, whose chief pleasure in life is the contemplation of nature, you may imagine how great is this loss." [20]

In her first novel after Shelley's death Mary described the *Villa Pliniana* thus:

> Ten miles from Como, under the steep heights of the eastern mountains, by the margin of the lake, was a villa called the Pliniana, from its being built on the site of a fountain, whose periodical ebb and flow is described by the younger Pliny in his letters. The house had nearly fallen into ruin, till in the year 2090, an English nobleman had bought it, and fitted it up with every luxury. Two large halls, hung with splendid tapestry, and paved with marble, opened on each side of a court, of whose two other sides one overlooked the deep dark lake, and the other was bounded by a mountain, from whose stony side gushed, with roar and splash, the celebrated fountain. Above, underwood of myrtle and tufts of odorous plants crowned the rock, while the star-pointing giant cypresses reared themselves in the blue air, and the recesses of the hills were adorned with the luxuriant growth of chestnut trees. Here we fixed our summer residence.[21]

Two decades later, perhaps when out of the passion of regret she had grown to appreciate the charm of the *Villa Pliniana* and its situation, Mary wrote: "I now made a voyage I had made many years before, when putting off from Como in a skiff we had visited Tremezzo. How vividly I remembered

[20] *Letters,* ii. 601.
[21] *The Last Man.* 1826, iii. 266–7.

and recognized each spot. I longed inexpressibly to land at the Pliniana, which remained in my recollection as a place adorned by magical beauty. . . . Sometimes these thoughts and these revisitings were full of inexpressible sadness; a yearning after the past—a contempt for all that has occurred since, that throws dark and chilling shadows on the soul." [22]

"Poor Mary," once Shelley commented to Trelawny, "hers is a sad fate,—she can't bear solitude, nor I society—the quick coupled with the dead." [23]

From Lyons Shelley, in a letter now lost, had addressed Lord Byron on the subject of Allegra, but had received no reply. He therefore wrote again to Byron from Milan, on April 13th, inviting Byron to visit them that summer at their projected residence, the Villa Pliniana, on Como, and suggesting that at the end of the visit Allegra might return with Byron to Venice. To this Byron apparently replied that the parting between Claire and Allegra, if arranged, must be understood to be final. But Shelley, on behalf of Claire, plead for a more kindly disposition of the matter; and on April 28th Elise, the Swiss maid who had accompanied the Shelleys into Italy, conducted Allegra to her father at Venice. Two days later Shelley wrote to Byron:

"You will find your little Allegra quite well. I think she is the most lovely and engaging child I ever beheld. Tell us what you think of her, and whether, or no, she equals your expectations." [24] Her child gone, Claire became almost inconsolably disconsolate and Shelley looked forward to their arrival at Pisa, where new sights and new acquaintances might turn her thoughts from the enforced separation.

[22] *Rambles in Germany and Italy*, 1844. i. 89.
[23] *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron*, 1858, p. 72.
[24] *Correspondence of Lord Byron*, ed. 1922. ii, 76.

It was May 1st before the Shelleys left Milan for Pisa, their route taking them through Piacenza, Parma (lately stripped of its Correggio treasures by the Napoleonic forces),[25] Bologna, which a few years before had been attached to the Italian Republic, under French control,[26] and so across the Apennines made famous in the verse of Lucan, Petronius Arbiter, Silius Italicus, and Virgil:

> Quantus Athos aut quantus Eryx, aut ipse, coruscis.
> Cum fremit ilicibus, quantus, gaudetque nivali
> Vertice se attollens pater Apenninus ad auras,[27]

and even more familiar perhaps, to English readers in Shelley's own *Lines Written among the Euganean Hills* as

> . . . the line
> Of the olive-sandalled Apennine
> In the south dimly islanded.[28]

"This part of the Apennines," he wrote to Peacock, "is far less beautiful than the Alps; the mountains are wide and wild, and the whole scenery broad and undetermined—the imagination cannot find a home in it. The Plain of the Milanese, and that of Parma, is exquisitely beautiful—it is like one garden, or rather cultivated wilderness; because the corn and the meadow-grass grow under high and thick trees, festooned to one another by regular festoons of vines." [29]

On May 7th they reached Pisa, which Shelley found "a large, disagreeable city, almost without inhabitants." Here they tarried three or four days, and then proceeded to Leghorn (Livorno) on the Adriatic. They stayed a month in this

[25] Eustace, *Classical Tour*, i, 124.
[26] *Ibid.* i, 133.
[27] *Æneid*, xii, 701, quot. Eustace, *Classical Tour*, i, 172.
[28] ll. 305–307.
[29] *Letters*, ii, 602.

city, "spread over a flat coast, and from thence extending its villas over a fine range of hills," [30] and here they met Maria Gisborne, celebrated in Shelley's famous rhyming *Letter*, whose society proved so delightful that they remained in Leghorn for a month. "We had no idea of spending a month here, but she has made it even agreeable," Shelley explained to Peacock.[31]

On the journey from France into Italy Shelley had busied himself with reading Schlegel, and Wieland's *Aristippus* in a French translation. This latter work Shelley commended to Hogg as "very Greek, tho' perhaps not religious enough for a true Pagan"; but condemned the French translator for having "omitted much of the original to accommodate it . . . to the 'fastidious taste and powerful understanding of his countrymen.'" [32] At Leghorn he might have been seen, plunged deep in the reading of Ariosto, Euripides, or Sophocles. The inclusion of the two great Greek tragic writers in his reading at this time, as Dowden suggests, accords with Shelley's high opinion of the Athenian dramatists expressed in *The Defence of Poetry;* and indicates that he was thus tempering his "sword of lightning" to attack the theme of the life of Tasso.

In the latter part of May Shelley, leaving Mary and Claire behind for the nonce, journeyed over to the Baths of Lucca (Bagni di Lucca) recommended by Eustace as being no place of "gay fashionable resort" but as tolerably well adapted to accommodate "such persons as retire for purposes of health or improvement" in a countryside "to the highest degree picturesque and interesting."

"Never," reports another traveler, "was watering-place

[30] Eustace, *Classical Tour*, ii, 271.
[31] *Letters*, ii, 602.
[32] *Letters*, ii, 599.

more secluded. At the foot of the bridge which crosses the Lima is a little village, and on the hill above it are perched the Bagni Caldi; about a mile higher up the stream are the tepid baths, called Bagni della Villa, charmingly seated in an amphitheater of hills. The surrounding scenery is highly pleasing and diversified . . . verdant meadows . . . 'a brawling brook' . . . groves of oak and chestnut, clothing the tops of the highest hills . . . and, in the distance, the snowy summits and sparkling peaks of the towering Apennines." [33] Here Shelley was successful in his quest of a house; and on June 11th the caravan left Pisa and traveled up to the new retreat.

A few days later, Mary expressed her delight in the scene in a letter to Mrs. Gisborne. "We live here," she wrote, "in the midst of a beautiful scene, and I wish I had the imagination and expressions of a poet to describe it as it deserves, and to fill you all with an ardent desire to visit it. We are surrounded by mountains covered with thick chestnut woods; they are peaked and picturesque, and sometimes you see peeping above them the bare summit of a distant Apennine. Vines are cultivated at the foot of the mountains. The walks in the woods are delightful. . . . You can either walk by the side of the river or on commodious paths cut in the mountains, and for rambles the woods are intersected with narrow paths in every direction." [34]

With the advance of summer the Shelleys and Claire took to horseback riding, before breakfast or after dinner, and Shelley discovered a sequestered nook where a fall of water plunged into a deep basin adequate for bathing. Here he would divest himself of his clothes, and sitting down naked

[33] Rev. G. W. D. Evans, *The Classic and Connoisseur in Italy and Sicily.* London, 1835. i, 45.

[34] Dowden, ii, *op. cit.* 211–212. And cf. *Valperga,* ii, 176, for another vivid description of Lucca, from Mary's pen.

would read Herodotus until, his perspiration subsiding, he might leap into the cooling waters of the pool.

One side-trip they undertook from the Baths, to the Prato Fiorito, or "flowering meadow," where Shelley was all but overcome with the heavy perfume of the jonquils. The experience, as Dowden suggests, doubtless evoked the lines in *Epipsychidion*,

> From the moss violets and jonquils peep,
> And dart their arrowy odour through the brain
> Till you might faint with that delicious pain.

From the Bagni di Lucca, on June 28th, Shelley addressed a note "in great haste" to Charles Ollier, requesting the payment of £10 to a person to be known as "A.B." who would call for it, and urged Ollier: "On no account mention my name." [35] In another letter, written probably in August, Shelley asked Ollier to honour a draft for £20 presented by the same person.[36] It seems very likely that "A.B." was one of the numerous *aliases* adopted from time to time by "the philosopher of Skinner Street" when in need of funds from the man whose name he could not, under any circumstances, endure to hear pronounced. "Oh, philosophy!" Mary remarked, on another occasion of Godwinian subterfuge.

"I take great delight in watching the changes of the atmosphere here," wrote Shelley to the Gisbornes, on July 10th, "and the growth of the thunder showers with which the moon is often over-shadowed, and which break and fade away towards evening into flocks of delicate clouds. Our fire-flies are fading away fast, but there is the planet Jupiter, who rises majestically over the rift in the forest covered mountains to

[35] *Catalogue of the Library, MSS. &c. of Charles Ollier.* 1877. Item 123. The letter has, apparently, been lost.

[36] Ingpen. *Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley,* ii, 603, footnote.

the south, and the pale summer lightning which is spread out every night, at intervals, over the sky. No doubt," he theorized, "Providence has contrived these things that, when the fire-flies go out, the low-flying owl may see her way home." In another letter, to Peacock, on July 25, he again emphasized his absorption in the swift-changing character of cloud and sky: "The atmosphere here," he wrote, "unlike that of the rest of Italy, is diversified with clouds, which grow in the middle of the day, and sometimes bring thunder and lightning, and hail about the size of a pigeon's egg, and decrease toward evening, leaving only those finely woven webs of vapour which we see in English skies, and flocks of fleecy and slowly-moving clouds, which all vanish before sunset; and the nights are for ever serene, and we see a star in the east at sunset . . . I think it is Jupiter . . . almost as fine as Venus was last summer; but it wants a certain silver and aerial radiance, and soft yet piercing splendour, which belongs, I suppose, to the latter planet by virtue of its at once divine and female nature. I have forgotten to ask the ladies if Jupiter produces on them the same effect. I take great delight in watching the changes of the atmosphere." [37]

The box of books which had been held up at Chambery, was forwarded to Shelley at the Baths; and on its arrival he again plunged into reading. Lucian, Virgil's *Georgics*, Æschylus' *Persæ* (later to form the model for *Hellas*), Aristophanes' *Clouds*, *Plutus*, and *Lysistrata*, Theocritus' *Idylls*, Xenophon's *Memorabilia* formed his classical diet in these days; and Spenser and the Elizabethan dramatists, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* and Hume's *History of England* his more modern fare. Doubtless the last-named was of more interest to Mary than to Shelley in the light of a project which Godwin had suggested

[37] *Letters*, ii. 604–605.

to her, that she should write a series of "Lives of the Commonwealth's Men." Mary did not, ultimately, achieve anything in this field, though Godwin did; [38] and out of his reading of the history of the period Shelley, as Dowden I think rightly suggests, probably derived the materials, and the inspiration, for his unfinished drama of *Charles the First*, a work of a later day.

"It is little wonder," says Mrs. Angeli, who has given us [39] the best because the most sympathetic account of Shelley's state of health and mind at this period, "that during these earliest months in Italy Shelley should have felt scant inspiration for original work. *The Revolt of Islam* . . . represented a gigantic effort to a man weak, tormented, and ill in body, mentally oppressed, and suffering from the recent cruel blows of Fate. . . . His health was such at that time that he scarcely expected to live, and the journey to Italy was . . . partly, if not principally, undertaken as a matter of prudence or necessity. . . . When Italy was reached, and some degree of repose from traveling ensued, Shelley's health and spirits began to revive under the genial southern sun and skies, but it was some time before he re-entered into full possession of his poetic inspiration."

But he addressed himself to work, and in eight or nine mornings between July 9 and 17, produced his unrivalled translation of Plato's *Symposium*, a translation important not only for itself but, as my friend, Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith, has lately pointed out,[40] for its influence upon Shelley's later *Defence of Poetry*. He also began, but did not finish, *A Discourse on the Manners of the Ancients Relative to the Subject of Love*. In

[38] *History of the Commonwealth*, 4 vols. 1824–8.
[39] *Shelley and His Friends in Italy*, 1911, p. 26.
[40] Percy Reprints, No. 3, p. xxi, and *passim*.

this fragment we may observe an anticipation of the theme of the *Epipsychidion*, which waited to be written until Shelley had met the last but one of the "sisters of his soul"—Emilia Viviani. "Let it not be imagined," he wrote, "that because the Greeks were deprived of its legitimate object, they were incapable of sentimental love; and that this passion is the mere child of chivalry and the literature of modern times. This object or its archetype for ever exists in the mind, which selects among those who resemble it that which most resembles it; and instinctively fills up the interstices of the imperfect image, in the same manner as the imagination moulds and completes the shapes in clouds, or in the fire, into the resemblances of whatever form, animal, building, etc., happens to be present to it." And again, speaking of the women of ancient Greece, to whom the acquisition of knowledge and the cultivation of sentiment had been denied, he said: "Their eyes could not have been deep and intricate from the workings of the mind, and could have entangled no heart in soul-inwoven labyrinths." [41] The sentiments are identical with the lines in *Epipsychidion:*

> I questioned every tongueless wind that flew
> Whither 'twas fled, this soul out of my soul;
> We shall become the same, we shall be one
> Spirit within two frames.[42]

and in *Prometheus Unbound:*

> Thine eyes are like the deep, blue, boundless heaven
> Contracted to two circles underneath
> Their long, fine lashes; dark, far, measureless,
> Orb within orb, and line through line inwoven.[43]

[41] *Prose Works*, 1880, iii, 246.
[42] ll. 236, 238.
[43] II. i, 114–117.

Taking the Greeks as his point of departure, in other words, Shelley, in a manner not unusual to him because he was a poet impelled to self-expression and originality in interpretation, rather than a chronicler of the lives and emotions of the dead, departs from them and gives us his own understanding of the significance of love and ideal marriage.

"Every one must know that the partner of my life should be one who can feel poetry and understand philosophy. Harriet is a noble animal, but she can do neither." [44] Thus Shelley had set out many years earlier, to Peacock, his demands of the perfect mate; and perhaps as fully as she was able to satisfy these requirements, Mary Shelley did. But Shelley never gave up the quest, and on October 22, 1821, he confessed to John Gisborne: "Some of us have, in a prior existence, been in love with an Antigone, and that makes us find no full content in any mortal tie." [45] Within a month of his death he admitted the futility of his hope to secure such a mate in this world, saying: "I think one is always in love with something or other; the error, and I confess it is not easy for spirits cased in flesh and blood to avoid it, consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is perhaps eternal." [46]

We may observe from this study, therefore, that this fragment on "The Manners of the Ancients with Regard to Love" contains a very important early statement of Shelley's philosophy of love, which he expanded in the later and better-known *Epipsychidion*.

But to return to the Shelleys at the Baths of Lucca, and the work in verse which the poet accomplished here. In the first place, at Mary's request he now took up again and brought

[44] Peacock, *Works*, ed. 1875.
[45] *Letters*, ii, 921.
[46] *Letters*, ii, 976.

to completion the tale of *Rosalind and Helen.* "I resigned myself, as I wrote," Shelley said of the poem, in his preface, "to the impulse of the feelings which moulded the conception of the story; and this impulse determined the pauses of a measure, which only pretends to be regular inasmuch as it corresponds with, and expresses, the irregularity of the imagination which inspired it."

INTERCHAPTER VIII

The Sources and Significance of Rosalind and Helen

The poem of *Rosalind and Helen,* though as Shelley admitted "not an attempt in the highest style of poetry" is significant in his life, and in the development of his art, for several reasons. The first of these, though by no means the most important, is that the narrative probably owes its origin to a quarrel in the previous year between Mary Shelley and her friend, Isabel Baxter. The second is that many of the moods and scenes of the poem derive their impulse from Shelley's impressions of their trip into Italy, his nostalgia, as he longs even in the midst of chestnut woods, for a sight

> "Of that . . . land, whose wilds and floods,
> Barren and dark although they be
> Were dearer"

to the writer than Italian woods or snow-capped mountains. And the third is that despite Shelley's disclaimer, *Rosalind and Helen,* his first experiment in dramatic dialog, not only comes closer to reality than anything he had yet done and than anything, except *Julian and Maddalo* and *The Cenci,* which he was to do later, but it displays a very considerable skill in the handling of the four-foot line, arranged in an irregular rhyme scheme, and gives a foretaste of the naturalness and easy flow of thought in those later poems.

The characters of the story are Rosalind, Helen, Lionel (Helen's lover), and Helen's two children, Henry [47] and

[47] A favorite name with Shelley. It is usually attached to one who represents the poet himself, as in *Queen Mab,* ix, 183 and 237; *Dæmon of the World,* i. 34, and ii, 329; and *St. Irvyne,* i, 8 and ii, 4.

Lilla.[48] Rosalind is the archetype of Isabel Baxter; Helen, of Mary; Lionel, of Shelley. The two friends, who had been parted when Rosalind, incensed at Helen's illegal union with her own brother, had shunned her company, meet and converse on the shores of the Lake of Como. The influence of Coleridge's *Christabel* (published 1816) is apparent in some of the early lines of the poem, as for example, in

> The fitful wind is heard to stir
> One solitary leaf on high

and

> . . . a hellish shape at midnight led
> The ghost of a youth with hoary hair,
> And sate on the seat beside him there,
> Till a naked child came wandering by,
> When the fiend would change to a lady fair!

Rosalind relates to Helen how she had fallen in love with a youth, and how, after three years they were about to be married when the boy's and her father, arriving from a far country, rushed between them and announced that her lover was her half-brother.[49]

At the news the youth is stricken and falls dead before the altar. Rosalind and her children soon began to feel the pressure of want, which Shelley describes in lines of ballad simplicity.

[48] Probably christened after a girl so named in Charlotte Dacre's (Rosa Matilda's) *Zofloya, or the Moor.* 3 vols, 1806. This Lilla was beloved by one "Henriquez"—a name similar to Shelley's "Henry" in *Rosalind and Helen.*

[49] This particular relationship injected into this poem may have been suggested by Byron's reputed relations with his half-sister, Augusta; but as Shelley indignantly repudiated this scandal ([a]) it is perhaps a doubtful source.

(a) See his letter to Byron, September 29, 1816. *Correspondence of Lord Byron,* 1922, ii. 17–18.

When he was in the churchyard lying
Among the worms, we grew quite poor,

says Rosalind, and we learn that this poverty drove her into a second loveless marriage. After many years her mother died, and while her sorrow was still green a daughter was born to her. A second daughter succeeded; and afterward, her husband died. Rosalind is speaking:

"I know not how; he was not old,
If age be numbered by its years,
But he was bowed and bent with fears,
Pale with the quenchless thirst of gold."

There is a touch of "Spoon River" in the sequel:

After the funeral all our kin
Assembled, and the will was read.

The will, as the decision of the Court of Chancery in the case of Shelley *vs.* Westbrook had recently done for Shelley, deprived a loving parent of the custody of her children, and the grounds for this cruel provision are clearly related to those advanced in that suit against the poet. It will be remembered that *The Necessity of Atheism* and *Queen Mab* were among the exhibits in the Chancery Case, and that his illegal union with Mary from 1814 to 1816 was cited against him. Says Rosalind:

. . . in that killing lie 'twas said—
"She is an adulterous, and doth hold
In secret that the Christian creed
Is false, and therefore is much need
That I should have a care to save
My children from eternal fire."

At the recital of these crimes all of Rosalind's friends, as most of Shelley's had done in the winter of 1816–17, fell away from her. Only her mother's servant remained loyal, and gave to her support. And in her loneliness Rosalind tells Helen that she wishes she were buried on a high Alpine peak, for her lover in his verses had once praised such a place of eternal rest.

Helen, in reply, pledges an unalterable loyalty to Rosalind, and inquires whether her friend would care to hear her story, and, the latter assenting, she proceeds to relate, beginning with a long passage descriptive of Lionel's early consecration to the project of enfranchising men from all old slaveries; of his all-embracing love for all living things,[50] and of his persuasive eloquence, akin to Cythna's, in *Laon and Cythna.* All of this description of Lionel is, of course, quite patently autobiographical, and if the section (lines 655–672) that succeeds it be compared with Leigh Hunt's comments [51] on Shelley's abandonment of all to which he was entitled by birth for the espousal of unpopular causes, an espousal that cost him the comforts and the companionship of his social equals, the autobiographical nature of this part of the poem becomes even more clear.

Once he had fondly imagined that in Mary he had found one who could "feel poetry and understand philosophy." As late as the autumn of 1817 he could write the beautiful Dedication to *Laon and Cythna,* in which he celebrated his appreciation of Mary as his "own heart's home." But now we hear Lionel, aware of a great spiritual loneliness, crying:

> ". . . I wake to weep,
> And sit through the long day gnawing the core

[50] Cf. *Rosalind and Helen,* 628, with *Alastor,* 97 ff.
[51] *Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries,* 1828, p. 183.

Of my bitter heart, and like a miser, keep,
Since none in what I feel take pain or pleasure,
To my own soul its self-consuming treasure."

And this, no less than the voice heard in the later *Stanzas, Written in Dejection, Near Naples*, "Rarely, rarely, comest thou," *Mutability*, *A Lament*, and *To Edward Williams*, is the voice of Shelley in disillusionment.

But this is Helen's story. Lionel, a liberal born into an age and a country (closely comparable to England in 1816–17) in which conservatism was master of church and state, leaves it for three years,

. . . goaded . . . in his distress
Over the world's vast wilderness;[52]

but returns in the fourth

. . . stricken deep
With some disease of mind, and turned
Into aught unlike Lionel.
On him, whom once 'twas paradise
Even to behold, now misery lay:
In his own heart 'twas merciless.
. . . O'er his talk, and looks, and mien,
Past woe its shadow backward threw;
For ever now his health declined
Like some frail bark which cannot bear
The impulse of an altered wind,
Though prosperous . . .
And sudden sleep would seize him oft
Like death. . . .

In this state Lionel appealed to Helen, promising, as she says:

[52] Cf. *Adonais*, st. xxxi.

"That death and he could never meet
If I would never part with him.
And so we loved, and did unite
All that in us was yet divided."

The circumstances tally curiously, here, with Peacock's account of how Shelley, in 1814, with hair and dress disordered, and with a bottle of laudanum in his hands, was "torn like a divided kingdom" between Harriet and Mary; and with Mrs. Godwin's statement cited earlier, of the circumstances under which Shelley, entering Godwin's house one day when the philosopher was out, extorted a promise from Mary that she would cleave to him. Says Mrs. Godwin: "I perceived him from the counting-house and hastened after him, and overtook him at the schoolroom door. I entreated him not to enter. He looked extremely wild. He pushed me aside with extreme violence, and entering, walked straight to Mary. 'They wish to separate us, my beloved: but Death shall unite us'; and offered her a bottle of laudanum. 'By this you can escape from tyranny; and this' taking a pistol from his pocket, 'shall reunite me to you.' Poor Mary turned as pale as a ghost. . . . With the tears streaming down her cheeks, she entreated him to calm himself and to go home. She told us afterwards she believed she said to him, 'I won't take this laudanum; but if you will only be reasonable and calm, I will promise to be ever faithful to you.' This seemed to calm him, and he left the house, leaving the phial of laudanum on the table." [53]

A week later, Mrs. Godwin relates, Shelley was found

[53] Dowden, *Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, ii, 544–545. Professor Dowden, who relegates this important evidence from Mrs. Godwin to what Mark Twain calls the "appendix basket" of the biography, quarrels with Mrs. Godwin's dates in this account; but does not succeed in undermining the veracity of the events therein reported.

senseless in his lodgings at Hatton Garden, and was saved from death by a physician who forced him to walk up and down the room. Mary also aided; for she sent him a letter at this time as a result of which Shelley "said he should not attempt his life again."

Shelley, of course, was not free, in 1814, to marry Mary Godwin, and here Lionel's objections to a marriage with Helen closely parallel the facts of this situation in the life of Shelley and Mary. This is Rosalind's account:

> . . . when he said, that many a rite,
> By men to bind but once provided,
> Could not be shared by him and me,
> I . . . laughing said—
> "We will have rites our faith to bind,
> But our church shall be the starry night,
> Our altar the grassy earth outspread,
> And our priest the muttering wind."

So Helen and Lionel are united, as Laon and Cythna had been, for a brief hour of bliss; and then the "tyrants of misrule" seized Lionel and imprisoned him in a tower.[54] He was then given a trial, in describing which Shelley gives vent to his emotions arising out of the Chancery Case the year before. On his release the lovers are re-united, and their departure from the city certainly owes something to the memory of Shelley's flights with Mary in 1814 and 1818. The prison experience has had a disastrous effect on the health of Lionel, and they repair to his home

> Among the mountains wild and lone,
> Beside the hoary western sea,

[54] The resemblance between *Rosalind and Helen*, 851–859, and *Laon and Cythna*, III, iii, xiv, is very close.

Which near the verge of the echoing shore
The massy forest shadowed o'er.

Near this scene Lionel's mother had erected a shrine in memory of her faithful dog, which had saved her from drowning many years before; and once, when Lionel and Helen visit the shrine, they hear the nightingale, and he asks her to play the harp for him, for, he urges:

"Heardest thou not, that those who die
Awake in a world of ecstasy?
That love, when limbs are interwoven,
And sleep when the night of life is cloven,
And thought, to the world's dim boundaries clinging,
And music, when one beloved is singing,
Is death?"

She accedes to his desire; and at the end of her song they embrace. On the act, Lionel dies, and Helen, stricken with grief at his death, was, like Cythna, in *Laon and Cythna*, demented for a time. She recovered to learn that Lionel's mother—possibly, with her "silver locks and brown eyes" a memory of Mrs. Boinville, who had tended Shelley when he took the overdose of laudanum just described,[55] had died several months before.

Again Shelley recurs to the Chancery Case as he gives these lines to Helen to speak:

"That Lionel great wealth had left
By will to me, and that of all
The ready lies of law bereft
My child and me, might well befall.
But let me think not of the scorn,
Which from the meanest I have borne,

[55] Cf. Dowden, *Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, ii, 545.

When, for my child's beloved sake,
I mixed with slaves, to vindicate
The very laws themselves do make:
Let me not say scorn is my fate."

At the end of this recital Helen and Rosalind go together to Helen's home, which is quite obviously the *Villa Pliniana*,[56] sketched by Shelley from remembrance. It was

. . . a lonely dwelling, where the shore
Is shadowed by deep rocks, and cypresses
Cleave with their dark green cones the silent skies,
And with their shadows the clear depths below,
And where a little terrace from its bowers,
Of blooming myrtle and faint lemon-flowers
Scatters its sense-dissolving fragrance o'er
The liquid marble of the windless lake; [57]
And where the aged forest limbs look hoar,
Under the leaves which their green garments make,
. . . Helen's home, . . . clean and white,
. . . its casements bright
Shone through their vine-leaves in the morning sun.

So Rosalind and Helen are reunited

. . . as they were, when o'er the mountain heather [58]
They wandered in their youth, through sun and rain.

Rosalind's daughter, years later, is restored to her, and although Shelley may have been describing Clara Everina Shelley, or Allegra Byron, I like to fancy, as so much of this poem

[56] Cf. *Letters*, ii, 594–595.

[57] This may have been a recollection of his visit to the Prato Fiorito, near the Baths of Lucca, when as we have seen, he was almost overcome by the sweetness of the perfume of jonquils.

[58] In 1812, Mary had visited Isabel Baxter in Scotland. Some memories of this experience are to be found in Mary's novel, *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck*, 1830.

is bound up with memories of the Chancery Suit, that he was thinking of his first-born, Ianthe Elizabeth Shelley, when he wrote:

> A lovely child she was, of looks serene,
> And motions which o'er things indifferent shed
> The grace and gentleness from whence they came.

After an interval of time which Shelley does not trouble to define, Rosalind dies. Many years later, Helen follows her to the grave. But the poem ends on the assurance:

> . . . Know, that if love die not in the dead
> As in the living, none of mortal kind
> Are blest, as now Helen and Rosalind.

CHAPTER XIV

(CONTINUED)

BUT past unhappinesses were not the only ones that pressed on Shelley at this time. There was Claire, and the struggle between herself and Byron over the possession of Allegra. Letters received from the nurse Elise, on August 14 and 16, which announced that Allegra was no longer under Byron's roof but under that of his friends, the Hoppners, moved Claire to set out with Shelley from Lucca on the 17th,[59] to interview Byron at Venice. Of their journey thither Shelley has left this record:

Yesterday's journey, performed in a one-horse cabriolet, almost without springs, over a rough road, was excessively fatiguing. Claire suffered most from it; for, as to myself, there are occasions in which fatigue seems a useful medicine, as I have felt no pain in my side—a most delightful respite—since I left you.

The country was various and exceedingly beautiful. Sometimes there were those low cultivated lands, with their vine festoons, and large bunches of grapes just becoming purple—at others we passed between high mountains, crowned with some of the most majestic Gothic ruins I ever saw, which frowned from the bare precipices, or were half seen among the olive-copses. As we approached Florence, the country became cultivated to a very high degree, the plain was filled with the most beautiful villas, and, as far as the eye could reach, the mountains were covered with them; for the plains are bounded on all sides by blue and misty mountains. The vines are here trailed on low

[59] This date is determined by statements in Shelley's letters to Peacock, August 16, and October 8, 1818, and by Dowden's assertion (*Life of Shelley*, ii, 221) that they started out "on the day after the reception of Elise's second letter," which arrived on August 16.

trellises or reeds interwoven into crosses to support them, and the grapes, now almost ripe, are exceedingly abundant. You everywhere meet those teams of beautiful white oxen, which are now labouring in the little vine-divided fields with their Virgilian ploughs and carts.

At Florence, which they reached on the 20th, they were delayed four hours for the Austrian minister's passport. "Florence," he wrote to Peacock, "that is the Lung' Arno (for I have seen no more), I think is the most beautiful city I have ever yet seen. It is surrounded with cultivated hills, and from the bridge which crosses the broad channel of the Arno, the view is the most animated and elegant I ever saw. You see three or four bridges, one apparently supported by Corinthian pillars, and the white sails of the boats, relieved by the deep green of the forest, which comes to the water's edge, and the sloping hills crowned with bright villas on every side. Domes and steeples rise on all sides, and the cleanliness is remarkably great. On the other side there are the foldings of the Vale of Arno above; first the hills of olive and vine, then the chestnut woods, and then the blue and misty pine forests, which invest the aerial Apennines, that fade in the distance. I have seldom seen a city so lovely at first sight as Florence." [60]

At Florence they made, with Paolo's assistance, "a very decent bargain" with a vetturino who engaged to drive them to Padua, a distance of 190 miles, in three-and-a-half days. On the way, Shelley read *The Two Noble Kinsmen,* but admitted that except for a single scene, which Mary had formerly read to him, he was disappointed by it. *The Jailor's Daughter* he thought "a poor imitation, and deformed. The whole story wants moral discrimination and modesty. I do not believe that Shakespeare wrote a word of it." Of the journey

[60] *Letters,* ii, 617–618.

from Florence to Padua Shelley has left us little record,[61] but from Padua they proceeded by gondola to Venice, and Shelley found the gondolas "the most beautiful and convenient boats in the world." The weather was very cold. On the 22nd (Saturday) it rained; and they "passed the *lagune*[62] in the middle of the night in a most violent storm of wind, rain, and lightning. It was very curious to observe the elements above in a state of such tremendous convulsion, and the surface of the water almost calm; for these *lagunes*, though five miles broad, a space enough in a storm to sink a gondola, are so shallow that the boatmen drive the boat along with a pole. The sea-water, furiously agitated by the wind, shone with sparkles like stars. Venice, now hidden and now disclosed by the driving rain, showed dimly with its lights. We are all this while safe and comfortable, except that Claire was now and then a little frightened in our cabin."[63]

After breakfast they took another gondola to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Richard B. Hoppner—Mr. Hoppner was Byron's friend, and the English consul at Venice—where on Mr. Hoppner's advice that Claire's presence in the city should be concealed from Byron, it was decided that Shelley should take a letter from her to the father of Allegra. This he did at 3 o'clock, and found Byron very affably inclined toward the proposal, though not unmoved by doubt that if Claire were to be again allowed to have the child in her possession, even for a short time, she would at the end of that period find a

[61] But cf. *Lines Written among the Euganean Hills*, II. 256–268, for a vivid description of the rise and fall of Padua and its ancient university; a description owing something, I suspect, to Eustace's sketch, *Classical Tour*, i, 60.

[62] "Shallows that border the whole coast, and extend round Venice; their depth, between the city and the main land, is from three to six feet in general."—Eustace, *Classical Tour*, i, 64, note.

[63] *Letters*, ii, 619–20.

From Batty's Italian Scenery, London, 1820

FLORENCE

"Florence! beneath the sun,
Of cities fairest one."
—*Shelley, "Ode to Naples,"* 116–117.

second parting no easier than the former. The interview ended, Byron, contrary to Shelley's desire, who would have returned at once to Claire with the good news, insisted on taking his poet-friend out to the Lido.

There began the rides on horse-back whose story is told most memorably in *Julian and Maddalo*.[64] "Our conversation," Shelley wrote to Mary, "consisted in histories of his wounded feelings, and questions as to my affairs, and great professions of friendship and regard for me. He said, that if he had been in England at the time of the Chancery affair, he would have moved heaven and earth to have prevented such a decision. We talked of literary matters, his *Fourth Canto*[65] which, he says, is very good, and indeed repeated some stanzas of great energy to me; and 'Foliage,'[66] which he quizzes immoderately."

In the belief that Mary, Claire, and the Shelley children were at Padua, Byron offered Shelley the use of his villa at Este, and agreed to send Allegra there under Shelley's care. Shelley immediately communicated with Mary, and urged her to post to Padua without delay. On August 31 Mary set out, but proceeded slowly, being detained, as Shelley had been, at Florence a full day for a signature to her passport, and it was not until the 5th of September that she arrived at Este with William and Clara, the latter having become dangerously ill en route. After an attack of dysentery, the poor child lay in a dangerous state of weakness and fever. Physicians at Este and Padua not proving adequate to the situation —Shelley had, in his anxiety, returned with Claire to Padua to

[64] The original manuscript in Shelley's finest, clearest, and most beautiful hand, is in the Morgan Library.

[65] Of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, pub. 1818.

[66] By Leigh Hunt, pub. 1818. Shelley had brought out a copy of this work from Hunt to Byron.

meet Mary and the children—the party pushed on in haste to Venice. On another trip from Padua, by the Brenta, to Venice, many years later, Mary Shelley wrote:

> We proceeded along the banks of the Brenta to Venice. Many a scene, which I have since visited and admired, has faded in my mind, as a painting in the Diorama melts away, and another struggles into the changing canvas; but this road was as distinct in my mind as if traversed yesterday. I will not here dwell on the sad circumstances that clouded my first visit to Venice. Death hovered over the scene. Gathered into myself, with my "mind's eye" I saw those before me long departed; and I was agitated again by emotions—by passions—and those the deepest a woman's heart can harbour—a dread to see her child even at that instant expire—which then occupied me . . . the banks of the Brenta presented to me a moving scene; not a palace, not a tree of which I did not recognize, as marked and recorded, at a moment when life and death hung upon our speedy arrival at Venice.[67]

At the port of Fusina, on the shore of the *lagune* opposite Venice, they were challenged because they had proceeded thus far without their passport, carelessly left behind in their anxiety over Clara. "I always go on until I am stopped; and I never am stopped," Shelley once said to Trelawny: and the remark was verified here, for riding down the opposition of inquisitive government officials Shelley got into a gondola with Mary and the children and directed the rower to hurry to Venice. From the inn at Venice Shelley rushed out, post-haste, for the doctor; but it was too late. In his absence another doctor had been called; and he had read the end in the child's face. A little more than an hour, and Clara was dead.

Fortunately for Shelley and Mary, they were not utterly alone in their hour of tragedy. The Hoppners came and took

[67] *Rambles in Germany and Italy in 1840, 1842, and 1843.* ii, 77–79.

them to their house. "The Hoppners," Shelley had written to Mary, a fortnight before, "are the most amiable people I ever knew. Do you know that they put off a journey of pleasure solely that they might devote themselves to this affair (the affair of Allegra) and all with so much ease, tenderness and delicacy. They are much attached to each other, and have a nice little boy, seven months old. Mr. Hoppner paints beautifully, and this excursion, which he has just put off, was an expedition to the Julian Alps, in this neighborhood. . . . He has only a fortnight's leisure, and he has sacrificed two days of it to strangers whom he never saw before. Mrs. Hoppner has hazel eyes and sweet looks—rather Maryish."

The next day, Friday, September 25th, Shelley called on Lord Byron, who regaled him with a reading of the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. On Saturday, Mary and Shelley went out to the Lido, and saw Byron. Sunday it rained, but this did not deter the Shelleys from visiting the Doge's palace, the Bridge of Sighs, etc.

"The Doge's palace, with its library," Shelley reported to Peacock, "is a fine monument of aristocratic power. I saw the dungeons, where these scoundrels used to torment their victims. They are of three kinds—one adjoining the place of trial, where the prisoners destined to immediate execution were kept. I could not descend into them, bcause the day on which I visited it was *festa*. Another under the leads of the palace, where the sufferers were roasted to death or madness by the ardours of an Italian sun; and others called the Pozzi—or wells, deep underneath, and communicating with those on the roof by secret passages—where the prisoners were confined sometimes half up to their middles in stinking water." [68]

They also made a trip to the Academy, with Mr. and Mrs.

[68] *Letters*, ii, 629.

Hoppner as their guides. Afterward calling on Lord Byron, they met his love-of-an-hour, Margarita Cogni. On Monday Mary, and perhaps Shelley also, went with Mrs. Hoppner and Cavaliere Mengaldo to the library. Mary also shopped, this day. In the evening Lord Byron called.

On Tuesday, the 29th, they left Venice and reached Este at night. Claire, who had been looking after William at the Villa I Cappuccini, during Mary's absence, now took the little boy, and Allegra, for a day to Padua. On Wednesday they were reunited and so began October, a lonely month for them all as the voice of little Clara was heard no more in their midst.

"Este," wrote Mary in *Valperga*, "is situated nearly at the foot of the Euganean hills, on a declivity overlooked by an extensive and picturesque castle, beyond which is a convent; the hills rise from behind, from whose heights you discover the vast plain of Lombardy, bounded to the west by the far Apennines of Bologna, and to the east by the sea and the towers of Venice." [69] Their immediate surroundings at Este Shelley described to Peacock thus: "At the end of our garden is an extensive Gothic castle, now the habitation of owls and bats, where the Medici family resided before they came to Florence. We see before us the wide flat plains of Lombardy, in which we see the sun and moon rise and set, and the evening star, and all the golden magnificence of autumn clouds." [70]

At Este in October he for the most part wrote, though he afterwards revised and concluded at Naples, the lovely *Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills*. In the poem he looks backward into the history of the great cities of Lombardy and the Venetian peninsula, and forward, according to the practice

[69] i, 44–45.
[70] *Letters*, ii, 630.

From Batty's Italian Scenery, London, 1820

VENICE

"If I had been an unconnected man,
I, from this moment, should have formed some plan
Never to leave sweet Venice."
—*Shelley, "Julian and Maddalo."* 546–548.

of the race of soothsayers who formerly resided in these hills,[71] into their probable future. The beginning and the ending are distinctly personal, however, and record, in the one, Shelley's deep grief over the loss of his child, blended perhaps with memories of Harriet Shelley's tragic end; and in the other his hope that there might somewhere for him

> a windless bower be built
> Far from passion, pain, and guilt.
> In a dell mid lawny hills,
> Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
> And soft sunshine, and the sound
> Of old forests echoing round,
> And the light and smell divine
> Of all flowers that breathe and shine.

It needs no unusual discernment to discover that in lines 45–65, the poet is speaking of himself as buried

> On the beach of a northern sea

though the scene is the Lido, where Clara Shelley had been buried. The grief of the poet, almost too poignant for utterance in the opening, becomes somewhat modified by a sudden morning of glory among the Euganean Hills (ll. 68–89) which revealed Venice at a distance:

> Sun-girt City, thou hast been
> Ocean's child, and then his queen;
> Now is come a darker day,
> And thou soon must be his prey.

The conception was probably not original with Shelley, but a fused memory, perhaps, of Byron's lines, which Shelley had heard recited only a few days earlier:

[71] Cf. Eustace, *Classical Tour*, i, 81.

Venice, lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose;[72]

and of Eustace's comments[73] on the state of the city at this time, which Shelley and Mary had read together in the August preceding.[74] The debt to Byron is paid off handsomely, and at once,[75] in Shelley's praise of Venice for having sheltered this

tempest-cleaving swan
Of the sons of Albion
Driven from his ancestral streams.

Beginning about September 5, Shelley, writing in the pavilion of the Villa I Cappuccini, had completed twenty-six pages[76] of the first act of *Prometheus Unbound* by the 22nd, when he went to Venice; and by October 8 he had finished the act. At Este also, probably between his first and second visits to Venice, Shelley had written out *Julian and Maddalo*, in part a faithful, in part an idealized record of his ride with Byron along the Lido, and in its ease, naturalness, and unusual human interest, one of the best poems he had written up to this date.

[72] *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, iv, 112–114.

[73] *Classical Tour*, i, 75–77.

[74] Cf. Mary's letter to Mrs. Gisborne, from Bagni di Lucca, 17th August 1818. Marshall, *Life and Letters of Mary W. Shelley*, i, 220.

[75] Though the lines were an afterthought, inserted after the completion of the first draft.

[76] Cf. his letter to Mary, Sept. 22, 1818. *Letters*, ii, 626.

INTERCHAPTER IX

The Sources and Significance of Julian and Maddalo

By the very great kindness of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, in whose rich library the original manuscript of this poem is treasured within covers of pearl, I have been enabled to study the exact manner of its composition, to rescue some few readings not used in the first edition of the poem (*Posthumous Poems,* 1824), and in general, to secure a more exact text of it from these sources than has hitherto, in the absence of such information, been possible. The measure chosen for the poem was, in Sir Sidney Colvin's phrase, "the rimed couplet with varied pause and free overflow."[77] It is Sir Sidney's belief that Shelley was moved to employ this measure not because of Keats's use of it in *Endymion,* which reached Shelley later, but because Leigh Hunt had employed it in *The Story of Rimini* (1816).

And first, then, let us turn to Shelley's *Preface*[78] to the poem for an estimate of Byron and a portrait of himself whose importance cannot be overestimated as we endeavor to understand the relations of the two friends at this time. Says Shelley of Count Maddalo: "He is a person of the most consummate genius, and capable, if he would direct his energies to such an end, of becoming the redeemer of his degraded country." Such a rôle Shelley had conceived for Byron two years before, and had expressed in his letter to him from Bath, September 29, 1816.[79] It was a rôle in which Mary Shelley pre-

[77] *Life of Keats,* 1917, p. 241.
[78] Not in the Morgan MS.
[79] See Chapter xii.

sented Byron, as "Lord Raymond," in *The Last Man.* "But," says Shelley of the Count, "it is his weakness to be proud; he derives, from a comparison of his own extraordinary mind with the dwarfish intellects that surround him, an intense apprehension of the nothingness of human life." This commentary was later extended in Shelley's letter to Peacock, December 22nd, when he said of Byron: "He is heartily and deeply discontented with himself; and contemplating in the distorted mirror of his own thoughts the nature and the destiny of man, what can he behold but objects of contempt and despair?"

Of Count Maddalo Shelley further observed that "His passions and his powers are incomparably greater than those of other men, and instead of the latter having been employed in curbing the former, they have mutually lent each other strength. His ambition preys upon itself, for want of objects which it can consider worthy of exertion." The resultant literary output was, according to Peacock, poetry that represented "the morbid anatomy of black bile."

"I say that Maddalo was proud," continued Shelley, "because I can find no other word to express the concentered and impatient feelings which consume him; but it is on his own hopes and affections that he seems to trample, for in social life no human being can be more gentle, patient, and unassuming than Maddalo. He is cheerful, frank and witty. His more serious conversation is a sort of intoxication; men are held by it as by a spell." To Peacock, in the letter before cited, Shelley remarked further of Byron's conversation that it had "a certain degree of candour" while he spoke; but that "unfortunately it does not outlast your departure." Maddalo had traveled a great deal; "and," said Shelley, "there is an inexpressible charm in his relation of his adventures in different countries."

In contrast to Maddalo, Shelley with quaint, dry humor but with an extraordinary fidelity of self-portraiture, reveals Julian as "an Englishman of good family, passionately attached to those philosophical notions which assert the power of man over his own mind, and the immense improvements of which, by the extinction of certain moral superstitions, human society may yet be susceptible." The thought is more poetically expressed in the poem in which Julian says:

> "it is our will
> That thus enchains us to permitted ill—
> We might be otherwise—we might be all
> We dream of—happy, high, majestical.
> . . . We are assured
> Much may be conquered, much may be endured,
> Of what degrades and crushes us. We know
> That we have power over ourselves to do
> And suffer—what, we know not till we try.

Though Julian held this faith, he was described by Shelley as "a complete infidel, and a scoffer at all things reputed holy; and Maddalo takes a wicked pleasure in drawing out his taunts against religion." But—and here Shelley indulged a drollery most uncommon to him—he observed that "Julian, in spite of his heterodox opinions, is conjectured by his friends to possess some good qualities. How far this is possible the pious reader will determine."

Of the third character in the poem, the maniac, Shelley, with the reticence later characteristic of his description of the author of the *Epipsychidion* [80] says: "I can give no information. He seems, by his own account, to have been disappointed in love. He was evidently a very cultivated and amiable per-

[80] See Shelley's "Advertisement" to that poem.

son when in his right senses. His story, told at length, might be like many other stories of the same kind: the unconnected exclamations of his agony will perhaps be found a sufficient comment for the text of every heart."

Picturing the delight which he felt in riding with Byron on the Lido, Shelley says:

> I love all waste
> And solitary places; where we taste
> The pleasure of believing what we see
> Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be.

This delight continued

> till we came
> Homeward, which always makes the spirit tame.

The remark may serve as a commentary on the *Stanzas, Written at Bracknell*, four years earlier, when the compulsion to return to Harriet's fireside elicited the poet's woful

> Duty and dereliction call thee back to solitude.

Then it was the charm of the company of the Boinvilles; now it was Byron's companionship which he must give up, at last, for the company of his wife. But during the ride they held high discourse.

> "Of all that earth has been or yet may be,
> All that vain men imagine or believe,
> Or hope can paint or suffering may atchieve." [81]

Shelley, by his own statement, in the debate

> Argued against despondency, but pride
> Made my companion take the darker side.

[81] Morgan Ms. spelling. Shelley invariably spelled this word in this manner.

The reason for Byron's pessimism, as Shelley had suggested in his letter to Peacock, and in the Preface to the poem, both cited before, was that

> The sense that he was greater than his kind
> Had struck . . . his eagle spirit blind
> By gazing on its own exceeding light.

The "eagle" figure naturally recalls Shelley's application to Byron of the epithet "tempest-cleaving swan" in the *Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills;* and fortifies my own belief that the lines usually, because one draft of them was written out on a blank leaf of a letter Shelley received from Godwin, supposed to have been addressed by Shelley to Godwin,

> Mighty Eagle! thou that soarest
> O'er the misty mountain forest
> And amid the light of morning
> Like a cloud of glory hiest
> And when night descends defiest
> The embattled tempests warning
> Leaves thy ( ) habitation
> On the verge of desolation [82]

were probably addressed, not to Godwin, but to Byron. The defiance of tempest by both swan and eagle is emphasized by Shelley in such a way as to make this inference a fairly safe one; but this is further confirmed by Shelley's mental attitude toward Godwin, which from 1816 to 1818, though charitable, was hardly of the sort to breed such a description. If on the other hand it be argued that the praise of Godwin in the Dedication of *Laon and Cythna* is evidence to the contrary, I think

[82] The last two lines, and the capitalization of "Eagle" in the first line of the poem, are from the draft in the Bixby (now Huntington) Note Books, ii. 4 r. pub. *Bixby Note Books.* (1911) ii, 16.

that the setting in which that wreath appears—in a dedication to Mary Godwin—would sufficiently explain this. He compliments Godwin because he wishes to honor Godwin's daughter.

Here follows a description of sunset which for sheer beauty is perhaps unmatched elsewhere in Shelley's works except by the gorgeous painting of sunrise in *Prometheus Unbound* II, 14–27, to which it is in many ways allied. The two friends embark in a gondola for Venice, but on their way Byron, as was his habit with acquaintances who visited him in Italy,[83] called Shelley's attention to the ringing of the matin bell at the madhouse on San Servolo.[84] At Shelley's mocking rejoinder that the maniacs had, indeed, little to thank God for, Byron replies:

> ". . . if you can't swim,
> Beware of Providence."

The advice, though from a scoffer's lips, has for us who remember the event of July 8, 1822, the power of prophecy. Evening deepens;

> . . . The broad star
> Of day meanwhile had sunk behind the hill
> . . . into the purple sea
> The orange hues of heaven sank silently,[85]

and the voyage ends at Shelley's lodgings.

Next morning Shelley calls at Byron's rooms, and rolls billiard balls about with Allegra. Says he:

[83] Cf. his promise to Hobhouse, November 11, 1818, to take "Spooney" for a ride on the Lido, and a visit to the Lazaretto. *Lord Byron's Correspondence,* 1922, ii, 91.

[84] Browning held that Shelley here confused memories of the madhouse on San Servolo with the penitentiary on San Clemente. Locock's ed. of *Shelley's Poetical Works,* 1911, i, 586.

[85] Compare *Prometheus Unbound,* ii, 17–19.

A lovelier toy sweet Nature never made,
A serious, subtle, wild, yet gentle being,
Graceful without design and unforeseeing,
With eyes— Oh speak not of her eyes!—which seem
Twin mirrors of Italian Heavens, yet gleam
With . . . deep meaning.

Byron entering, the friends renew their discussion of the previous evening, Shelley maintaining the theme, with its Shakespearean echo,[86] later elaborated by Prometheus in *Prometheus Unbound:*

. . . it is our will
That thus enchains us to permitted ill—
We might be otherwise—we might be all
We dream of happy, high, majestical.
Where is the love, beauty, and truth we seek
But in our mind? And if we were not weak
Should we be less in deed than in desire?

The cost, as for Prometheus, might be suffering, even torture, but, maintained Shelley:

. . . we have power over ourselves to do
And suffer—what, we know not till we try.

The remark stirs Byron to recollection of a maniac, the third character of the poem, who had come to Venice some months before; and at Byron's suggestion Shelley embarks with him for the asylum on San Servolo, where strains of music attract them to the room of the unfortunate man they were seeking.

His head was leaning on a music book,
And he was muttering, and his lean limbs shook.

[86] Cf. *Macbeth,* I. vii, 36–46.

The scene inevitably recalls that other before described, at Field Place in 1813, when Shelley on a brief visit to his parents "played several times on the piano with one hand . . . an exceedingly simple air, which . . . his earliest love was wont to play for him." [87] Shelley was then, of course, remembering Harriet Grove: and I think that in *Julian and Maddalo* we have interblended with memories of his first marriage and its tragic consummation, other reminiscences of that earlier love affair, which never wholly faded from his thought.

We learn further of the maniac that

> His lips were pressed against a folded leaf
> In hue too beautiful for health,

an anticipation of Shelley's self portrait in *Adonais:*

> His head was bound with pansies *overblown* [88]

The confessions of the maniac, which follow, may well have sprung, in the main, from events connected with his first marriage; but the maniac's charges that his beloved was faithless to her bond of marriage are, as we have already noted [89] in discussing the separation from Harriet, wholly unsustained by evidence.

> Didst thou not seek me for thine own content?
> Did not thy love awaken mine?

the maniac asks, addressing the memory of his lost love; and the fact to which the queries refer is, quite probably, Shelley's quixotic response to Harriet's desperate appeal to him, in 1811, to "fly" with her, since she loved him, and since only thus

[87] Hogg, *Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley,* ii, 549–550. And see *Queen Mab,* ii, 170–2, and *Prometheus Unbound,* II, iv, 12–18.

[88] Italics mine.

[89] Chapter ix.

could she be freed from parental tyranny. After the elopement the maniac's bride upbraided him with the words:

> ". . . You kiss me not
> Ever, I fear you cease [90] to love me now."

If our analysis of the facts of Shelley's relations with the Boinvilles in 1813 is accepted, this speech would indicate that Harriet may thus have upbraided her truant lover at this time. But the maniac declares in reply to the fears of his beloved:

> In truth I loved even to my overthrow
> Her, who would fain forget these words.

They separated, and the woman visited curses upon her lover, who says

> I heard
> And can forget not . . . they were ministered
> One after one, those curses.

But heavier than the memory of these for him who could not hate, but only "loved all things ever" was the recollection, after her perfidy, as he says, that she

> . . . lookedst so, and so—
> And didst speak thus . . . and thus,

in former days ere

> Love first left the well-built nest.

Returning to Byron's palace Shelley and his poet-friend prolonged their talk of the maniac and his history until dawn came over Venice.

[90] Morgan MS. reading: *you cease,* is here substituted for the "do not" of the 1824 text.

And we agreed his was some dreadful ill
Wrought on him boldly, yet unspeakable,
By a dear friend; some deadly change in love
Of one vowed deeply which he dreamed not of;
For whose sake he, it seemed, had fixed a blot
Of falsehood on his mind. . . .
And having stamped this canker on his youth
She had abandoned him.

As the discussion ends Byron puts a period to it all with the memorable epigram

. . . Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

The history of the maniac concluded, and their conversations upon it, Julian expresses the wish that he might have remained in Venice to enjoy reading in gondolas, visits to the paintings and statuary in the Venetian churches, and palaces, and long talks with Maddalo. But his affairs urge him forth, and so two years pass, and at their termination he returns to the isled city to find Maddalo gone away to Armenia and his daughter, left behind in Venice, now grown into

A woman; such as it has been my doom
To meet with few,—a wonder of this earth,
Where there is little of transcendent worth,—
Like one of Shakespeare's women.

Medwin has connected these beautiful lines with Harriet Grove; and perhaps Shelley had her in mind when he wrote them. Maddalo's daughter, at any rate, relates to Julian how, two years after he and Maddalo had visited the asylum together, the maniac's health began to fail; and how then his

lady came back to him, and how the lovers reunited stayed for a time in the palace of Maddalo. But at length the lady left the maniac again, and why they were again separated the girl (Allegra) reveals to Julian, but he will not tell, pledging at the end that

> . . . the cold world shall not know.

CHAPTER XIV

(CONCLUDED)

ON October 12 Shelley, Mary, and William were again in Venice, and the ensuing twelve days were spent mainly in visiting Byron and the Hoppners. On the 24th they returned to Este, and five days later Shelley took Allegra back to Byron. Perhaps it was of these days at Venice that Mary was thinking when she wrote, in *The Last Man:*

> In the morning we rode in the adjoining country, or wandered through the palaces, in search of pictures or antiquities. In the evening we assembled to read or to converse. Metaphysical disquisition; fiction, which wandering from all reality, lost itself in self-created errors; poets of times so far gone by, that to read of them was as to read of Atlantis and Utopia; or such as referred to nature only, and the workings of one particular mind; but most of all, talk, varied, and ever new, beguiled our hours.[91]

Shelley now returned to Este and the family began its preparations for a journey southward. The fifth of November (Guy Fawkes Day in their home land) saw them started in their carriage for Naples. Shelley, Mary, Claire, Elise, Milly, and William rode inside, while Paolo drove the horses. The clay roads were, in Shelley's description, "particularly bad" at this season, and progress was slow. Shelley's eyes were keenly observant of details of the scenery through which they passed, and his description of it should be read in the letter he wrote to Peacock from Ferrara on November 6th. Heavy rains de-

[91] iii. 264.

From Batty's Italian Scenery, London, 1820

VENICE

Piazzetta di San Marco.

"Underneath day's azure eyes,
Ocean's nursling, Venice, lies."
—*Shelley, "Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills,"* 94–95.

laying them in that city for a day, they visited the cathedral; but an avalanche of beggars drove them away so that they were unable to find out whether a copy of a picture by Michelangelo was in the building. At the public library they were thrilled by the sight of original manuscripts of Ariosto and Tasso, and Shelley commented:

> The handwriting of Ariosto is a small, firm, and pointed character, expressing, as I should say, a strong and keen, but circumscribed energy of mind; that of Tasso is large, free, and flowing, except that there is a checked expression in the midst of its flow, which brings the letters into a smaller compass than one expected from the beginning of the word. It is the symbol of an intense and earnest mind, exceeding at times its own depth, and admonished to return by the chilliness of the waters of oblivion striking upon its adventurous feet.

They also visited Tasso's prison in the hospital of St. Anna, and Shelley sent Peacock "a piece of the wood of the very door, which for seven years and three months divided this glorious being from the air and the light which had nourished in him those influences which he has communicated, through his poetry, to thousands."

November 8 was another day of rain, but it did not hinder them from proceeding over uninteresting ground to Bologna. Here in the Academy of Fine Arts Shelley was attracted to Guido Reni's "Rape of Proserpine." It may have been that the sight of this picture set Mary Shelley to writing her drama, lately published,[92] on *Proserpine*. A "Christ Beatified" by Correggio, a "Samson Drinking Water," a "Murder of the Innocents," a "Fortune," and a "Madonna Lattante" by Guido, an "Annunciation" by Franceschini, Raphael's "St. Cecilia," and Guercino's "St. Jerome," occupied them here for two days.

[92] Oxford University Press, 1922.

Some pictures in the galleries had been damaged by French bayonets, and the injuries moved Shelley to remark:

These are symptoms of the mortality of man, and perhaps, few of his works are more evanescent than paintings. Sculpture retains its freshness for twenty centuries—the Apollo and the Venus are as they were. But books are perhaps the only productions of man coeval with the human race. Sophocles and Shakespeare can be produced and reproduced for ever. But how evanescent are paintings! and must necessarily be. Those of Zeuxis and Apelles are no more; and perhaps they bore the same relation to Homer and Æschylus that those of Guido and Raffael bear to Dante and Petrarch. There is one refuge from the despondency of this contemplation. The material part, indeed, of their works must perish, but they survive in the mind of man, and the remembrances connected with them are transmitted from generation to generation. The poet embodies them in his creations; the systems of philosophers are modelled to gentleness by their contemplation; opinion, that legislator, is infected with their influence; men become better and wiser; and the unseen seeds are perhaps thus sown which shall produce a plant more excellent even than that from which they fell.

Through Faenza and Cesena and by the coast road from Rimini to Fano they proceeded southwest through the Apennines, along the Metaurus, to Spoleto and the falls of the Velino at Terni. The last-named drew from Shelley a description [93] so poetic as almost to transcend prose altogether and be lifted into the realm of lyric. A dozen years later Godwin, who had "borrowed" so much gold from Shelley during the life-time of the latter, added to that indebtedness by "borrowing" this description, wholesale, and without acknowledgment, for his novel, *Cloudesley*.[94]

[93] See letter to Peacock, Nov. 20, 1818. *Letters*, ii, 645–6.
[94] Cf. *Cloudesley*, 1st ed. 1830, iii, 138 ff.

CHAPTER XV

ROME—NAPLES—DEATH OF WILLIAM SHELLEY

Leghorn—"The Cenci"—"Prometheus Unbound"—"Peter Bell the Third"—Letter on Carlile's Trial—Florence—"Ode to the West Wind"—Sophia Stacey—"Love's Philosophy."

"BEHOLD me," exclaimed Shelley to Peacock, writing from Rome, November 20th; "in the capital of the vanished world!" The journey had taken ten days; but to Shelley the trip, though tedious, had been infinitely interesting. From Terni by way of Nepi they had arrived, over "the much-belied [1] Campagna di Roma," which Shelley admired, at Rome. In the bright south Shelley found "*two* Italies—one composed of the green earth and transparent sea, and the mighty ruins of ancient time, and aerial mountains, and the warm and radiant atmosphere which is interfused through all things." The other consisted of the people of Italy, "their works and ways." One he deemed "the most sublime and lovely contemplation that can be conceived by the imagination of man; the other—the most degraded, disgusting, and odious."

It was with the former of these, therefore, that Shelley now chiefly concerned himself, and he and Mary visited the ruins of the ancient city with enthusiasm amounting almost to religious fervor. To the Colosseum, especially, they were drawn. Here the ravages of time had softened and remoulded the work of man, and owing to the complete neglect

[1] Cf. Eustace's unfavorable account of the Campagna. *Classical Tour*, etc. 1, 189.

of these stately structures by the government, grass, wild flowers, vines, and trees had entered in and made the colossal galleries their own. It was a place, therefore, dedicated by Time to Nature; and here Shelley began his unfinished prose tale entitled *The Colosseum.* In the story the old man, addressing the spirit of the place, exclaims: "O, Power! thou which interpenetratest all things, and without which this glorious world were a blind and formless chaos, Love, Author of Good, God, King, Father! Friend of these thy worshippers! Two solitary hearts invoke thee, may they be divided never!"

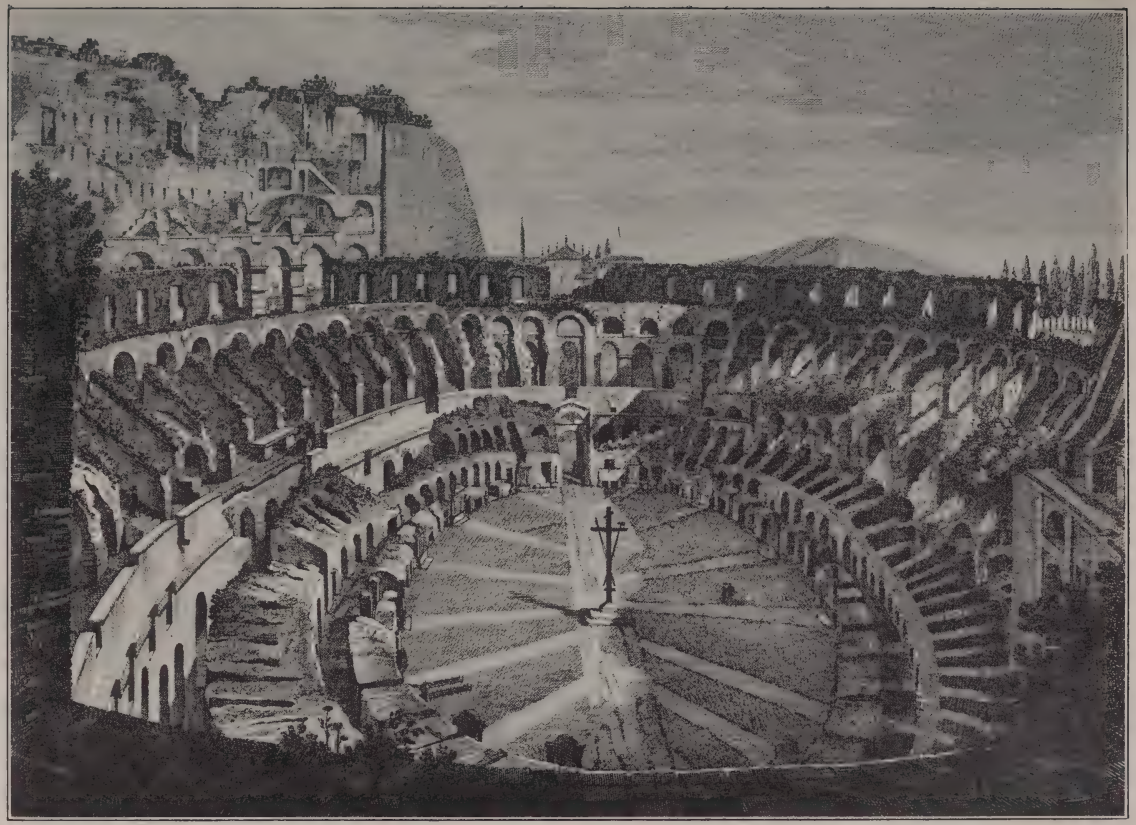
The tale, fragmentary as it is, is important chiefly for two things: the vivid descriptions of the Colosseum itself as Shelley found it [2] and Shelley's self-portraiture in the character of Il Diavolo di Bruto: "It was a face, once seen, never to be forgotten. The mouth and the moulding of the chin resembled the eager and impassioned tenderness of the statues of Antinous; but instead of the effeminate sullenness of the eye, and the narrow smoothness of the forehead, shone an expression of profound and piercing thought; the brow was clear and open, and his eyes deep,[3] like two wells of crystalline water which reflect the all-beholding heavens.[4] Over all was spread a timid expression of womanish tenderness and hesitation, which contrasted, yet intermingled strangely, with the abstracted and fearless character that predominated in his form and gestures."

The stay of the Shelleys in Rome was cut short, after a week's residence, and they set their faces southward for Naples. Shelley preceded the rest of the party by a day, in order to secure suitable lodgings, and on December 1st was able to wel-

[2] Description verified by contemporary prints of the structure such as those that appeared in *Raccolta Delle Principali Veduti di Roma,* 1835.

[3] Shelley's eyes were, of course, slightly protuberant.

[4] Cf. *Julian and Maddalo,* 148.



From Vedute di Roma, published Rome, 1835

THE COLOSSEUM

The verdure on the ruins, observable in this picture, and which Shelley describes in one of his letters to Peacock, has been cleared away by a later Italian government anxious to preserve antiquities.

come Mary to their new quarters opposite the royal gardens. At the Royal Bourbon Museum Shelley fell in with Charles MacFarlane, later a well-known English author and traveller, but then unknown, a youth of nineteen years. Of their acquaintanceship we have a pretty full account in MacFarlane's *Reminiscences*, lately published, and in this account we learn that Shelley's visit to Pompeii, undertaken in late December or January, was in MacFarlane's company.

Together they hired a *calesso*, "drawn by two black, fiery little horses, one harnessed between the shafts, and the other running, almost loose, outside the off-shaft." The swift motion of the carriage, and the brisk breeze from the bay, brought a flush to Shelley's cheeks, and they entered the "City of the Dead" by the Street of the Tombs. Shelley was much attracted by a small, old castle erected on a lava rock, a short distance out in the bay; and from the shore they watched the sun as it slowly descended over it.

On their return, they stopped at Torre Annunziata, and visited a macaroni factory, where Shelley delighted in the operations of a lever used in the process of manufacture. The incident, of course, recalls Hogg's narrative of Shelley's earlier joy in charging Leyden jars in the seclusion of his room in University College, Oxford. He had always a keen interest in mechanics.

At Torre Annunziata the beggars swarmed about the travellers, and Shelley as usual emptied his pockets to appease them and to satisfy his own charitable spirit. MacFarlane referred to the mendicants as "poor creatures." The adjective Shelley indignantly repelled. "Not a bit of it," said he, "they are happier than I—I dare say they are happier than you. With such a sky over their heads, with no nipping cold, and with full liberty to wander about and beg, they are happy people. Take

all the advantages of the climate into account, and I would ten times rather be a Neapolitan beggar than an English artisan or maid-of-all-work." [5]

The Shelleys also visited Baiæ, Vesuvius, and Pæstum (then Pesto). Their visit to the latter place was perhaps prompted by Eustace's recommendation of it in his *Classical Tour*.[6] Descriptions of all were faithfully written down for Damon in England—i. e., Peacock; those of Vesuvius and Pæstum [7] being very much in the guidebook manner but a part, at least, of the sketch of Pompeii being warmed by some of the poet's own emotions arising out of a contemplation of the amphitheatre there. "I now understand," he wrote, "why the Greeks were such great poets; and, above all, I can account, it seems to me, for the harmony, the unity, the perfection, the uniform excellence, of all their works of art. They lived in a perpetual commerce with external nature, and nourished themselves upon the spirit of its forms. Their theatres were all open to the mountains and the sky. Their columns, the ideal types of a sacred forest, with its roof of interwoven tracery, admitted the light and wind; the odour and freshness of the country penetrated the cities. Their temples were mostly upaithric; and the flying clouds, the stars, or the deep sky, were seen above. O, but for that series of wretched wars which terminated in the Roman conquest of the world; but for the Christian religion, which put the finishing stroke on the ancient system; but for those changes that

[5] *Reminiscences of a Literary Life,* by Charles MacFarlane. 1917. p. 9.

[6] ii. 8. Shelley's description of the city, in his letter to Peacock, Feb. 25, 1819, follows Eustace closely. His error, however, in referring to the architecture of the temples as Etruscan, is not Eustace's, but Paoli's. Cf. Hakewill's account of Pæstum in his *Picturesque Tour of Italy.* 1820. The work is not paginated.

[7] Cf. *Prometheus Unbound,* II, iv, 94–97, for probable reminiscences of the scene at Pæstum. Also III, iv, 112–118.

conducted Athens to its ruin—to what an eminence might not humanity have arrived!"

With the paintings in the Royal Museum Shelley was not impressed. In this same letter to Peacock he ridiculed the original study by Michelangelo of his famous "Day of Judgment," finding in it all the signs, as he thought, of a loveless God, delighting in the torture of the helpless victims of His creation. The sketch seemed to Shelley "a kind of *Titus Andronicus* in painting, but the author surely no Shakespeare." Some paintings, however, by Raphael or the pupils of that artist, a "Danaë" of Titian, a "Maddalena" by Guido Reni, and a number of the works of Annibal Caracci delighted him. "None others," Shelley concluded, with Johnsonian finality, "were worth a second look."

At Naples, Shelley's health was not of the best. An English physician who attended him here, prescribed a caustic for Shelley's side, which irritated but did not relieve his suffering. In December came the famous *Stanzas, Written in Dejection, Near Naples*, the original manuscript of which, showing a number of variations (chiefly of punctuation) from the published version, is now in the Morgan Library.[8] The poem vibrates with suffering born of real physical anguish and a deeper passion of utter loneliness; and the poet declares that he would willingly end all, his vision of the manner of his end here becoming startlingly prophetic:

> Death like sleep might steal on me
> And I might feel in the warm air
> My cheek grow cold, and hear the Sea
> Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

[8] The only verbal variation (if capitalization of Ocean, Death, and Sun be not considered) is the appearance of "cloudless" instead of "stainless" in line 44. In line 37 Shelley first wrote, but afterwards cancelled, "dead" for "cold."

A little more than three years, and that "last monotony" was breathed over that tortured, unquiet mind on a July afternoon by those same waters.

Undoubtedly the apathy, or antagonism, with which *Alastor* and *Laon and Cythna* had been greeted in England had something to do with this. The "dreadful preponderance against the cause of improvement" which such reviews as the *Quarterly* represented moved him to express the desire at this time, in a letter to Peacock, that as powerful an organization might be effected among the reformers "as that in which interest and fanaticism have bound the members of that literary coalition."

He was, he confessed, writing "little else but poetry, and little of that"; but he had finished the first act of *Prometheus Unbound*, begun at Este. "I consider poetry very subordinate to moral and political science," he assured Peacock, "and if I were well, certainly I would aspire to the latter; for I can conceive a great work, embodying the discoveries of all ages, and harmonizing the contending creeds by which mankind have been ruled." The pronouncement is, of course, not one to which Keats could subscribe, who advised Shelley to "curb his magnanimity, and load every rift of his subject with ore" nor one to which the lovers of "pure poetry," whatever that may be, are likely in this day to give assent; but it is another index to the conflict which always raged in Shelley's soul and which because it was never resolved before he died in the morning of his powers, explains the difficulty which undoubtedly the vast majority of readers have in attempting to understand, appreciate, and enjoy such poems as *Laon and Cythna* and *Prometheus Unbound*. And yet though considered as poetry neither of these poems is likely to pass into the stored memories of the million as easily as

From Batty's Italian Scenery, London, 1820

NAPLES

"Naples, thou Heart of men, which ever pantest
Naked, beneath the lidless eye of heaven!"
—*Shelley, "Ode to Naples,"* 52–53.

Music, when soft voices die

or any other of a dozen unforgettable lyrics from his pen, the passion for reform which would not let Shelley rest still indubitably stirs the hearts of men, and that passion, however brokenly it found expression in his verse, and that vision of the poet which caused him to realize not only the necessity of certain immediate reforms in politics, society, and government, but also the inevitableness of other reforms yet unaccomplished which yet must come, have endeared him as none of these same priceless lyrics have to the hearts of men suffering under "the whips and scorns of time" and all the manifold injustices of our commercial civilization. For this reason it seems to me that all the tears which editors and biographers have shed over Shelley's obstinate and self-willed perversion from the path of "pure poetry" have been shed uselessly, and without regard for the real basis of Shelley's importance to our literature.

But now Shelley was drawn back again to Rome, and on February 28 the party left Naples and advanced northward by Capua, Mola di Gaeta, Terracina, and Albano to the imperial city,[9] which they reached on March 5th. Lodgings were obtained in the Palazzo Verospi on the Corso, and Shelley, Mary, and Claire set themselves to study the varied treasures of the capital, in architecture, painting, and sculpture. Mary's journal of March 1819, records visits to the Colosseum, Villa Borghese, Pantheon, Capitol, and the museum of the Vatican. And it was amid the flowers, grass, and shrubs which mantled the decaying but monumental baths of Caracalla that he continued the composition of *Prometheus Unbound* through the second and third acts to what was to have been its con-

[9] The route was that followed by Eustace, in his *Classical Tour*.

clusion. As we shall see hereafter, the fourth act was added later, as an afterthought.

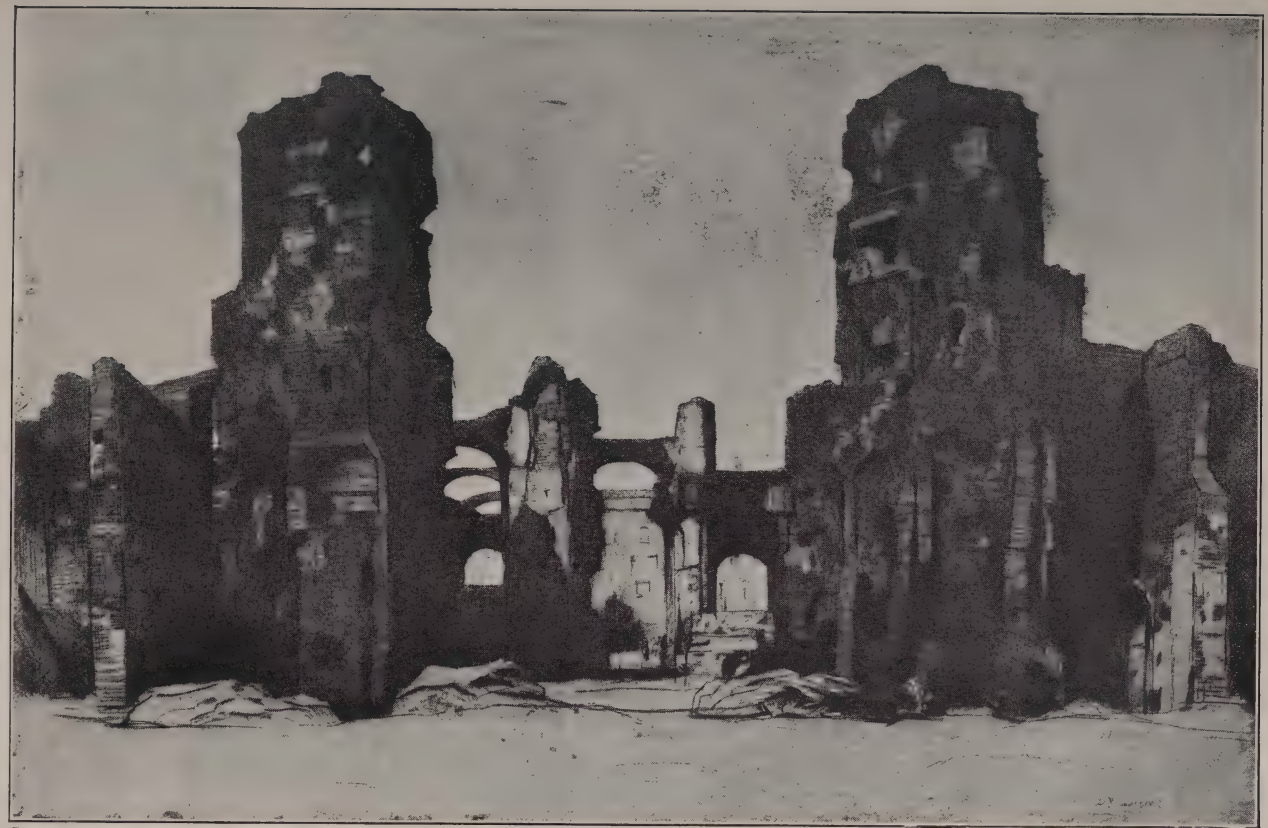
The sculptures on the Arch of Titus arrested his attention and stirred him to remark of them, in a letter to Peacock, March 23rd: "The Keystone of these arches is supported each by two winged figures of Victory, whose hair floats on the wind of their own speed." The impression remained, and soon flowered, as Mr. Locock has noted, in the lines in the Second Act of *Prometheus Unbound:* [10]

> Others with burning eyes lean forth, and drink
> With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
> As if the thing they loved fled on before,
> And now—even now they clasped it.

After his visit to the Greek temples at Pæstum he had, as we have seen, written Peacock: "I now understand why the Greeks were such great poets; and above all, I can account, it seems to me, for the harmony, the unity, the perfection, the uniform excellence, of all their works of art. They lived in a perpetual commerce with external nature, and nourished themselves upon the spirit of its forms." The thought was enforced upon him anew at Rome, and, quite naturally, found its way into *Prometheus Unbound,* Act Three, where he speaks of

> . . . the mind, arising bright
> From the embrace of beauty, whence the forms
> Of which these are the phantoms, casts on them
> The gathered rays which are reality
> Shall visit us, the progeny immortal

[10] Act II, sc. iv. ll. 135–138. I use the punctuation of the Bodleian MS., which is not, as most texts are, overpunctuated.



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THE BATHS OF CARACALLA

Where Shelley finished the third act of *Prometheus Unbound.*

Of Painting, Sculpture, and rapt Poesy,
And arts, though unimagined, yet to be.[11]

The Pantheon, much admired at this time by Shelley, seems to have been in his eyes as he wrote, in the same act, of

. . . a dome fretted with graven flowers,
Poised on twelve [12] columns of resplendent stone,
And open to the bright and liquid sky;

for he had said of this temple: "It is open to the sky . . . supported by sixteen columns, fluted and Corinthian." Similarly, I believe that the fountain on the Quirinal, with its attendant statutes of Castor and Pollux in the act of taming their horses was in all probability the inspiration of the picture presented in Panthea's speech, and the song of the Spirit following, in *Prometheus Unbound*, Act Two. Thus Shelley, following the procedure, as he imagined it, of the ancient artists, fed upon the visible beauty about him and fulfilled his own description of the poet, expressed in the same poem:

. . . from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of Immortality.[13]

But though the artist in Shelley responded to the architectural beauty of Italy, the humanitarian rebelled at the state of Italian society; and from the day when a Calabrian priest chancing with Shelley to witness a brutal assassination in Naples, laughed at the incident, to the day when the poet beheld some three hundred miserable criminals, closely fettered, engaged in hoeing out the weeds from the pavement in St.

[11] ll. 50–56.
[12] The Pantheon is supported by sixteen columns. See *Letters*, pp. 681–2.
[13] Act I, ll. 748–50.

Peter's Square, Shelley's disgust steadily increased. "The iron discord of those innumerable chains," he wrote Peacock, "clanks up into the sonorous air, and produces, contrasted with the musical clashing of the fountains, and the deep azure beauty of the sky, and the magnificence of the architecture around, a conflict of sensations allied to madness. It is the emblem of Italy—moral degradation contrasted with the glory of nature and the arts." [14]

Part of Shelley's fervor in seeking out the classical wonders of Italy was due, I think, to his desire to escape from a sense of his own loneliness, of being, as he termed himself in a pathetic letter to Peacock,[15] "an exile and a Pariah." How deeply he felt this we may gauge from his statement in this letter: "I am regarded by all who know or hear of me, except, I think, on the whole, five individuals, as a rare prodigy of crime and pollution, whose look even might infect. This is a large computation, and I don't think I could mention more than three." Peacock had asked him to return to England. But "health, competence, tranquillity," powerful trinity, kept him in the south. Some day, perhaps, he would accept the invitation, but not now. If he did, it would be, as he said, "out of pure weakness of heart." Was ever exile more poignantly tragic than this?

Naples in winter had not much improved his health; but a Roman physician whom Shelley consulted believed a Neopolitan summer might, and so plans were made to leave Rome on May 7th. But Amelia Curran, daughter of Shelley's old acquaintance and Godwin's friend, John Philpot Curran, was at Rome and on the date set for the departure to Naples be-

[14] Letter to Peacock, April 6, 1819. *Letters,* ii.. 687.
[15] April 6, 1819. *Letters,* ii. 687.

gan to paint the well-known portrait of Shelley which is now in the National Portrait Gallery, London. The trip was therefore put off for a month. But before that month had passed, little William had become dangerously ill. "The last month of my residence there," wrote Mary, a few years later, "I was a constant attendant on the sick bed of my dying brother: [16] he did not suffer pain; his illness was lethargic; and I watched with breathless anxiety the change from life to death. Sometimes, when the *Ave Maria* had subsided, I stole out into the air to refresh my wearied spirits." [17] On June 2nd the little boy suffered a severe gastric attack, and on the 7th, at noon, he died.

This last calamity, coming as it did on the heels of many others, crushed Shelley so that it seemed to him, as he wrote Peacock, that he should never recover any cheerfulness again. They buried the lad in the old part of the Cimitero di Protestanti. From the day of his death Mary was never to think of Rome without tears. "He died," she wrote in *Valperga*, "and I left this city of my soul. I know not whether I shall ever again breathe its air; but its memory is a burning cloud of sunset in the deep azure of the sky. . . . I then endured poignant sorrow." [18]

After these rites, they set out, heavy-hearted, for Leghorn on their way to Florence. The change of objective was due to consideration for Mary who, facing confinement in the autumn, would need the services of a surgeon then likely to be at Pisa or Florence.

Happily for Shelley, in this sad hour arrived Peacock's joy-

[16] A characteristic changing about of actual relationships, to shield herself from Sir Timothy Shelley's displeasure.

[17] *Valperga*. i. 204–5.

[18] i. 206.

ful satire, *Nightmare Abbey*. Scythrop, hero of the story, is, as everyone knows, Peacock's half-kind, half-critical study of Shelley, "troubled by a passion for reforming the world"; and that Shelley took the satire kindly, and even, apparently, enjoyed it, is testimony to his manliness. "I have a study here in a tower, something like Scythrop's," he announced to Peacock from Leghorn, July 6th, "where I am just beginning to recover the faculties of reading and writing."

This study in a tower was in the Villa Valsovano, half-way between Leghorn and Monte Nero. And here, in sight of the Apennines and the sea, he endeavored to lose himself and his quick grief in the work of composing a tragedy upon the subject of the popular Italian heroine, Beatrice Cenci. The theme of the play, based upon a long-persisting legend, now pretty thoroughly discredited, that Beatrice had been outraged by her father, is of revenge for unspeakable wrong. In the accomplishment of that revenge Shelley leans heavily upon Shakespeare's method in *Macbeth*, and the dialog, even, in one scene is so closely modelled on Shakespeare's as almost to constitute a plagiarism.

The weakness of the play is that it is overweighted with declamation regarding action, but is animated by no action, or almost none, on the stage. In the Greek theater, the most violent action invariably took place off stage, and its occurrence was revealed to the audience through the chorus or through the recital by some other character of what had transpired or was transpiring. But the English theater had not grown up upon this method; and before a modern audience the play is decidedly tedious on this account. Furthermore, as Shelley feared, the crime itself which provoked the murder is—or was until recently—so revolting as not to be mentioned

publicly. So that between subject and treatment the play is unsuited to our theater.[19]

As closet drama, however, *The Cenci* is a powerful and moving piece of dramatic writing. Probably because he was so much impressed by reading it, Swinburne incautiously hailed it as the greatest blank verse tragedy since Shakespeare's. Certainly in its simplicity, its naturalness—though the theme is unnatural enough,—and in the variety and beauty of the blank verse it is a great achievement. But with the great closet dramas, rather than with the great acting plays of our literature, it must certainly be classed.

Shelley had higher hopes of it, however; and he addressed an inquiry from Leghorn to Peacock, in July 1819, as to whether Miss O'Neill might not be secured for the leading rôle in a Covent Garden production of the play. He had cast Kean for the part of Count Cenci. But Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden, refused the play and declined to pass the manuscript on to Miss O'Neill for perusal, because of its theme. He did not do so, however, without adding that if Shelley would do a play on another, more acceptable subject, he would take it. Behind the revolting story he could yet discern at work the genius of a great poet.

The play was dedicated to Leigh Hunt in a letter dated from Rome, May 29, 1819. The original draft of this letter of dedication has lately come to light, among the Thornton Leigh Hunt papers.[20] It was written out on five pages (three

[19] The performance of the play by Alma Murray, for the Shelley Society, in 1866, and its later representation by John Barrymore, in London (1921) have sufficiently established this.

[20] Now in the great Shelley collection formed by Mr. Carl H. Pforzheimer of New York City. The last leaf bears a rejected stanza belonging to *The Mask of Anarchy*.

leaves) of one of the Shelley notebooks now in the Henry E. Huntington Memorial Library and Art Gallery, which were probably torn out by Mary and given to Leigh Hunt after Shelley's death. It follows immediately after an unpublished draft of the Song of the Spirits in *Prometheus Unbound*, Act II, Scene III, lines 86–89.

Hunt's appreciation of the dedication was expressed, shortly, by the publication, in the *Indicator* [21] of a résumé of the contents of an Italian MS. version of the Cenci tragedy, perhaps forwarded to Hunt by Shelley; and by the warmest praise of Shelley's play. "Mr. Shelley," wrote Hunt, "in this work reminds us of some of the most strenuous and daring of our old dramatists, not by any means as an imitator, though he has studied them, but as a bold, elemental imagination, and a framer of 'mighty lines' . . . Majesty and Love do sit on one throne in the lofty building of his poetry; and they will be found there, at a late and we trust a happier day, on a seat immortal as themselves."

No doubt Hunt's advertisement of the play, which Shelley had printed in Italy, led to the general English interest in the drama whose evidences were the appearance of a second edition, issued by the Olliers in London, in 1821; and by the publication in the same year in that city of an Italian MS. version of the Cenci story. This unprecedented success must have been heartening to Shelley. *The Cenci* was the only work from his pen which passed into an authorized second edition in his lifetime. *Queen Mab* was, indeed, resurrected and republished by a pirating bookseller, William Clark, in the same year—the success of *The Cenci* being, perhaps, the cause —and republished again by Richard Carlile in 1822.

As if one great play were not a sufficient yield for 1819,

[21] No. XLI. Wed., July 19, and No. XLII, Wed., July 26, 1820.

however, Shelley was able to announce to the interested Hunt, on August 15th, that he had finished his most ambitious drama on *Prometheus Unbound*. "It is," he announced to Ollier,[22] "in my judgment, of a higher character than anything I have yet attempted, and is perhaps less an imitation of anything that has gone before it." But by December 23rd he had extended his drama by one act, the fourth. "Prometheus Unbound," he later admitted to the Olliers, "was his favourite poem," but he added that he did not expect that it would sell beyond twenty copies. In his high estimate of this work Shelley was supported by Lord Byron,[23] but the unfriendly critic of the *Quarterly* viewed the poem with other eyes. "It is easy," he declared, "to read without attention; but it is difficult to conceive how an author, unless his intellectual habits are thoroughly depraved, should not take the trouble to observe whether his imagination has definite forms before it, or is gazing in stupid wonder on assemblages of brilliant words . . . is it not strange that he should never have turned his attention from his verses to that which his verses were meant to express?" [24] Later critics have in general followed the *Quarterly* reviewer in condemning the difficulty of interpretation of the poem; but have generally admitted the beauty of the lyrics that are interspersed throughout its various scenes, and only a few, such as Dr. Garnett,[25] have been so completely enthralled by the work that they have seen it only through the windows of their own and Shelley's emotions. "I have reread his *Prometheus Unbound*," writes the distinguished poet, Mr. W. B. Yeats, "for the first time for many years, in the woods of Drim-du-rod, among the Echte hills, and sometimes I have

[22] Letter, Sept. 6, 1819. *Letters*, ii 715.
[23] Cf. Shelley's letter to Hunt from Pisa, August 26, 1821.
[24] *Q. R.* xxvi. 176.
[25] *Dict. Nat. Biog.* lii. 36.

looked toward Slieve-nan-Orr, where the country people say the last battle of the world shall be fought until the third day, when a priest shall lift a chalice, and the thousand years of peace begin. And I think this mysterious song utters a faith as simple and as ancient as the faith of those country people, in a form suited to a new age, that will understand, with Blake, that the holy spirit is 'an intellectual fountain,' and that the kinds and degrees of beauty are the images of its authority." [26]

[26] *Ideas of Good and Evil.* pp. 110–11.

INTERCHAPTER X

The Sources and Significance of Prometheus Unbound

Prometheus Unbound

ACT I

Prometheus is discovered chained to a precipice in the Indian Caucasus. At his feet are Panthea and Ione, daughters of Ocean and sisters of Asia, later to be introduced. In his first speech he recounts his sufferings, and those of Man, at the hands of the tyrant, Jupiter. He prophesies that one of the "wingless, crawling hours" will eventually bring Jupiter low. In the sequel, we learn that this hour is identified with Demogorgon. But Prometheus, who through suffering had lost hate, now only pities Jupiter. He desires to recall his curse spoken against the tyrant, and asks the forces of Nature about him to recall it to his mind. Voices from the mountains, springs, the air, the whirlwinds, and Earth herself, then recall how deeply they had been affected by hearing the curse. Prometheus fears that Earth and her forces scorn him, and pleads that his rebellion was in the interest of Earth herself and her offspring. Earth is touched by his plea and says:

> "thou art more than God
> Being wise and kind."

She recalls her delight in the birth of Prometheus, and the tragedies that had overwhelmed her when Prometheus, for having spoken the curse, had been fettered by Jupiter on

Caucasus. The picture of the effects of tyranny is one that Shelley had painted earlier in *Queen Mab* and *Laon and Cythna*. Earth promises Prometheus that he shall hear his curse again if he will summon his own or Jupiter's or some other phantasm from the realm of death where abide

> The shadows of all forms that think and live
> Till death unite them, and they part no more.

Vowing again that no word of hate should hereafter pass his own lips Prometheus summons the Phantasm of Jupiter who repeats the Promethean curse. For one who resolutely disclaimed the passion of hate it is singular that Shelley should have written three memorable curses: the earliest, arising out of his deep grief at separation from his children, to the Lord Chancellor Eldon, in 1817; next, that imprecated by Count Cenci on his daughter Beatrice in *The Cenci;* and finally this, the most majestic, in which Prometheus, denying that Jupiter had power over his will, and defying the tyrant to do his worst, prophesies Jupiter's ultimate fall.

When the Phantasm had ceased speaking, Prometheus reiterates his regret that he had ever spoken thus in hate to Jupiter, and "bows his head as in pain." [27] Misunderstanding his action, Earth imagines Prometheus had surrendered to Jupiter, and her fears are repeated by Echoes. But Ione cautions:

> Fear not—'tis but some passing spasm—
> The Titan is unvanquished still.

Mercury now enters, "followed by a train of Furies, whom he represses with his wand." [28] He has been commissioned to lead the Furies hither to torture Prometheus, but, stirred with

[27] Bodleian MS., cancelled.

[28] Cancelled stage direction, Bodleian MS.

sympathy and admiration for the suffering Titan, he advises him to yield up to Jupiter the secret he now holds of the hour of his dethronement, and to seek Jupiter's forgiveness. Prometheus refusing, the Furies are released upon him. In a vision Prometheus is shown blazing cities, hears the cry of Christ at the lack of His spirit in the Church, witnesses the outbreak of the French Revolution and its bloody sequel. At the sight of Christ on his crucifix, Prometheus breaks out in anguish and relates to Him how in later ages His followers have hunted down, persecuted, and martyred those most like Him in spirit. The state of society is thus summarized by a Fury in the lines:

> The good want power, but to weep barren tears:
> The powerful goodness want: worse need for them.
> The wise want love, and those who love want wisdom;
> And all best things are thus confused to ill.

In the summary of the French Revolution, lines 648–654, the sequence of events is identical with those in Shelley's earlier poem born of that subject, and partly descriptive of it—*Laon and Cythna.*

To comfort Prometheus, Earth now summons up a chorus of spirits

> Whose homes are the dim caves of human thought,
> And who inhabit, as birds wing the wind,
> Its world-surrounding æther.

These severally relate the scenes from which they have just come, and the powers which have sustained them in flight—Love, Hope, Charity, and the dreams of poets and philosophers for a better state of civilization. In the speech of the Fourth Spirit is a description of the function of the poet which for vividness would be hard to match anywhere else in Shel-

ley's verse and in his prose, perhaps, only in the *Defence of Poetry:*

> He will watch from dawn to gloom
> The lake-reflected sun illume
> The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom
> Nor heed nor see, what things they be;
> But from these create he can
> Forms more real than living man,
> Nurslings of immortality!— [29]

Two other spirits now, to join the others "sink through the lapses of the yielding air." [30] The Fifth Spirit reports that she has seen Love in flight, scattering joy in his path; but that this impulse has been crushed by earthly tyrants, and that Ruin now prevails on earth. From the Sixth Spirit comes a despairing utterance of the sorrow which the most sensitive and hopeful men feel at the discovery that

> Love sometimes leads astray to Misery [31]

The Chorus of Spirits encourages Prometheus to believe that at his victory over the Dark Powers that now hold dominion over Man, Wisdom, Justice, Love, and Peace shall rule in their stead. Prometheus replies that his only hope is yet in Love, incarnate in Asia, third of the Oceanides, who is now far away. The present hour of suffering tries his soul, for it delays the consummation of his desire

> . . . to be
> The saviour and the strength of suffering men,
> Or sink into the original gulf of things.

[29] I follow, in part, the punctuation of the Bodleian MS. Compare, with the last three lines, Byron, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* iii. 46–49, 119–21; and *The Dream,* i. 19–22.

[30] Cancelled line. Bod. MS. f. 17.

[31] *Julian and Maddalo.* 349.

Panthea reminds him that she, like the Indian maid in *Alastor,* has watched over him in sleep, and at this reminder Prometheus acknowledges his debt to her:

> I said all hope was vain but love—thou lovest . . .[32]

The act ends on the verge of dawn, with Panthea promising Prometheus that Asia, awaiting in an Indian vale her destined hour of union with Prometheus, has transformed that scene from desolation into a paradise of natural beauty.

ACT II

Asia, at the opening of the act, is awaiting the arrival of Panthea. It is just before dawn on a morning of spring; and Shelley, in the following lines, has given us one of the most colorful descriptions [33] to be found in the whole range of his poems:

> The point of one white star is quivering still
> Deep in the orange light of widening morn
> Beyond the purple mountains; through a chasm
> Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
> Reflects it—now it wanes—it gleams again
> As the waves fade, and as the burning threads
> Of woven cloud unravel in pale air . . .
> 'Tis lost! and through yon peaks of cloudlike snow
> The roseate sunlight quivers—hear I not
> The Æolian music of her seagreen plumes
> Winnowing the crimson dawn?

Panthea enters, and confides to Asia how as she lay asleep in the arms of Ione, at the feet of Prometheus, she had dreamed

[32] Punctuation as in the Bod. MS.

[33] Cf. Stopford Brooke's comment. *Inaugural Address to the Shelley Society,* 1886, p. 7.

that Prometheus embraced her. Waking, she had been told by Ione that the kiss they then exchanged had revealed to her a new kind of desire never before experienced, an unsatisfied passion. Asia discoveres in Panthea's eyes the image of Prometheus, and at almost the same moment is aware of the presence between them of a shape which Panthea recognizes as that of another dream she had had the night before. She says:

> Methought
> As we sate here the flower-infolding buds
> Burst on yon lightning-blasted almond-tree,
> A wind swept forth wrinkling the earth with frost . . .
> I looked, and all the blossoms were blown down,
> But on each leaf was stamped—as the blue bells
> Of Hyacinth tell Apollo's written grief—
> *O, follow, follow!*

Asia remembers that in her dreams the same call had been heard, and seen written on the shadows of the morning clouds. As they repeat the call it is heard from unseen Echoes who lure them away from the Indian vale to follow where the voices may lead.

Semichoruses of Spirits, opening Scene Two, describe the forest path through which Asia and Panthea have just passed, and the beauty of the music of unseen spirits in those woods. Two fauns entering discuss where these spirits may abide, the second faun giving a fantastically beautiful sketch of their habitats in

> The bubbles, which the enchantment of the sun
> Sucks from the pale faint water-flowers.

Their conversation ends on the warning of this faun that if they tarry they may not hear Silenus sing his songs

Of Fate, and Chance, and God, and Chaos old,
And Love, and the chained Titan's woful doom,
And how he shall be loosed, and make the Earth
One brotherhood—delightful strains which cheer
Our solitary twilights, and which charm
To silence the unenvying nightingales.

With Panthea and Asia arrived at a pinnacle of rock among mountains, the third scene opens. The place is described, by Panthea, as "the realm of Demogorgon," and out of a great portal is issuing an "oracular vapour,"

Which lonely men drink wandering in their youth
And call truth, virtue, love, genius or joy,
That maddening wine of life . . . and uplift
The voice which is contagion to the world.

Asia responds to Panthea's joy in the scene, and pictures this situation in a passage of extraordinary beauty, in which perhaps the rarest jewel is this:

Dim twilight lawns, and stream-illumined caves,
And wind-inchanted [34] shapes of wandering mist.

A Chorus of Spirits is heard out of the mist, directing the Oceanides to accompany them to the Cave of Demogorgon.

Following them, the sisters find themselves, in the fourth scene, at the cave. Here they question Demogorgon—who is described as "a mighty darkness" and without form or outline—concerning the Creator of the world, the origin of thought, passion, reason, will, and imagination. He answers that the

[34] Spelling from the Bod. MS. The entire speech has been badly bungled by many editors. See the text of this passage in the new edition of Shelley's *Works* being issued by Messrs. Benn, Ltd., for correct readings.

Creator, and source of these forces in man, is "God, Almighty God." Asia then inquires:

> Who made that sense which, when the winds of Spring
> In rarest visitation, or the voice
> Of one beloved heard in youth alone,
> Fills the faint eyes with falling tears, which dim
> The radiant looks of unbewailing flowers,
> And leaves the peopled earth a solitude
> When it returns no more?

To this Demogorgon replies: "Merciful God." Asia next desires to know the author of "terror, madness, crime, remorse, abandoned hope, and love that turns to hate, self-contempt, pain, and Hell, or the sharp fear of Hell." Demogorgon answers: "He reigns"; and in the sequel Asia identifies the pronoun with Jove, or Jupiter. She traces the history of the earth from its inception, through the rule of Saturn to that of Jupiter, under whose dire tyranny all mankind now suffered agonies relieved only by hope, and love, fire, speech, thought, science, music, sculpture, medicine, astronomy, and navigation, the gifts of Prometheus.

The sisters suddenly behold a procession of chariots "drawn by rainbow-winged steeds" and Demogorgon tells them that they are the chariots of the hours, one of which awaits them. Addressing one of the charioteers, Asia learns that he bears with him the darkness which

> Shall wrap in lasting night heaven's kingless throne.

Another—he whom Demogorgon had mentioned as awaiting Asia—invites Asia and Panthea [35] into his car.

[35] The Bodleian MS. makes it plain that both Asia and Panthea are taken into the car, line 174 of this scene reading "daughters," not "daughter" as in the texts.

When the curtain rises on scene five the journey by chariot has progressed to a station "within a Cloud on the top of a snowy mountain." Panthea notes that a change has come over Asia, and that she has become intolerably beautiful. She recalls how Asia—the description recalls the Botticelli Venus which Shelley doubtless had seen in the Uffizi Gallery—had been born of ocean and had stood on a veined shell among the Ægean isles. She says to Asia:

> love, like the atmosphere
> Of the sun's fire filling the living world,
> Burst from thee,

and asks her sister whether she does not hear how Earth with her thousand voices praises—not God, as in Coleridge's famous *Hymn*, but *Love*. In Asia's reply is a blank-verse passage of such singular simplicity and majesty as to rival the best that Shakespeare—structurally it is somewhat like Portia's speech on mercy—ever produced in the same kind:

> Common as light is love,
> And its familiar voice wearies not ever.
> Like the wide heaven, the all-sustaining air,
> It makes the reptile equal to the God;
> They who inspire it most are fortunate.

The speech is interrupted by the "Song of an enamoured Spirit" [36] so well known to lovers of English lyric poetry as to need no extended quotation—the song beginning:

> Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
> With their love the breath between them.

I cannot find any external evidence that Shelley ever read William Drummond of Hawthornden; but certainly the

[36] The phrase is from a cancelled stage direction in the Bodleian MS.

imagery and expression of this song bear striking resemblances to those of Drummond's sonnet: [37]

> Lampe of Heavens Christal Hall that brings the Hours,
> Eye-dazaler who makes the uglie Night
> At thine approach flie to her slumbrie Bowrs,
> And fills the World with Wonder and Delight:
> Life of all Lifes . . .

Says Richard Hutton: "In the Prometheus Unbound, the parts are greater than the whole,—the most lovely passages far more beautiful out of their context than in it. It is in such bursts of song as the song of the Sixth Spirit, 'Ah, Sister! Desolation is a delicate thing': or the song, 'Life of life, thy lips enkindle,' that we find lyrics which seem fuller of spiritual fire than any other English poet has poured into our language." [38]

Asia replies to the spirit in a song that in its opening, at least, represents a late working over of the lyric, assigned by Mrs. Shelley to 1817, beginning:

> My spirit like a charmèd bark doth swim.

If Mrs. Shelley is correct in assigning that year to the fragment, it was perhaps inspired by the singing of Claire Clairmont, to whom another poem, *To Constantia Singing*, was written in the same year. But this must rest as a pure hypothesis, being incapable of proof from other extant evidence. The song describes the singer as in spirit taking another journey like that in *Alastor* and *Laon and Cythna*,

[37] *Works*, ed. Kastner, 1913. i. 8.
[38] *Literary Essays*, pp. 146–7.

away, afar,
Without a course—without a star—
But by the instinct of sweet music driven

to that heart's country beloved by Shelley, and celebrated in so many of his poems:

Realms where the air we breathe is Love,
Which in the winds and on the waves doth move,
Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above.

Note the verb "feel" in the last line. The sometime apostle of Reason here trusts to another guide to Truth. It is his feelings, his emotions, which give him apprehensions of an ideal state, not his reason. And here, I think, we have the key to Shelley's view of the universe. He *felt*, rather than reasoned his way toward the millenium; and his greatest poems, their strength and their weakness, spring from his absolute surrender to his emotions.

ACT III

Jupiter still reigns as Act III opens, but realizes that His rule is not omnipotent, since the soul of man remains supreme over the miseries which He has inflicted upon the race. He hopes, however, that the fatal hour which is even now winging its way upward from Demogorgon's cave will witness the establishment of His supreme power. His hour arrives, with Demogorgon, the child of Jupiter and Thetis, who now commands his father to follow him into the abyss of eternal darkness. Jupiter threatens, and entreats, but to no avail. He tells Demogorgon that Prometheus would not thus have doomed him; and in the hour of his impending overthrow he renders this homage to the suffering Titan:

> Gentle, and just, and dreadless, is he not
> The monarch of the world?

With cries of woe Jupiter yields himself to his doom and sinks down the abyss, the situation closely paralleling Southey's *Thalaba*,[39] which Shelley had read with so much enthusiasm in earlier years.[40]

In the second scene, laid at "the Mouth of a great River in the island Atlantis," Ocean inquires of Apollo concerning Jove's doom. Apollo's reply to Ocean, because wrongly punctuated in all the texts, has been quite meaningless. Shelley's punctuation [41] of the first line of this speech, which includes a comma after "so" shows that Jove was, even in his fall, glorious as an eagle. The sense is: "He was, nevertheless, an eagle in his hour of doom." Ocean, in a manner of which Shelley never wearied (compare *Queen Mab*, and *Laon and Cythna*, for passages on the same theme) foretells the benefits to earth of the tyrant's overthrow.

Prometheus is unbound by Hercules in the fourth scene, and tells the Oceanides that they must hereafter dwell with him in

> a cave,
> All overgrown with trailing odorous plants,
> Which curtain out the day with leaves and flowers
> And paved with veined emerald, and a fountain
> Leaps in the midst with an awakening sound.

Music, Painting, Sculpture and Poesy "and arts, though unimagined, yet to be" they will share together in that place

[39] xii. 259–277.

[40] And cf. Shelley's *Wandering Jew*, line 679 and the earlier stanza (*Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson*, pp. 16–17) beginning: ". . . What is sweeter to revenge's ear than the fell tyrant's last expiring knell?"

[41] Bod. MS.

as man grows wise and kind,
And veil by veil, evil and error fall.

The Spirit of the Hour is directed by Prometheus to speed over the earth and to sound, from a mystic shell, the song of man's deliverance from Jupiter. At the end of the speech, as an *uncancelled* stage direction [42] in the Bodleian MS. reveals, Prometheus kisses the ground. The earth responds to the kiss of Prometheus in another prophecy of the millenium that is now about to dawn, promising that in the new day the grave, even, shall lose all its terrors and

. . . death shall be the last embrace of her
Who takes the life she gave, even as a mother
Folding her child, says, "Leave me not again!"

Again Earth speaks of Death as

. . . the veil which those who live call life:
They sleep, and it is lifted

She bids "a Spirit in the likeness of a winged child" to convey Asia to a temple beside a cave, where Love had once been worshipped by men before Jove's tyranny was set up and all evils were loosed by that event. Perhaps this temple, too, owed its description to Shelley's memories of the temples at Pæstum. Certainly it is described in greater detail than that at which Laon and Cythna at length arrived in Elysium.[43]

When in Scene Four we next meet the Oceanides, they have arrived, under the guidance of the spirit,[44] at a place near the cave. Asia and the spirit enter the cave [45] and the spirit re-

[42] "Kissing the ground." Bod. MS.

[43] *Laon and Cythna,* xxi. 4813–4815.

[44] Whose description, *Prom. Unb.* III. iv. 1–5, inevitably recalls that of the Green Bird which guided Thalaba. *Thal.* xi. 37 ff.

[45] Bod. MS. f. 30 r.

counts to her the wonders that transpired upon the dethronement of Jupiter. We learn that in summary

> All things had put their evil nature off
> Like an old garment soiled and overworn.[46]

The spirit of the Hour, entering, continues the narrative of these events, saying that her steeds and chariot were now within the sun, the car itself being housed

> within
> A temple gazed upon by Phidian forms.
> Beneath a dome fretted with graven flowers,
> Poised on twelve columns of resplendent stone,
> And open to the bright and liquid sky.

—an obvious recollection of the Pantheon, which Shelley had described enthusiastically to Peacock in his letter of March 23, 1819.[47] All human life had been metamorphosed at Jove's downfall, for, she says, women now were

> Speaking the wisdom once they could not think,
> Looking emotions once they feared to feel,

and

> . . . Man remains
> Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed:— . . . man
> Equal, unclassed, tribeless and nationless,
> Exempt from awe, worship, degree,—the king
> Over himself; just, gentle, wise:—but man:
> Passionless?—no, yet free from guilt and pain.

Man indeed is now conditioned, in his acts, only by "chance and death and mutability," which alone prevent him from oversoaring

[46] Canc. line, Bod. MS.
[47] *Letters*, ii. 681–2.

The loftiest star of unascended heaven,
Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.

ACT IV

Of the "plot" of the Fourth Act it may simply be said that there is none; but that Shelley has here added to the drama a series of lyrical rejoicings over the events of Act Three; hymns that contain some of the sheerest music to be found anywhere in the drama, and music warmed by the passion of the reformer whose roseate dreams for the race have come true. The songs are, furthermore, more perfectly chiselled than those in *Laon and Cythna,* written to celebrate the emancipation of man; they are impassioned as those in *Queen Mab* are not, and altogether I think we may say that in their theme and in their type, Shelley never equalled them before or after.

How laboriously he perfected each, cancelling, adding, altering, only one who has seen his manuscripts of the play can appreciate. But this care to me indicates not only that Shelley had grown as an artist; he wrote also at the period of his intensest hopes for man. Now this last is in fact not a little remarkable, seeing that the years 1819 and 1820 were dark with the post-war conflict between the classes of English society and disgraceful revelations of court life connected with the trial of Queen Charlotte. The Manchester Massacre had been the extremest expression of the Conservatives anxious to bolster the rich against the poor, the powerful against the weak; freedom of the press was a dead letter as Hone's trials of 1817, and Carlile's in 1819 abundantly testify.

The only brightness of the year 1819 was furnished by the successful insurgency of the Liberals in Mexico against the Spanish tyranny in that country. But standing as Shelley so often in his letters pictures himself as doing on a promontory

of the imagination, somewhat above the level of the actualities of his own day, his vision pierces through and beyond the heavy fogs that rose from these events and conceives an age beyond in which man should be in fact

> Equal, unclassed, tribeless and nationless,
> Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
> Over himself; just, gentle, wise.

This however, man has not reached, a century after Shelley, but he could hardly march on courageously without the faith taught him by the poets, that some day he, or through him his forebears and his successors, the race will arrive at this goal.

He was very far from this goal in 1819, as a number of poems on England which Shelley wrote at this time, and especially the following sonnet, show:

Sonnet: England in 1819

> An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king,—
> Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow
> Through public scorn,—mud from a muddy spring,—
> Rulers who neither see, nor feel, nor know,
> But leech-like to their fainting country cling,
> Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow,—
> A people starved and stabbed in the untilled field,—
> An army, which liberticide and prey
> Makes as a two-edged sword to all who yield,—
> Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and slay;
> Religion Christless, Godless—a book sealed;
> A Senate,—Time's worst statute unrepealed,—
> Are graves, from which a glorious Phantom may
> Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day.

Prometheus Unbound celebrates the rising of that phantom and the dawn of a new day, not only for the "Men of Eng-

land" to whom Shelley addressed his "Song," but for all mankind. Imaginative, he had succeeded in doing what Demogorgon, at the end of his great drama, recommends; and had learned how

> To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite,
> To forgive wrongs deeper than Death or Night;
> To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
> To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;

and so had seen as in a dream the regeneration of the species and the emancipation of the race from all the evils which hem it round.

CHAPTER XV

(CONTINUED)

DURING the period of their residence at Monte Nero the life of the Shelleys had been peaceful, though, lacking William, sorrowful enough. Reading, writing, and conversing occupied the whole of the poet's days. Across the horizon of his mind had flashed, in this period, for the first time, the genius of the great Spanish dramatist, Calderon de la Barca. "I have been reading *La Devocion della Cruz* and *The Purgatorio di San Patricio*," wrote Shelley to Peacock, July 25th; and he promised his friend that in these he would "find specimens of the very highest dramatic power—approaching Shakespeare, and in his character." He confided to Peacock in August that he contemplated the work of translating some of Calderon's plays; and this intention was partially fulfilled a little later (March 1822) by Shelley's English version of a portion of *Il Magico Prodigioso*, in which an old Spanish legend and the Faustus story are re-handled in the characters of Cyprian, a student, and Justina, a beautiful girl, both of whom are tempted to sin by a Demon. Justina, however, by her faith in God repels the Demon and retains her virtue. In *Il Magico Prodigioso* Shelley came in contact again with the dark superstitions of the Catholicism of earlier centuries which had also been before him as he worked on the tragedy of *The Cenci*. He was again handling the subject of demonism, always a fascination for him, and in Justina one who like Prometheus could not be conquered unless her will gave

consent. In the demon's story of his rebellion in Heaven we observe also a strong similarity to the story of Lucifer, in *Paradise Lost,* which always appealed to Shelley, aiding him when he was at work on *Prometheus Unbound,* and, later, when he shaped the "Prologue" to *Hellas.*

It is a very natural cause of wonder, however, that Shelley, polemist that he was for free thought, should have been so swept off his feet by this admiration for Calderon's abilities as a dramatist and a poet that he did not shrink from his benighted metaphysics. Only a single sign of his awareness of this greatest weakness in Calderon's "Autos" can be found in his writings. In *The Defence of Poetry* (1819) he wrote: "More is lost than gained by the substitution of the rigidly defined and ever-repeated idealisms of a distorted superstition for the living impersonations of the truth of human passion." To later critics the difficulty which Calderon's placid acceptance of Catholic dogma presents has been less easily surmountable than it was for Shelley in the opening weeks of his reading of the great Spanish dramatist. Nor is the wonder diminished by the fact that in the same year in which he yielded himself all but utterly to the spell of Calderon, he exposed another poet to the most bitter invective for accepting where he himself (and that poet, earlier) had denied.

In 1798, Wordsworth had written, but not published, "*Peter Bell: a Tale in Verse.*" [48] The manuscript of the poem had been freely circulated among the poet's friends, and John Hamilton Reynolds, a member of Hunt's circle, who had been included by Hunt in the famous "Young Poets" review in the *Examiner* in December 1816, hearing of it, was moved to

[48] A more complete study by the present writer, of the interrelations of Wordsworth's, Reynolds', and Shelley's "Peter Bell" will be found in *The Bookman's Journal* (London) May 13 and June 3, 1921.

mirthful burlesque, and produced and published, a week before Wordsworth's poem appeared, *Peter Bell: a Lyrical Ballad.*

Keats, at Reynolds' behest, reviewed this Wordsworth *travestie* in Leigh Hunt's *Examiner* for Sunday, April 25, 1819. Wordsworth's "Peter" was reviewed the following Sunday. The two reviews were read by Shelley in Italy, and this reading suggested the addition of another "Peter" to the growing family of the name of Bell.

A comparison of the three poems leads me to believe that the title only of Wordsworth's poem was employed, by both Reynolds and Shelley, as a convenient peg to hang their own notions on; Reynolds directing his fire at Wordsworth's repetitions, his occasional prosiness and commonplaceness, and Shelley delivering his broadsides alternately against Wordsworth's dullness, and his desertion of liberalism; and against his own critics, and an unregenerate England. Shelley had scored Wordsworth's desertion of the liberals before, in the sonnet of 1815 beginning "Poet of Nature, thou hast wept to know," and in the "Verses, Written on Receiving a Celandine in a Letter from England," July 1816.

As I approach the subject of Shelley's "Peter" and its relation to the others of the same family I am not a little amused that a century ago in the preface to his "Peter" Shelley, anticipating this situation, wrote that in a remote day, when London should lie in ruins, "some transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism, the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges, and their historians."

Reynolds' Wordsworth, or rather, "Peter Bell," is described in Shelley's lines:

. . . he remembered well
Many a ditch and quick-set fence;
Of lakes he had intelligence;
He knew something of heath and fell.

He had also dim recollections,
Of pedlars tramping on their rounds;
Milk-pans and pails; and odd collections
Of saws and proverbs; and reflections
Old parsons make in burying-grounds.

It was easy, of course, to laugh at Wordsworth's types, their simple utterances, "and all that"; but Shelley's criticism, running deeper, struck with the intuition of a great poet, at the heart of Wordsworth's weakness. Wordsworth had so successfully repressed his love for Annette Vallon, that at length, about 1805, the fervor of it ceased even to be the source of poetry in him. So he appeared to Shelley, who, in all probability, knew nothing of the French romance of Citizen William, "a kind of moral eunuch," who, because of his sexlessness could never feel the deep passion of love. Says Shelley:

. . . from the first 'twas Peter's drift
To be a kind of moral eunuch;
He touched the hem of Nature's shift,
Felt faint—and never dared uplift
The closest, all-concealing tunic.

She laughed the while, with an arch smile,
And kissed him with a sister's kiss,
And said—"My best Diogenes,
I love you well—but, if you please,
Tempt not again my deepest bliss.

'Tis you are cold—for I, not coy,
  Yield love for love, frank, warm and true;
And Burns, a Scottish peasant-boy—
His errors prove it—knew my joy
  More, learned friend, than you."

Shelley was, of course, not altogether right about Wordsworth. But there can be little doubt that the sterility of much of Wordsworth's poetry after 1805 can be traced to the driving underground of his passion for Annette Vallon; and that he paid for his "seeming virtue" by the death of his Muse. Says Shelley:

The storm in Peter's heart and mind
Now made his verses dark and queer;
They were the ghosts of what they were,
  Shaking dim grave-clothes in the wind.

Coleridge is introduced briefly into the Fifth Part of *Peter Bell the Third*, and for him as for Wordsworth Shelley has both praise and blame:

He was a mighty poet—and
  A subtle-souled psychologist;
  All things he seemed to understand,
Of old or new—of sea or land—
  But his own mind—which was a mist.

This was a man who might have turned
  Hell into Heaven—and so in gladness
A Heaven unto himself have earned;
But he in shadows undiscerned
  Trusted,—and damned himself to madness.

He spoke of poetry, and how
"Divine it was—a light—a love—
A spirit which like wind doth blow
As it listeth, to and fro;
A dew rained down from God above;

"A power which comes and goes like a dream,
And which none can ever trace—
Heaven's light on earth—Truth's brightest beam."
And when he ceased, there lay the gleam
Of these words upon his face.

For the genius of Coleridge Shelley had, in fact, the greatest respect. He recurs to this later in the *Letter to Maria Gisborne*, and in his statement, with reference to his own translation of the "May Day Night Scene" from *Faust*, that "No one but Coleridge is capable" of doing Goethe justice in a translation.

But while Shelley was thus occupied with many literary enterprises in Italy, the political state of England was moving toward a crisis. "The conditions of the early days of the Industrial Revolution in England," writes A. Stanley Walker, "are too well known to demand description. But the crude inhumanities and the vicious practices of opulent industrial and political jobbers must not, for that reason, be passed over in silence. The picture of a proletariat clamped fiercely and hopelessly to the loom, sweated relentlessly by a handful of plutocratic mill-owners, the whole organization of the country being in the hands of a ministry which unwillingly and half-heartedly limped, from sheer ineptitude as it seemed, in the footsteps of Metternich and his reactionary legitimist following

in Europe, was one which lent venom to the pen of Shelley." [49] And we have seen to what extent this situation provoked *The Mask of Anarchy*, the fruit of the Manchester Massacre of August 16, 1819, and various other lyrical outbursts of this year. But other crimes of government were not lacking to rouse Shelley's ire; and the passionate and misguided efforts of that organization to suppress the liberty of the press, from about 1811 onward,[50] now culminated (October 1819) in the trial of Richard Carlile for "blasphemous libel" in having published Paine's *Age of Reason* and Palmer's *Principles of Nature*.

Shelley's outburst on Carlile's trial filled five folio sheets of notepaper, and was sent off to Leigh Hunt for publication in *The Examiner*. Hunt, however, had the sagacity not to publish it, fearing that if he did the long arm of Government, which had already reached him, once, might touch and involve his friend in similar difficulties. But the letter has survived, and has been printed for the first time completely by Mr. R. H. Hill, in his recently-published *Shelley Correspondence in the Bodleian Library*.

Declaring, first, that he himself disbelieved, with Carlile, in the divinity of Christ and the divine inspiration of some of the Hebrew scriptures, he impugned the conduct of Carlile's trial on the ground that Carlile had not been tried by a jury of his peers, but by a prejudiced group of men actually committed to those views which Carlile had attacked, insisting that it was wrong, furthermore, for Government to single out one deist for prosecution, whereas Hume, Gibbon, Sir William Drummond, Godwin, Burdon, and Bentham had been allowed to

[49] "Shelley, Peterloo, and Reform" in *P. M. L. A.* XL. i. 128.

[50] The trials of the brothers Hunt, William Hone, Daniel Isaac Eaton, and others, occurring in this period, had earlier angered Shelley, and provoked his protests.

express views no less perilous to a belief in the orthodox Christian creed than Paine's, and had gone free.

But it is not in any of these points that Shelley's letter of protest is of greatest importance. The roots of the matter, Shelley believed, lay deeper, and in a masterly summary he coupled together all the various intolerances which stalked behind the Carlile prosecution. He says: "The prosecutors care little for religion, or care for it only as the mask and the garment by which they are invested with the symbols of worldly power. In prosecuting Carlile, they have used the superstition of the jury as their instrument in crushing a political enemy, or rather they strike in his person at all their political enemies. They know that the Established Church is based upon the belief in certain events of a supernatural character having occurred in Judea eighteen centuries ago; that but for this belief the farmer would refuse to pay the tenth of the produce of his labours to maintain its members in idleness; that this class of persons if not maintained in idleness would have something else to do than to divert the attention of the people from obtaining a Reform in their oppressive Government, and that consequently the Government would be reformed, and that the people would receive a just price for their labour, a consummation incompatible with the luxurious idleness in which their rulers esteem it their interest to live.—Economy, retrenchment, the disbanding of the standing army, the gradual abolition of the National Debt by some just yet speedy and effectual system, and such a reform in the representative system, and such a reform in the representation, as by admitting the constitutional presence of the people in the State may prevent the recurrence of evils which now present us with the alternative of despotism or revolution, are the objects at which the jury unceremoniously struck when from a sentiment

of religious intolerance they delivered a verdict of guilty against Mr. Carlile." [51]

The autumn days of 1819 were spent by the Shelleys at Florence, to which they had removed at the end of September. One reason for the change of residence was Mary's desire to have the Scottish surgeon, Dr. Bell, attend her in her confinement which took place on November 12th. In the new life of his son, Percy Florence Shelley, the poet could now live again in hope and anticipation, as he had done before, hovering above the cradle of William Shelley. And Mary could dry her tears that had not ceased to flow since their first-born son was taken from them.

It was Shelley's custom, in these days, often to walk in the Cascine Forest, near the city, "watching the leaves, and the rising and falling of the Arno." And here, "on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains," Shelley witnessed "a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions." And there was precipitated that noble poem, one of the most exalted in our own or any literature, the majestic *Ode to the West Wind.*

Let us now look at the ideas and imagery of the poem. In the first stanza, Shelley addresses the West Wind as the force which, catching up the yellow autumn leaves and winged seeds bears them along to their wintry bed, there to lie until the winds in spring shall waken the earth, and these seeds within it, into life. In stanza two, the wind is praised as the force which blows up the storm clouds, and sings the dirge of the year. In the third, it is pictured moving over the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, and waking both from sleep into activ-

[51] *Letters,* ii. 743–4.

ity that stirs even the vegetation deep buried in the sea. The poet next expresses the wish that he might be a leaf (cf. stanza 1), a cloud (cf. stanza 2), or a wave (cf. stanza 3) and so feel himself uplifted by the powerful West Wind and borne on by it, for he confesses:

> I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
> A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
> One too like thee; tameless, and swift, and proud.

He then begs the West Wind to let him be the lyre through which the wind might breathe mighty harmonies; to merge with his spirit, and bear his words as ashes and sparks among mankind, prophetic of the hopes the poet held for man's futurity. The skilful knitting of the lines in the first stanza descriptive of the leaves, borne by the wind, with the lines in the last:

> Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
> Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth,

is not the least striking of the effects by which Shelley makes of the ode a complete unity. How the same image was used by Charles Dickens we may see in these phrases from a letter which he wrote on April 15, 1854, to John E. Ball: "—let us always advocate such principles to the best of our opportunities and abilities; and I believe and hope we shall do better than by taking any amount of pledges or forming a whole army of societies. Sow the seed. It will come up in the spot where it is sown—it will be carried on wings we know nothing of, into chance places—not a grain of it will ever die out."

Compare now, the second, third, and fourth sections of the first stanza with some stanzas of Shelley's earlier poem of 1817, *Laon and Cythna:*

The blasts of autumn drive the wingèd seeds
Over the earth,—next come the snows, and rain,
And frosts, and storms, which dreary winter leads
Out of his Scythian cave, a savage train;
Behold! Spring sweeps over the world again,
Shedding soft dews from her ætherial wings;
Flowers on the mountains, fruits over the plain,
And music on the waves and woods she flings,
And love on all that lives, and calm on lifeless things.

O Spring! of hope, and love, and youth, and gladness,
Wind-wingèd emblem! brightest, best, and fairest!
Whence comest thou, when, with dark winter's sadness
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest?
Sister of joy! thou art the child who wearest
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet;
Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle feet,
Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding-sheet.

It is the same picture, but in an expanded form; and to study it is to be impressed with the ruthlessness of the poet's deliberate repression in his later version, which in contrast with the earlier verse has a concentrated power, and the beauty of an increased simplicity of expression.

"Did Shelley take much trouble to revise his poetry?" is a question often asked. For answer, I would refer the inquirer to the various manuscript readings of *Prometheus Unbound*. "Did he revise for the better or the worse?" is a natural second question; and it happens that the manuscript of *The Ode to the West Wind*, which is now in the Huntington Library in California, furnishes us with indisputable evidence that he could and did revise, invariably, for the better.

Again regarding the text of the poem, we may note as examples of his felicitous alterations of his first draft the following changes in expression:

Section 1. line 5, originally read: "Like famine-stricken multitudes, thou whom." By changing "famine" to "Pestilence" and omitting "Like" we get, not only the increased power of metaphor over simile, but the added beauty of the trochaic foot in the first two syllables of the new word, this foot being substituted for an iambic foot in the line.

Same section, line 8, first read: "Like a dead body in the grave, until" and Shelley rejected the gruesome suggestion of "dead body" for "corpse."

Same section again, lines 11 and 12 first read:

> With radiant flowers and living leaves
> The atmosphere investing plain and hill

This is conventional description; and Shelley altered it to the highly poetic and unusual lines of the present text.

Line 13 of this section at first began: "O Spirit" but because he was using the same explanation in line 14 he rejected "O" for "Wild," and redeemed himself from the charge of monotonous repetition.

Turning to the second section, whose first line in the original draft read: "O thou on whom in the steep" etc., we note that Shelley altered the expression first to "Thou upon whom" etc., and then deciding that it was not pictorial enough changed it again to read, as in the present text: "Thou on whose stream." A similar change was made in the next line, where the indescriptive article "the" in the phrase "the decaying leaves" was altered to "earth's."

Probably for the same reason that in line 5 of the previous section he had changed "Like famine-stricken" to "Pestilence-

stricken"—that is, in order to introduce a trochaic foot, for variety, at the beginning of an iambic line, Shelley in the fourth line of the second section changed "Those angels of strong lightning" to the present reading. It enabled him, too, to enrich the imagery by the addition of "rain."

The next line underwent a number of changes. Shelley originally wrote "On the deep blue of thine aerial stream"; struck out "deep blue" and wrote "blue depth," altered "depth" to "surface," "aerial" to "aery," "stream" to "billows," and "billows" to "surge."

The last line of this stanza stood at first thus:

Floods of black rain are poured hear O hear!

but this was changed to the more vivid reading of the text, according to a rhythmic pattern of which Shelley was fond, and which is elsewhere illustrated by the line in *A Lament* reading:

Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar.

But in the interest of that same artistic repression which I have hitherto commended in Shelley's case, I am going to pass over the manuscript alterations of the third section to speak of the fourth section, in which the poet beseeches the West Wind:

If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee!

The history of this image is to me at least most interesting. In a little volume written by Mary Wollstonecraft, the mother of Shelley's second wife, there is a reference to "one of the fleecy clouds on which the poet has often gazed, scarcely conscious that he wished to make it his chariot." [52] This had been published in 1798; and when Shelley and Mary Godwin

[52] Posthumous Works of the Author of a *Vindication of the Rights of Women.* 1798, iv. 165.

met in 1812, this and other works by Mary Wollstonecraft were read by them together. In 1817 Shelley wrote down the following fragment of original verse:

O that a chariot of cloud were mine!
  Of cloud which the wild tempest weaves in air,
When the moon over the ocean's line
  Is spreading the locks of her bright gray hair.
O that a chariot of cloud were mine!
  I would sail on the waves of the billowy wind
To the mountain peak and the rocky lake,
And the

here the fragment ends.

The prayer of the poet, which opens the fifth section,

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is!

presents an image of the function of the poet, and the individual soul, so frequently recurrent in Shelley's work, and so expressive of his notions of the relation of the human being to the Divine that I feel we should pause to trace its various expressions in his work. The first of these is in the *Essay on Christianity*, written but not published in 1815. Says Shelley:

We live and move and think; but we are not the creators of our own origin and existence. We are not the arbiters of every motion of our own complicated nature; we are not the masters of our own imaginations and moods of mental being. There is a Power by which we are surrounded, like the atmosphere in which some motionless lyre is suspended, which visits with its breath our silent chords at will.

Our most imperial and stupendous qualities—those on which the majesty and the power of humanity is erected—are, relatively to the inferior portion of its mechanism, active and imperial; but they are the passive slaves of some higher and more omnipotent Power. This

Power is God; and those who have seen God have, in the period of their purer and more perfect nature, been harmonized by their own will to so exquisite a consentaneity of power as to give forth divinest melody, when the breath of universal being sweeps over their frame.

Permit, therefore, the Spirit of this benignant Principle to visit your intellectual fame, or, in other words, become just and pure.

In the poem *Alastor; or the Spirit of Solitude*, written in the same year (1815) and published in the next, Shelley addresses this Spirit thus:

> . . . though ne'er yet
> Thou hast unveiled thy inmost sanctuary,
> Enough from incommunicable dream,
> And twilight phantasms, and deep noon-day thought
> Has shone within me, that serenely now
> And moveless, as a long-forgotten lyre
> Suspended in the solitary dome
> Of some mysterious and deserted fane
> I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that my strain
> May modulate with murmurs of the air,
> And motions of the forests and the sea,
> And voice of living beings, and woven hymns
> Of night and day, and the deep heart of man.

In *A Defence of Poetry* (written in 1820) Shelley has this to say about the origin of poetry: "Poetry is indeed something divine. . . . A man cannot say, 'I will compose poetry.' The greatest poet even cannot say it; for the mind in creation is as a fading coal, which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness. . . . Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man."

Regarding these quotations, we can better understand Shelley's notion of the poetic function: that it is with pure heart to "listen and receive" the visitations of the Divine; and to speak

with authority—the authority, not the poet's, but God's—and often with the clear-seeing vision of the prophet, God-inspired.

Once more resisting the impulse to trace the imagery of lines 7–13 back to Shelley's first-published poem, *Queen Mab*, (v. 1–15) and *The Revolt of Islam*, (ii. 928–39 and ix. Stanzas 21 and 23) I come to the concluding lines, already referred to in connection with the title of Mr. Hutchinson's recent novel. In a collection of 18th century verse generally current in Shelley's day, and which he very probably knew, these lines appear, under the title, *A Winter Thought:*

> And when the winter tedious grows,
> And length'ning days cold stronger bring,
> A new increasing pleasure flows
> From expectation of the spring.

In one of his earliest prose pamphlets, the *Proposals for an Association*, published in 1812, Shelley wrote: "We see in Winter that the foliage of the trees is gone, that they present to the view nothing but leafless branches . . . we see that the loveliness of the flower decays, though the root continues in the earth. What opinion should we form of that man, who, when he walked in the freshness of the spring, beheld the fields enameled with flowers, and the foliage bursting from the buds, should find fault with all this beautiful order, and murmur his contemptible discontents because winter must come, and the landscape be robbed of its beauty for a while again?"

Five years later, in *The Revolt of Islam* Shelley caused Cythna, the heroine, to address Laon, her lover, in these lines:

> This is the Winter of the world;—and here
> We die, even as the winds of Autumn fade,
> Expiring in the frore and foggy air.—
> Behold! Spring comes, though we must pass, who made

The promise of its birth,—even as the shade
Which from our death, as from a mountain, flings
The future, a broad sunrise; thus arrayed
As with the plumes of overshadowing wings,
From its dark gulf of chains, Earth like an eagle springs.

O dearest love! we shall be dead and cold
Before this morn may on the world arise:
Wouldst thou the glory of its dawn behold?
Alas! gaze not on me, but turn thine eyes
On thine own heart—it is a paradise
Which everlasting spring has made its own,
And while drear Winter fills the naked skies,
Sweet streams of sunny thought, and flowers fresh blown,
Are there, and weave their sounds and odours into one.

The *Ode to the West Wind* was written by Shelley in Italy, in the autumn of 1819. We know, from a letter which he wrote in October of that year, that his health, which had for years been none of the best, had improved there under the influence of the sirocco, or southwest wind. This fact might have caused him to choose this rather than another wind for praise in his great ode. But it is not his own health, but the health of human society, which is his theme in the poem, and from first to last it is a petition to that Power behind the West Wind's power, which he recognizes in the passage from the *Essay on Christianity* cited above, to inform his mind and dower him with fit expression to rouse Man from his intellectual and spiritual state of bondage, to a recognition of his sonship with God. Incidentally, it is in verse what *A Defence of Poetry* is in prose—a glorification of the function of the poet in society. The poet, according to Shelley, is no mere dabbler in words, no mere time-serving celebrant of the

perfection of the present state of things; but "a dedicated spirit," one of the company of singers who are "the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves—the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

Sometimes Shelley's walks in the Cascine Forest were not solitary, as when he found pleasure in the companionship of Miss Sophia Stacey, a ward of his uncle-by-marriage, Mr. Robert Parker, who was living downstairs in the same Florentine lodgings. To her he addressed the impassioned poem, *To Sophia*, whose second stanza, now in the Huntington MSS., has hitherto been published as *Fragment: "Follow to the Deep Wood's Weeds."* This stanza reads, in the original MS.,[53] thus:

> Follow to the deep wood, sweetest,
> Follow to the wild-briar dingle
> ( ) no eye thou there meetest,
> When we sink to intermingle
> And the violet tells no tale
> To the odour-scented gale
> For they too have enough to do
> Of such work as I and you.

Closely connected with this poem both in its spirit and expression, and probably originating from the same companionship, is the famous *Love's Philosophy*, subscribed: "Florence—January, 1820" in the Harvard MS. Notebook, in which the number of variants from the published texts warrants republication of the whole poem as it stands in that notebook:

[53].Garnett—Bixby—Huntington MS. See *Note-Books*, ii. 11.

An Anacreontic

The Fountains mingle with the River
And the rivers with the Ocean
The winds of Heaven melt together
With a sweet emotion
Nothing in the world is single
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle?—
Why not I with thine?—

See, the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea
What were these examples worth
If thou kiss not me?

To Miss Stacey also Shelley presented, in a copy of Leigh Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book* for 1819, *Love's Philosophy*, *Time Long Past*, and *Good-Night*. The last of these, which is one of the loveliest lyrics Shelley ever penned, can not be hackneyed by repetition.

Good-Night [54]

Good-night? no, love! the night is ill
Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be *good* night.

How were the night without thee good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?

[54] I give the *Literary Pocket-Book* text.

Be it not said, thought, understood—
Then it will be—*good* night.

The hearts that on each other beat
From evening close to morning light
Have nights as good as they are sweet
But never *say* good-night.

With the aid of Miss Stacey's diary [55] we can fill out the picture of Shelley's regret that, late on some autumn evening of 1819, they two had to part. Writes Sophia, on the evening of the 13th November: "Saw Mr. Shelley . . . ho veduto il signa; lumiere del lampo—ha parlato die sue sorrelle—Devo ritornare i suoi ricordanze al Signor Parker—Di suoi avventure nella sua gioventu—Gli scrittori—Inchiostro. Si parlo della musica. Ha ascoltata le canzonette. Uomo molto interessante." [56]

On the 29th December Sophia and her friend and travelling companion, Miss Corbet Parry-Jones, left Rome; and Shelley was awake early to see them off. He gave Sophia a letter of introduction in Italian to the Signora Dionigi, 310 Corso, Rome, in which he spoke of the two young ladies as "amiche mie, ammiratore di tutte le belle arti." Later, from Pisa, Shelley wrote a postcript for Sophia on a letter from Mary to the latter, and enclosed the "Lines on a Dead Violet" for her pleasure. The message [57] read: "I promised

[55] Angeli, *Shelley and His Friends in Italy*, 97. Mrs. Angeli gives us the only adequate account of Miss Stacey and her relations with Shelley.

[56] "The Italian," says Mrs. Angeli, "is very incorrect, but should apparently translate as follows: 'I saw the signal; the light of the lamp. He spoke of his sisters. I am to give his regards to Mr. Parker. His adventures in Youth—Authors—Ink—We talked about music—He listened to the songs (or possibly 'I listened to his verses)'—A very interesting man.'"

[57] Angeli, *Shelley and His Friends in Italy*, 104–5.

you what I cannot perform; a song on singing;—there are only two subjects remaining. I have a few old stanzas on one which though simple and rude, look as if they were dictated by the heart. And so—if you will tell no one *whose* they are, you are welcome to them.

The odour from the flower is gone
  Which like thy kisses breathed on me;
The colour from the flower is flown
  Which glowed of thee and only thee!

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
  It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
  With cold and silent rest.

I weep,—my tears revive it not!
  I sigh,—it breathes no more on me;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
  Is such as mine should be.

At the end of the verses Shelley apologized for them, thus: "Pardon these dull verses from one who is dull but who is not the less ever yours, P. B. S. When you come to Pisa continue to see us—Casa Frassi, Lung' Arno."

CHAPTER XVI

THE SHELLEYS AT PISA

The Sensitive Plant—The Cloud—Swellfoot the Tyrant—Medwin—Leghorn—The Skylark—Letter to Maria Gisborne—The Baths of San Giuliano—The Witch of Atlas—Quarrel with Southey—Pisa Again—Emilia Viviani—Epipsychidion—The Defence of Poetry.

FROM Florence, on January 26, 1820, Shelley, Mary, Claire, and Percy Florence, their new-born son, set off for Pisa, and travelled by boat on the Arno, at the rate of six miles an hour. By two in the afternoon they were at Empoli, and there taking a carriage arrived at Pisa at six. They found lodgings at the Tre Donzelle.

At Pisa they met an old friend of Mary Wollstonecraft and William Godwin—sometime Lady Mountcashel, now "Mrs. Mason." "She was ever all hopefulness and serenity and benevolence; her countenance was perfectly irradiated by these sentiments, and at the same time of purity and unconscious sweetness and beauty." So Claire described Mrs. Mason. And it was Mrs. Mason who suggested that, as Shelley's health was at this time none of the best, he should consult Dr. Andrea Vacca Berlinghieri, the eminent surgeon, and Professor of Surgery in the University of Pisa.

Dr. Berlinghieri, or Vacca, as he was more familiarly called, traced Shelley's sufferings to his nerves, and ordering the poet to abandon the drugs other physicians had prescribed, to lead a healthful, out-door life. This very same prescription, which a friend of Shelley's, not a physician, had given him five years before, and which, followed in the river trip up the

Thames in that year, had so greatly benefited Shelley,[1] served him well at Pisa. Byron and Shelley both despised the body when creation was going forward; but differently. Byron took to gin and water to keep his blood circulating; Shelley, to tea and lemonade. Both might have lived more healthily had they lived out-of-doors during a part of each day, engaging in some vigorous physical exercise. For nature will have her revenges; and either we must follow her rules, and keep a proper balance in the types of our activities or pay with pain and suffering for breaking her immutable laws.

Shelley's spirits were sorely tried in these days, furthermore, by repeated requests for financial aid from the mendicant author of *Political Justice*, who, insisting that Shelley had pledged to give him five hundred pounds to meet back rents, etc., on the Skinner Street bookshop, wrote several angry letters to Mary, demanding that this pledge be fulfilled. One hundred pounds advanced to the philosopher by Shelley through Horace Smith, instead of satisfying, only whetted Godwin's appetite for more. Shelley, to placate the venerable mentor of his earlier years, attempted to secure a loan for Godwin from John Gisborne; but as once before, on the eve of leaving England in 1818, his patience now gave way, and he wrote to the philosopher: "If you are sincere on this subject, why, instead of seeking to plunge one already half ruined for your sake into deeper ruin, do you not procure the £400 by your own active power?" Godwin, however, when "passing the hat" [2] had no pride to swallow; and he would forget all that Shelley had written whenever he needed funds.

[1] "He lived in my way for the rest of our expedition, rowed vigorously, was cheerful, merry, overflowing with animal spirits, and had certainly one week of thorough enjoyment of life."—Thomas Love Peacock, *Works*, ed. 1875, iii, 422–3.

[2] This phrase, descriptive of Godwin's begging tactics, is Matthew Arnold's.

From Batty's Italian Scenery, London, 1820

PISA

The residence of Shelley and Byron, 1820–1.

And there were other persecutions than those of Godwin, from which Shelley suffered at this time. Probably because the poet's marital difficulties had been, by this time, quite thoroughly aired in the reviews—notably in the *Quarterly Review* article on *The Revolt of Islam*, in 1819—the English colony at Pisa was both well informed and as likely as not, thoroughly misinformed about the Shelleys. Scandalous stories, for the circulation of one or more of which a discharged Italian servant of the Shelleys, Paolo, was responsible, were current, and on one occasion, Medwin informs us, a soldier at the post-office at Pisa, on hearing Shelley ask for his mail, exclaimed: "What, are you that damned atheist Shelley?" and knocked Bysshe down by a swift blow. For a while, Shelley was stunned; but then he and George William Tighe, husband-by-courtesy of "Mrs. Mason," late Lady Mountcashell, pursued the attacker to Genoa, where they lost his trail.

But, despite all these unhappinesses, Shelley at Pisa produced some poetry of the highest worth. Here, in the first months of his residence, he wrote *The Sensitive Plant*, *The Ode to Liberty*, *The Vision of the Sea*, and *The Cloud*. The influence of Dante's Purgatorio in the *Divina Commedia* is written large over *The Sensitive Plant*. Indeed, we know Shelley's admiration of the scene describing Matilda's gathering flowers; and that this admiration led Shelley to translate it. *The Sensitive Plant* is, to all ordinary intents, merely an expansion of that scene. Perhaps the "Lady" of the poem owes something to that other lady of Shelley's "True Story" published in the *Indicator* in July 1820; and perhaps, also, something to Southey's "Maimuna," whom we have seen that Shelley admired, in *Thalaba*, ix. 502 ff. It has already been suggested that the scene may have been a reconstruction of the garden near Oxford into which Hogg and Shelley once

stumbled, and over which, Hogg tells us, Shelley liked afterward to imagine that a tutelary nymph presided.

But in a much more significant sense *The Sensitive Plant* is a piece of poetic autobiography—the story of Shelley's own love-life, and the significant part which Woman played in it. The symbol was not new, even in his own work. It is a restatement, indeed, of *Julian and Maddalo*, 438–460:

> It were
> A cruel punishment for one most cruel,
> If such can love, to make that love the fuel
> Of the mind's hell—hate, scorn, remorse, despair:
> But *me*—whose heart a stranger's tear might wear
> As water-drops the sandy fountain stone;
> Who loved and pitied all things, and could moan
> For woes which others hear not, and could see
> The absent with the glance of phantasy,
> And with the poor and trampled sit and weep,
> Following the captive to his dungeon deep;
> *Me*—who am as a nerve o'er which do creep
> The else unfelt oppressions of this earth,
> And was to thee the flame upon thy hearth,
> When all beside was cold:—that thou on me
> Shouldst rain these plagues of blistering agony!
> Such curses are from lips once eloquent
> With love's too partial praise: let none relent
> Who intend deeds too dreadful for a name
> Henceforth, if an example for the same
> They seek . . . for thou on me look'dst so, and so—
> And didst speak thus . . . and thus . . . I live to shew
> How much men bear and die not!

The evidence of the Shelley-Garnett-Bixby-Huntington Notebook, and of the Harvard MS. Notebook (Harv. MS.

Eng. 258. 2) version shows that Shelley made a number of changes in the wording of the poem as he proceeded, almost always altering for the better; but that the poem did not cost him anything like the labor bestowed upon most of his other narrative poems. And I think this may have been due to the fact that it was not one of his greatest poems of this type; and seems rather forced, and attenuated. But there is in some of the concluding lines of the poem an anticipation of a nobler theme, to be elaborated within the year in the far superior *Adonais:*

> . . . in this life
> Of error, ignorance, and strife—
> Where nothing is—but all things seem
> And we, the shadows of the dream
> It is a modest creed, and yet
> Pleasant if one considers it
> To own that death itself must be
> Like all the rest—a mockery.
> That Garden sweet, that Lady fair,
> And all sweet shapes and odours there
> In truth have never past away—
> 'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed—not they.

More happily situated in his new apartments at Pisa, as a letter to Leigh Hunt, April 5th, testifies, and with the convenience of a study where he could be alone, Shelley continued his writing: and *The Sensitive Plant* having been concluded in March, in April he wrote *The Vision of the Sea.*[3]

It describes two fearful tempests which succeed each other, the first tossing a ship until, a helpless derelict, she was becalmed like the craft of the Ancient Mariner until all her

[3] From an examination of the Harvard MS. Notebook draft of this poem, in Shelley's handwriting, it has become evident to me that the poem, as it stands in all published texts prior to the Julian Edition, has been very imperfectly edited.

crew died; and the second completing the destruction of the first and thrusting into the sea the sole survivors of the first —a woman, her child, and two tigers that had been chained in the hold. The woman and child are, presumably, rescued by twelve rowers who come to the rescue of the sinking craft just as the poem, which remains a fragment, comes to an abrupt close; but the tigers are destroyed, one by a sea-snake, and the other by the fire of the oarsmen. To me the most moving passage in the entire poem is the Woman's address to her child as she contemplates their almost certain death by drowning. Into it Shelley poured his own grief for the loss of William and Clara; and his passion, poignant but tempered into beauty, finds voice thus:

> Alas! what is life, what is death, what are we,
> That when the ship sinks we no longer may be:
> What! to see thee no more, and to feel thee no more?
> To be after life what we have been before!
> Not to touch those sweet hands? Not to look on those eyes,
> Those lips, and that hair,—all the smiling disguise
> Thou yet wearest, sweet Spirit, which I, day by day
> Have so long called my child, but which now fades away
> Like a rainbow, and I the fallen shower?

But this is not to say that there are not also stirring descriptions of the violence of the storm, of the ship becalmed—suggested, no doubt, by his reading of Coleridge—and of dawn suddenly breaking upon a sea torn by a vanished tempest.

Other storms, however, than those he could see on the Mediterranean caught the poet's eye at this time. News of an insurrection in Spain reached them at Pisa in March. The Constitution of 1812 had been proclaimed, the Cortes assembled, the Inquisition abolished, and imprisoned patriots set

free from their dungeons. Shelley was stirred; and the result was the somewhat rhetorical *Ode to Liberty*, with its echoes of Shelley's worst *Queen Mab* manner and such frigid natural imagery as this:

> From what Hyrcanian glen or frozen hill,
> Or piny promontory of the Arctic main,
> Or utmost islet inaccessible,
> Didst thou lament the ruin of thy reign,
> Teaching the woods and waves, and desert rocks,
> And every Naiad's ice-cold urn,
> To talk in echoes sad and stern
> Of that sublimest lore which man had dared unlearn?

Saxon Alfred—the name was kept set up in type for the editorial page of Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*—and Luther, and Milton, appear in the *dramatis personæ* with King and Priest, Pity, and Indignation, Folly and Oppression, and other Popeian abstractions; but not all this array of persons and personifications can suffice to redeem the *Ode* from the charge of being lifeless, artificial, and, for these reasons, and others, too long. The motto from *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* which heads the poem, and the address, in the fourteenth stanza:

> Tomb of Arminius! render up thy dead,

suggest the influence of Byron; and the lines, opening the sixth stanza:

> Within the surface of Time's fleeting river
> Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay,
> Immovably unquiet, and forever
> It trembles, but it cannot pass away,

although they might conceivably have sprung from a remembered view of Venice, or Florence, reflected in the waters that

adjoin them, is just as probably an unconscious echo of Wordsworth's

> . . . all the while
> Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.
> Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was there;
> It trembled, but it never passed away.[4]

The poem ends in a characteristic Shelleyan subsidence:

> My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,
> Drooped;

but the verdict of most readers of it will be and is, I fear, that its pinions had never raised it even approximately near the terrible beauty of the utmost heights of song.

On the lyric wings of *Arethusa* and *The Cloud*, however, both composed at Pisa, we are lifted into that more rarefied air. The first is as free on earth as the second above it. Classical mythology has perhaps never produced, in English verse, a poem more instilled with the blood of life than *Arethusa*. It is as if Shelley were singing his song to Sicilian shepherds in the height of Attica's renown, centuries before, and having indeed "looked on Nature's loveliness" with the eyes of a Greek of those days, had sung of her with the simplicity and with the revealed passion she had awakened in his simple heart.

The Cloud is more sophisticated, but not less beautiful. If it could not have been heard with complete understanding by those same Sicilian shepherds, it can, thanks to our increased knowledge of physiography, be quite easily grasped by the majority today. "Could Erasmus Darwin have clothed the processes of Nature in such poetic purple as this," wrote Thomas Seccombe, "few would have found the courage to

[4] *Elegiac Stanzas, Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle*, ll. 4–5, 7–8.

ridicule his choice of subject-matter." [5] With an ease and a swiftness rarely equalled in his poems, Shelley describes the rapid changes of a cloud, its course, its dissolution and its reconstruction, the whole forming a most moving symbol for the the poet and ourselves of the permanence of a beneficent Spirit in Nature. The form indeed changes, but the spirit remains, to reappear in a thousand differing aspects, ministering to Earth and to Man.

To most modern readers the beauty of this poem is so obvious, it is for them so ineradicable a part of the rich heritage of English poetry, that the views of the critic of the *Quarterly Review* who fell afoul of it in 1822 must seem amazing, and as incomprehensible as that critic held most of the *Prometheus Unbound* volume, in which *The Cloud* appeared, to be. Said he: "The want of meaning in Mr. Shelley's poetry takes different shapes. Sometimes it is impossible to attach any signification to his words; sometimes they hover on the verge between meaning and no meaning, so that a meaning may be obscurely conjectured by the reader, though none is expressed by the writer; and sometimes they convey ideas, which, taken separately, are sufficiently clear, but, when connected, are altogether incongruous." Citing *Prometheus Unbound,* III, iii, 49–56, he continued: "This galimatias (for it goes far beyond simple nonsense) is rivalled by the following description of something that is done by a cloud." He then quoted the first twelve lines of *The Cloud* as an *exemplum horridum* of Shelley's obscurity.

"England yet sleeps," wrote Shelley, in the *Ode to Liberty.* In 1820 she suffered from a kind of royal nightmare; for in this year the character of Queen Caroline, who had returned from the Continent to England, was publicly impugned in the

[5] *Bookman's History of English Literature,* ii. 435.

House of Lords. The trial of the Queen, which succeeded to the charges preferred by her husband, provoked an avalanche of pamphlets that would have diverted Swift, or Defoe; some —perhaps most—defending the Queen, others lampooning her conduct abroad.

"I wonder what in the world the Queen has done," wrote Shelley, to Thomas Medwin, July 20th. "I should not wonder, after the whispers I have heard, to find that the Green Bag contained evidence that she had imitated Pasiphaë, and that the Committee should recommend to Parliament a bill to exclude all Minotaurs from the succession. What silly stuff is this to employ a great nation about. I wish the King and the Queen, like Punch and his wife, would fight out their disputes in person." [6] But, though he might regard the whole dispute as "silly stuff" Shelley was not above adding one more document to the scores that had been issued on the case; and so in August we behold him—in an unfortunate moment, for he had not the powers to do this sort of thing well—setting to work on *Œdipus Tyrannus; or, Swellfoot the Tyrant.*

Clues from pamphlets current on the trial, especially Hone's publications,[7] were blended with an idea perhaps derived from an article by Professor Porson on "A New Catechism for the Natives of Hampshire" in Leigh Hunt's *Examiner* for August 30, 1818,[8] to make a political farce in which George IV, Queen Caroline, Lords Liverpool and Eldon, Viscount Castlereagh, Sir John Leech and other real court figures appear under aliases. The conception of the people of England as swine driven by their rulers, was not original with Shelley. It is

[6] Ingpen, *Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, ii, 806.

[7] See Professor N. I. White's article, "Shelley's Swellfoot the Tyrant in its Relation to Contemporary Political Satire," *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, Sept. 1921, pp. 332–46.

[8] See *Appendix* I.

the central idea of Porson's dialog, just mentioned, and as early as 1812 Shelley had written, in a letter to Elizabeth Hitchener, of "the swinish multitude—such as burnt the house of Priestley." [9] Cobbett had used the phrase in his *Political Register* in November 1816.[10] But indeed the concept had been used earlier, in 1794–5, when in celebration of the acquittal of Horne Tooke, Thomas Hardy, and Daniel Isaac Eaton, at least two commemorative medals were struck off; one bearing the figure of a hog trampling a sceptre, and the motto: "Pigs' Meat, Published by T. Spence, London"; another, a picture of several hogs wallowing in a trough, and the motto: "Printer to the Majesty of the People, London, 1795." [11]

Œdipus Tyrannus, like *The Necessity of Atheism, The Devil's Walk, The Declaration of Rights, Queen Mab,* and *Laon and Cythna,* encountered on its publication (by J. Johnston, of 98 Cheapside) not a few obstacles. The loyalists of Cheapside, the "hundred-per-centers" of their day, would have none of it; and instituted a prosecution against it in a ward meeting. To save Johnston from the effects of this, Alderman Rothwell prevailed upon the publisher to suppress the work when only seven copies had been put into circulation. This, accordingly, was done, and as a consequence *Œdipus* is today one of the scarcest and most desired Shelley "firsts" in the rare book market.

The verdict of most reviewers on *Swellfoot* has been extremely severe. One of these, the brilliant scholar and critic, Thomas Seccombe, is gentler, and speaks of its "half-boyish, half-beastly humours"; [12] but the majority would doubtless

[9] May 7, 1812, *Letters,* i, 305.
[10] Cf. *Works of William Cobbett,* v. 2.
[11] Author's collection.
[12] *Bookman's Illustrated History of English Literature,* ii. 435.

endorse Professor Oliver Elton's judgment that it is "dismal and unreadable"; and that "the jokes do not show ability." [13]

About the same time that Shelley's publishing fortunes received the set-back for which the loyalists of Cheap were responsible, he also suffered a personal grief from the defection, as he thought, of the Gisbornes from the ranks of his friends. The occasion was the Gisbornes' proposal to abandon the steamboat, which Shelley had funded, and Henry Reveley had begun building at Leghorn before the Gisbornes and Henry decided to give it up and go to England. Shelley was outraged at this, and wrote Claire Clairmont, now become a governess in the family of Professor Bojti, in Florence, that he would "take some pains" to acquaint his friends "with the vile treatment" the Gisbornes had meted out to him. Subsequently, Shelley's investment was at least partly recouped, and the break between the friends was repaired; but never wholly, apparently, for John Gisborne later regaled the sympathetic Benjamin Robert Haydon with tales of Shelley's monstrous heresies.

As if these trials were not enough, Claire Clairmont now grew fretful and complaining over her situation at Florence, and Shelley was obliged for many months to play comforter to her anguished spirits, in letters sometimes ardent in their expression of his affection for the girl.

Another relative now joined the circle—Shelley's cousin and school-mate of Sion House Academy, Thomas Medwin, Captain, for thirty days only, of the 24th Light Dragoons, and lately a resident of Switzerland and India. Medwin had, however, other claims than that of relationship upon Shelley. He was, to the end of his days, an aspiring author. Shelley

[13] *Survey of English Literature, 1780–1830*, ii, 202.

was always kindly and generous, more often kind than just, in criticism of his friends' literary efforts; and Medwin was encouraged by his cousin to publish.

In mid-June the Shelleys had transferred their residence to the Casa Ricci, the house of the Gisbornes, at Leghorn. But the quivering heat of an advancing Italian summer at length drove them away from this town in early August; and when Medwin joined the circle they were established four miles from Pisa, at the Baths of San Giuliano.

Their residence at Leghorn had been productive of at least two significant poems—the *Ode to a Skylark*, and the *Letter to Maria Gisborne*, utterly unlike in spirit and style, but exhibiting together the remarkable range within which, by this time, Shelley had demonstrated his powers. The *Ode to a Skylark* is divided, skilfully enough, into five parts: first, a direct description of the bird's flight and its song (stanzas 1–7); second, a further description by a series of Calderonian analogies and comparisons (stanzas 8–12); third, the poet's inquiry into the thoughts of the bird which can provoke such unalloyed happiness, such exquisite music; fourth, a contrast of the desires of Man, and his highest music, poetry:

> We look before and after,
> And pine for what is not:
> Our sincerest laughter
> With some pain is fraught;
> Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

fifth (natural consequence from, and climax to, all of the preceding sections) the prayer of the poet to the bird:

> Teach me half the gladness
> That my brain must know
> . . . . . .
> The world should listen then—as I am listening now.

The bird's song, by implication, is beautiful as all naïve beauties of the natural world are lovely because of the bird's innocence, its ignorance of impending death and annihilation, its unconcern over the reception of its strains, its utter abandonment to Beauty and the gladness of a heart bursting with sheer animal delight. The poet's song, by contrast, is never quite unalloyed by pain, neglect, sorrow over humanity's ills, ambition for the improvement of the race, and the fear of dissolution and decay.

Shelley's conception of the poet (stanza eight) as one who still sings

> . . . hymns unbidden

reminds us inevitably of his earlier self-pity as he addressed the swan, in *Alastor:*

> . . . what am I that I should linger here,
> With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,
> Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned
> To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers
> In the deaf air, to the blind earth, and heaven
> That echoes not my thoughts?

But five years have given the poet hopes of an ultimate reception of his music, and his message, if not during his own life, then after, for now he has hopes that the world will ultimately be

> . . . wrought
> To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Nineteen years earlier Wordsworth had expressed the note of fatality in his description of the lot of the poet:

> . . . verse was what he had been wedded to,

And his own mind did like a tempest strong
Come to him thus, and drove the weary wight along.[14]

Both Keats' *Ode on a Grecian Urn* and Shelley's *Ode to a Skylark* express the disillusionment which life brings, in contrast to the blissful ignorance of the figures on the urn, and the soaring, singing bird. Sings Shelley:

Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

And in its climax the *Skylark* ode is akin to Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind,* for in each the poet invokes the aid of natural forces to carry his message to all mankind. In the one case he asks:

Be thou *me,* tempest strong!

In the other he would learn the secret of the bird's music in order that

The world should listen

to his songs, as he was listening to those of the lark.

The *Skylark,* of course, runs true to Shelley's most characteristic type of lyric, the passionate cry that breaks on a note of despair. The ending does not subside as markedly as the *Indian Serenade,* written in the previous year.

The *Letter to Maria Gisborne,* the other important poem written at Leghorn, presents, more vividly, perhaps, than any other poem from his pen, a picture of Shelley's love of friends; for, despite Shelley's claim to Trelawny that he loved solitude, while Mary loved society, no man ever leaned more on companionship than did Shelley. He liked to walk, and sail, holding long discussions with any who would listen and either

[14] *Stanzas, Written in my Pocket Copy of Thomson's Castle of Indolence,* 1801 (pub. 1815). For Shelley's admiration of the poem see Peacock's *Memoirs of Shelley* (Oxford edition) p. 37.

endorse or challenge his opinions on sundry topics. He still "held the arguments—everywhere" as he had reported to Miss Hitchener, a decade earlier, from Keswick. Remembering such conversations with the Gisbornes, he wrote:

> . . . we spun
> A shroud of talk to hide us from the sun
> Of this familiar life, which seems to be
> But is not:—or is but quaint mockery
> Of all we would believe, and sadly blame
> The jarring and inexplicable frame
> Of this wrong world.

But, while he sits in a room in Italy as crowded with mechanical instruments as his rooms at University College once were, the Gisbornes are in London; and he thinks of the possibility of their meeting some of his old friends—Godwin, Hunt, Hogg, Peacock, and Horace Smith, and perhaps also Coleridge, known to him, of course, only through his writings, and through mutual acquaintances—and he says:

> You will see Coleridge—he who sits obscure
> In the exceeding lustre and the pure
> Intense irradiations of a mind,
> Which, with its own internal lightning blind,
> Flags wearily through darkness and despair—
> A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,
> A hooded eagle among blinking owls.

If there was a better contemporary portrait of the author of *Christabel* and *Kubla Khan* than this, I have not seen it.[15]

[15] Wordsworth, in the *Stanzas Written in a Pocket Copy of Thomson's Castle of Indolence,* has given us a more detailed account of his great colleague; but Shelley focuses the attention upon the great outstanding merits and defects of Coleridge in a few swift, telling lines.

Maria would also witness the seamier side of London life, which Shelley, too, had seen, and could not forget:

> . . . a shabby stand
> Of Hackney coaches—a brick house or wall
> Fencing some lonely court, white with the scrawl
> Of our unhappy politics;—or worse—
> A wretched woman reeling by, whose curse
> Mixed with the watchman's, partner of her trade,
> You must accept in place of serenade.

In sharp contrast with the fragrant earthiness of this *Letter* is *The Witch of Atlas*, conceived on a torpid day of mid-August, on a trip from the Baths of San Giuliano to Monte San Pelegrino, and written out in the three days next succeeding (August 14–16). "Shelley," says Arthur Symons, "is never more himself than in the fantasy of 'The Witch of Atlas,' which he wrote in three days, and which is a song in seventy-eight stanzas. It is a glittering cobweb, hung on the horns of the moon's crescent, and left to swing in the wind there. What Fletcher would have shown and withdrawn in a single glimpse of magic, Shelley calls up in a vast wizard landscape which he sets steadily before us. He is the enchanter, but he never mistakes the images which he calls up for realities. They are images to him, and there is always between him and them the thin circle of the ring." [16]

Because Mary objected to the lack of "human interest" in the *Witch* when it was completed, Shelley afterward wrote a series of six prefatory stanzas as a kind of *apologia* for the poem.

> . . . Though no mice are caught by a young kitten,
> May it not leap and play as grown cats do,
> Till its claws come?

[16] *The Romantic Movement in English Poetry*, 1909, p. 275.

pleaded Shelley, in defence of his "visionary rhyme"; and for support of his argument for romance *versus* realism he contrasted the tameness of Wordsworth's choice of Peter as hero in *Peter Bell: A Tale in Verse*, with his own choice of the Witch of Atlas for heroine. But while he did not admire Peter, Shelley admitted some other admirations of Wordsworth's character-selection, for he says:

> My Witch indeed is not so sweet a creature
> As Ruth or Lucy, whom his graceful praise
> Clothes for our grandsons.

This acknowledgment of his special delight in Ruth and Lucy is of real interest, for it has always seemed to me that Shelley's

> . . . he, as I guess,
> Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
> Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
> With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness
> A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift

in *Adonais*, might have owed something to Wordsworth's lines in *Ruth:*

> He was a lovely youth! I guess
> The panther in the wilderness
> Was not as fair as he,

and Shelley's express reference to the poem makes the possibility a probability. Further if I may be permitted another word by the way, on *Ruth*, the description of the influence of nature on the youth from Georgia, in that poem, is certainly applicable to Shelley:

> The wind, the tempest roaring high,
> The tumult of a tropic sky,
> Might well be dangerous food

> For him, a Youth to whom was given
> So much of earth, so much of heaven,
> And such impetuous blood.[17]

But to return to Shelley's *Witch*, and

> . . . the pranks she played among the cities
> Of mortal men,

we may observe that they were, all of them, characteristic "tricks" of a Shelleyan heroine; from taming the savage beasts by "gentle looks" to twining

> . . . three threads of fleecy mist, and three
> Long lines of light, . . . and . . .
> As many star-beams

into "a subtle veil," and floating "down a rapid stream among mountains" [18] in a little boat; in the midst of a *dramatis personæ* embracing such shadowy beings as "Loves," and "busy dreams" (both later re-introduced in *Adonais*), "spirits of the upper air," "sounds of air," and "Visions, white, green, and black."

It is not easy to identify Shelley's Witch finally as the Spirit of Nature, or of Truth, or of Poetry. At various stages of the poem she seems to be all of these, in their turn. It is possible that Shelley began to write the poem with an intent to picture a real witch (her creation of Hermaphroditus reminds one a little of the acts of Southey's Loredan, in *The Curse of Kehama*) with some elfish, Puck-like traits; that this purpose was lost sight of as he proceeded to describe her; that the result was the portrait of another ideal Woman like Cythna; and that she, too, was then forgotten in reveries about

[17] *Ruth*, 121–126.

[18] Shelley's preface to *Laon and Cythna*.

Nature and Poetry. This may appear somewhat too analytical a method to apply to a cobweb, hung on the tip of the moon's crescent; and perhaps it is. "But farewell that."

Let us glance again into the life of the Shelley circle. Little Percy Florence, born the year before, had become the object of Shelley's and Mary's hopes and affections. A letter from Godwin on the usual subject so upset Mary as to produce a disorder in the nursing baby similar to that which had taken the life of Clara Everina, two years earlier. Shelley, distressed beyond words, informed the self-centered Godwin that all his letters to his daughter would hereafter be censored by his son-in-law before they were delivered to Mary to be read; suggested that Godwin secure a needed sum (£400) by selling the MS. of his *Answer to Malthus* or a novel, to some publisher; and concluded with the advice: "Half the care and thought bestowed upon this honourable exertion of the highest faculties of our nature would have rewarded you more largely than dependence on a person whose precarious situation and ruined fortunes make dependence a curse to both." [19]

Nine years before, at Keswick, Shelley, who had read *Thalaba* and *The Curse of Kehama* with enthusiasm, had met Robert Southey, their author, only to be disillusioned by Southey's tergiversation from Pantisocrat to Tory. Yet in 1816, when *Alastor* appeared, his admiration of Southey's abilities as poet and critic had led him to send a copy of that poem to the older writer. The appearance of a particularly savage, anonymous review of *The Revolt of Islam* in the *Quarterly Review* in the autumn of 1819 started Shelley speculating upon its probable authorship: and in June 1820, he addressed Southey, inquiring whether he had written this review. The

[19] Letter to Godwin, August 7, 1820. *Letters*, ii. 814.

article in question having been written by John Taylor Coleridge, Southey was able, in reply, to deny its authorship; but he took the occasion to upbraid Shelley for his misconduct toward Harriet, who, as a bride of a few months, visited Southey with her young poet-husband, in 1811. Shelley now replied, August 17: "I regulated my domestic arrangements without deferring to the notions of the vulgar, although I might have done so quite as conveniently had I descended to their base thoughts." Professor Dowden asks, with reference to this passage: "Does this mean that Shelley, if he had so desired, might have obtained a divorce from his first wife?" The answer to this question, as I have before suggested, must be in the negative; unless we are to suppose that the English courts would have granted the claims (which, so far as we now know, were never made during Harriet's life, and only afterward, apologetically, by Godwin, an interested witness who did not wish to be quoted) of an adulterer against his deserted wife. If the claim had been substantiable in 1817, when the Chancery Case came up for trial, Shelley would hardly have spared his dead wife's memory when the custody of his two living children was at stake. But no such claim was advanced; instead, on the other side of the case a series of letters written by Shelley to Harriet's sister was adduced in evidence that Mary Godwin had herself been the cause of Harriet's ruin. Surely, consideration for his living second wife would by March 1817, have overcome these others of mercy and delicacy touching Harriet, if Godwin's rumor had had any basis in fact.

Late in October, as the result of a flood, the Shelleys removed from the Baths of San Giuliano to lodgings at the Casa Galetti on the Arno, in Pisa. Their last week at the Baths

had been marred, for Shelley, by a return of the spasms which, as he informed Claire in a letter written on the date of their removal to Pisa, had their root in the kidneys. "As to the pain," he assured her, "I care little for it, but the nervous irritability which it leaves is a great and serious evil to me, and which, if not incessantly combated by myself and soothed by others, would leave me nothing but torment in life."

Claire was still restless in her situation as governess in Florence and Shelley was busily endeavoring to procure her some other situation better suited to the girl. In this interest, he wrote to Claire suggesting that she come to Pisa for a few days to meet Mrs. Mason and through the latter, the Princess Montemilitto, who might be able to assist her to secure other employment. The care with which Shelley in this letter advised Claire to be circumspect in leaving the Bojtis, so that if she did not get what she wanted, she might return to them in a few days, is illustrative of his unusual clarity in business matters—a clarity elsewhere well illustrated in letters to Hunt, Godwin, and his London bankers, Messrs. Brookes and Co.

Following this counsel, Claire spent Christmas with the Shelleys at Pisa; but failing to secure another situation more to her liking, she returned to Florence only to write Shelley on her arrival at the Bojtis, that she regretted she had not remained in Pisa. Perhaps Claire envied the Shelleys the pleasure of acquaintanceship with a numerous circle of Pisan personalities which began at this time and continued throughout the winter. These included Francesco Pacchiani, the Prince Mavrocordatos, the Princess Argiropoli, the improvisatore Sgricci, Count Taafe, and Emilia Viviani.

Professor Pacchiani made a great appeal to the imagination of Shelley's cousin, Tom Medwin; and two decades later Medwin introduced him into a story, called "Sydney" in *Bentley's*

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Miscellany,[20] in the following fashion: "P—— was about fifty years of age, somewhat above the average height, with a figure boney and angular, and covered with no more superfluous flesh than a prize-fighter. His face was dark as that of a Moor, his features marked and regular, his eyes black and gloomy. . . . His talent was conversation—a conversation full of repartee, and sparkling with wit; and his information (he was a man of profound erudition, vast memory, and first-rate talent) made him almost oracular. Sydney, when P—— first became an *habitué* at his house, was charmed with him, and listened with rapt attention to his eloquence, which he compared to that of Coleridge."

It was Pacchiani who, by introducing the Shelleys to Emilia Viviani and Prince Mavrocordatos, paved the way for two of the most important poems of Shelley's last years—*Epipsychidion* and *Hellas*. One of Pacchiani's many rôles—he had almost as many, indeed, as Sgricci—was that of father confessor to the family of Count Viviani. A second wife had driven the children of his first marriage from the Count's home, and they were now languishing in separate convents. Teresa Emilia, the older, for two years past an inmate of the Convent of St. Anne, near Pisa, was the subject of one of Pacchiani's eloquent *eulogia;* and when he had concluded his narrative of the girl's loneliness and suffering the Elfin Knight "of the shield of shadow and the lance of gossamere" was immediately eager to go to her relief.

But Mary and Claire went first, in the latter days of November; and in early December Shelley and Medwin called at the convent. Interviews became frequent; letters and poetry were exchanged; and on February 2nd Mary, who by this

[20] Pp. 171–173; afterwards reprinted *verbatim* in his *Life of Shelley*, 1847, ii, 54–59. "Sydney" is Shelley.

time was watching the development of Shelley's regard for Emilia with eyes of some anxiety, records in her journal: "Emilia Viviani walks out with Shelley in the evening." The ultimate fruit of all these visits and greetings was an idealized emancipation of poet and imprisoned girl in the poem, *Epipsychidion*, which Shelley wrote in January and February (completing it by the 16th), and which, because it contained so intimate a confession of suppressed desires and high imaginings, Shelley advised his publishers he preferred not to acknowledge as his own. As in the case of Elizabeth Hitchener, there came, before long, a rude awakening, and "poor Ixion started from the centaur that was the offspring of his own embrace."

INTERCHAPTER XI

The Sources and Significance of Epipsychidion

But our present concern is with the content and quality of *Epipsychidion* itself. Its title gives a clue to its spiritual significance in the evolution of Shelley's life and feelings. Emilia became for the nonce, the other half of the two-fold soul of which Plato wrote and in which Shelley still (1821) believed. He set out on those "strange seas of thought" to which his own speculations, and Dante and Plato, had led him. But unlike Newton, in Wordsworth's memorable picture, he could not adventure alone—Emily must go, too, his pilot and the inspiration of his song.

The sequence of Shelley's thought in the poem may be outlined as follows. In the first twenty lines Shelley addresses the earthly Emilia, imprisoned in her convent, and doomed, as it seemed, to beat the "unfeeling bars with vain endeavor." The address to a spiritualized, or idealized Emilia succeeds, in a rapid, cumulative series of metaphors, through twelve lines; and then an apology (lines 33–40) is offered that the song is unworthy of its beautiful inspiration. Reverting in thought to the vision of the poet in *Alastor* and the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, Shelley continues:

> I never thought before my death to see
> Youth's vision thus made perfect. Emily,
> I love thee.

He regrets that he and Emily had not been born twins, wishes that she might become the "sister of the soul" of Mary Shelley. "Ah me!" he concludes,

I am not thine: I am a part of *thee.*

In another series of metaphors (lines 53–71) he compares her to a lamp, a well, a star, a smile, a solitude, a refuge, a delight, a lute, a buried treasure, a cradle of young thoughts, "a violet-shrouded grave of Woe"; and then feeling his lack of success in securing a metaphor suited to her, confesses his "own infirmity."

Changing his point of view then, suddenly (line 72), Shelley tells the reader how deeply his meeting with Emily had affected him. Forty lines on, he again mounts on a series of metaphors into the æther, only to cry out (lines 123–5):

> Ah, woe is me!
> What have I dared? where am I lifted? how
> Shall I descend, and perish not?

This second subsidence is followed by a repetition of his avowal of love, and an impassioned statement in defence of that love —the defence of all those males who are not the home-makers but, except as they are confined by man's law and custom, free lovers, ever seeking fresh inspiration in new acquaintanceships and new affections.

> I never was attached to that great sect,
> Whose doctrine is, that each one should select
> Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,
> And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend
> To cold oblivion, though it is in the code
> Of modern morals, and the beaten road
> Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread,
> Who travel to their home among the dead
> By the broad highway of the world, and so
> With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
> The dreariest and the longest journey go.

In this expression of a sentiment lurking in many men's hearts, Shelley was intensely, utterly honest. He believed it and practiced it. But he does not stop with this, but attempts to prove that *free* love is the *true* love. If he had said that that man, who believed this philosophy, was only true to his own impulses when practising it, that would have been a flower of another color; but surely the woman also must be considered; and we cannot wonder that Mary Shelley was not a little distressed at Shelley's "Italian platonics." [21]

His mind goes back, after this defence (which ends at line 189) to his early love for Harriet Grove, which, with the statement of her abandonment of him, occupies lines 190–228; is succeeded by a résumé of his desperation at her perfidy and his thoughts of suicide (lines 229–231). A voice recalled him to courage, and he set forth to find Harriet's equal in some other woman (lines 232–255). Then he came where

> . . . One, whose voice was venomed melody
> Sate by a well, under blue nightshade bowers;
> The breath of her false mouth was like faint flowers,
> Her touch was as electric poison

. . . another "mystery woman" of Shelley's biography, who may perhaps have been one he met in those "wild days" of his youth to which Thornton Hunt referred in his article on Shelley in the *Atlantic Monthly*.[22] The effect of this affair tallies with Thornton's account of the effect of the indulgence of these days on his later health. Shelley's account reads:

> . . . flame
> Out of her looks into my vitals came,
> And from her living cheeks and bosom flew

[21] Mary Shelley to Mrs. Gisborne, March 7, 1822.

[22] 1863, p. 193, col. 2. And cf. Shelley's earlier reference, *Queen Mab.* viii, 129–30.

> A killing air, which pierced like honey-dew
> Into the core of my green heart, and lay
> Upon its leaves; until, as hair grown gray
> O'er a young brow, *they hid its unblown prime*
> *With ruins of unseasonable time.*[23]

His affection for Mrs. Boinville, Cornelia Turner, and Mrs. Taylor is next referred to, and then that for Harriet Westbrook. One line of this last is important for its reassertion of the Godwinian charge of Harriet's infidelity:

> And One was true—oh! why not true to me?

His grief over her "betrayal" is relieved by the appearance (line 277) of Mary Godwin, who is compared to

> The cold chaste Moon, the Queen of Heaven's bright isles

Which

> . . . warms but not illumines.

But subsequently his soul again becomes "a lampless sea" and he is only heartened by the appearance of another Unknown. It is possible that she was the "married lady, young, handsome, and of noble connections" who according to Medwin [24] visited Shelley on the eve of his departure for the Continent with Mary, in July 1814, revealed her interest in him, was told that he was devoted to Mary, apparently accepted the situation, but afterwards followed him to Geneva, and a few years later, to Rome and Naples. At the latter city, Medwin says, they met, apparently in 1818, and there she died. Says Shelley:

[23] Italics my own.

[24] For his detailed account of her infatuation for, and pursuit of, Shelley, see his *Life of Shelley*, 1847, i. 324–333.

. . . when She,
The Planet of that hour, was quenched, what frost
Crept o'er those waters, till from coast to coast
The moving billows of my being fell
Into a death of ice, immovable.

Medwin believed that some evidences of this "frost" are to be found in some of the poems written at Naples in 1818.

Last, however, of his heart's loves to be mentioned in *Epipsychidion* is, of course, Emilia herself. When she rose on the darkness of his soul's night, Shelley says:

I knew it was the Vision veiled from me
So many years—that it was Emily.

Having described Mary as the moon, it now occurs to the poet that Emilia might be the sun, and he the earth, ruled and affected by both planets, and this conception—which, humorously enough, recalls the previous disastrous attempts to include a third, Elizabeth Hitchener, in 1811–12; Harriet Shelley, in August 1814; and Claire Clairmont almost continually thereafter—is expanded in lines 345–367. A third Incognita now appears, as a Comet in the planetary system of the poet's loves—and careful study of the passage leads me to believe that, among the known women of his acquaintanceship Sophia Stacey is the likeliest to have evoked this description. This is the most important portion of his lament for this unknown:

Thou, too, O Comet beautiful and fierce,
Who drew the heart of this frail Universe
Towards thine own, till, wrecked in that convulsion,
Alternating attraction and repulsion,
Thine went astray and that was rent in twain.

He begs Sophia to come back to him:

Oh, float into our azure heaven again!
Be there Love's folding-star at thy return.

But, pending her reappearance as a folding-star, there is his sun, Emilia.

The day is come, and thou must fly with me,
. . . Emily,
A ship is floating in the harbor now,

and they must be off to an island, near Greece,

Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise.

When they have arrived there, he promises Emilia:

We two will rise, and sit, and walk together,
Under the roof of blue Ionian weather.

There, too, they would know love's fulfillment in an embrace of passion:

Our breaths shall intermix, our bosoms bound,
And our veins beat together; . . .
In one another's substance finding food,
Like flames too pure and light and unimbued
To nourish their bright lives with baser prey.

But this outburst of thrilling, imagined passion reaches its climax only to be followed by the usual Shelleyan subsidence:

. . . Woe is me!
The wingèd words on which my soul would pierce
Into the height of Love's rare Universe,
Are chains of lead around its flight of fire—
I pant, I sing, I tremble, I expire!

In conclusion, he begs Emilia to accept the poem as his weak tribute to her, expresses the wish that "Marina" (Mary Shel-

ley), "Vanna" (Jane Williams), "Primus" (Edward Williams) should all "love each other and be blessed," and invites Emilia to share his fortunes with him:

> . . . come and be my guest,—for I am Love's.

The completed poem was sent, with the *Ode to Naples*, and a sonnet, ("Ye hasten to the grave"?) to Ollier on February 16, 1821. One hundred copies were to be printed, and the price ultimately placed on the book was two shillings. It was published in the summer, without Shelley's name, and awakened little comment among the reviews. A satirical notice, stressing Shelley's incomprehensibleness, appeared in an obscure periodical, *The Gossip*,[25] of this year. But it was, for the most part, passed by in silence. The opinion of one modern critic on *Epipsychidion*, at least, may be worth quotation. Thomas Seccombe writes: "That the metaphysical portion remains unintelligible to those who have assimilated the Spirit of Plato's *Symposium* and Dante's *Vita Nuova* is indisputable. The incongruity of these ideal elements with the most beautiful and concrete peroration . . . is as unquestionably baffling . . . Success was so far attained that English rhymed heroic metre has no more exquisite example to show than the last 200 verses of *Epipsychidion*." [26]

Perhaps the finest single sustained passage of any length is that which praises the unfettered love of which the whole poem is a eulogium:

> . . . true Love never yet
> Was thus constrained: it overleaps all fence:
> Like lightning, with invisible violence

[25] There is a copy of this rare journal in the collection of Mr. Luther A. Brewer, of Cedar Rapids, Ia. Mr. Brewer has kindly furnished me with a copy of the review.

[26] *Bookman's Illustrated History of English Literature*, ii, 435.

Piercing its continents; like Heaven's free breath,
Which he who grasps can hold not; liker Death,
Who rides upon a thought, and makes his way
Through temple, town, and palace, and the array
Of arms: more strength has Love than he or they:
For it can burst his charnel, and make free
The limbs in chains, the heart in agony,
The soul in dust and chaos.

A number of fragments connected with the poem in various stages of its creation have been rescued by editors since Shelley gave *Epipsychidion* to the world; but they only justify his omission of them from the poem as finally revised. Of a different kind, however, has been Professor A. H. Koszul's discovery [27] among the Bodleian Shelley MSS. of an Italian version of portions of the poem, which serve to substantiate Trelawny's statement that Shelley wrote *Epipsychidion* in both Italian and English.

[27] Announced in *La Nouvelle Revue Comparée*, 1922. I am indebted to Professor Koszul for a copy of the article.

CHAPTER XVI

(CONTINUED)

REVERTING again to the Pisan circle introduced to the Shelleys by Pacchiani, let us glance at the *improvisatore,* Tommaso Sgricci. Famed throughout Tuscany and the north of Italy for his "spontaneous eloquence and inspired poetic rhetoric" [28] this *improvisatore* also offered his programs to France, and was heard in Paris with acclaim. On December 21, 1820, the Shelleys heard him with pleasure in the Pisan theater, and on January 12th following, Mary, Shelley being ill, heard him again at Lucca. Together they again on January 23rd listened to his improvisations—this time on the subject of the "Death of Hector." Of this performance Mary wrote: "Sgricci was in excellent inspiration; his poetry was brilliant, flowing, and divine. A hymn to Mars and another to Victory were wonderfully spirited and striking." As far as Sgricci's personal relations with the Shelleys are concerned, it appears that they met for the first time at Casa Galetti on December 1, 1820. The acquaintanceship thus begun did not long endure, as Shelley opposed Sgricci's criticism of the Neapolitan rebels, and gradually drew away from him.

But for Prince Alexander Mavrocordatos, the Greek patriot, who was also introduced to the Shelleys by Pacchiani, at least as early as January 21, 1821, and who was to become "the leading statesman of the Greek revolution," [29] the Shelleys had an immediate, and a deeper and more enduring affection. The prince, who was by two years Shelley's senior, instructed Mary in the Greek language and discoursed animatedly of the

[28] Angeli, *Shelley and His Friends in Italy,* 174.
[29] Dowden, *Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* ii, 361.

affairs of his homeland. An insurrection was mentioned as probable, but it came sooner than the Shelleys anticipated. On April 1, 1821, Mavrocordatos brought to the Shelleys the proclamation of his cousin, Prince Ypsilanti, and "declared that henceforth Greece would be free." The Shelleys' intimacy with the prince continued to his departure, on June 26th, to participate in the revolution; and when he had gone the sentiment of liberty, which his intercourse had reawakened in Shelley, smouldering still, led the poet to compose upon the theme of the Greek revolution, his last extended effort in verse, *Hellas*.

Another member of the Pisan circle, a man not without some literary talent, was "Count" John Taafe, an Irishman, who was the subject of no little mirth in the English colony of the Italian city at this time. Byron interested himself in Taafe to the point of insisting that John Murray, his own London publisher, should issue the first volume of Taafe's *Commentary on Dante*, and this was done, in 1821, the book being "printed at Pisa with the type of Didot," the font later to be employed in Shelley's *Adonais*.

Of more importance, however, to the history of Shelley's love-life, and the development of his lyric genius, than any of these persons, except Emilia Viviani, was the arrival in Pisa, on January 13, 1821, of two friends of Tom Medwin, Edward Ellerker Williams and his common-law wife, deserted but not divorced by a British army officer at St. Helena, Jane "Williams." The Williamses came to Italy from Switzerland, but their acquaintance with Medwin had begun in India, where both Williams and Medwin were enrolled in the 8th Dragoons. Shelley and Williams were attracted to each other by many common tastes—for poetry, target-shooting, and boating; and Shelley admired Jane not only for

Lerici, June 11. 1822.

Dear Taaffe

On my return from a little voyage in this neighbourhood with Williams. I am agreeably surprised by the intelligence of the completion of the Monument, & that you have procured me by the destination of the remainder of what was wanting to my copy, for me. — If you could be so obliging as to send it to Mr. Hoffmans or come to any more lodgings directed to me, I shall receive it safely. Pray let me know what arrangement you have made with Murray, & whether it is yet published. I have not yet received any answer from Ollier to the proposition I last sent, & it is probable that he puts off writing till the day of judgment when he expects to meet me in the lobby, & when I shall certainly observe his features & the dry boxes on the ground of their several other malversations. —

We are delighted with this place & fully hope when June returns in Pisa that we may meet this year? Should they lead you towards Spezzia we should be most happy to give you a hospitable welcome & the coteen with which I am, Dear Taaffe

Your very sincere &
P. B. Shelley

for Mrs. Shelley to give with you first. —

LETTER OF SHELLEY TO COUNT TAAFE

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her beauty, but for her sympathy and her charming voice. His affection, indeed, for Jane, who, with Edward, came to live in the same house with the Shelleys, though on another floor, deepened as the months went on until, if we are to trust an unpublished letter written by Shelley to Byron, it led to the actual fulfillment of passion, one evening, after an Italian *festa* which they together had attended.

But on another and higher plane Jane furnished the necessary inspiration for Shelley's lyric genius in months otherwise darkened by ill-health, some lack of sympathy in his own home, the boredom of Tom Medwin, the financial straits of Hunt and Godwin, and other trials. To her he addressed more lyrics of an exalted order than he did to any other woman of his acquaintance. And so, while editors and biographers generally have been unsparingly severe with Tom Medwin for his well-known failings of feeling and intellect, let it also be remembered that he brought into Shelley's life the woman who inspired some of Shelley's finest poems. Medwin, too, at this time, by practising hypnosis on Shelley, aided his cousin to bear more easily the nervous attacks which recurred with more than their usual violence, this winter. Jane, also, acted as a "magnetic" physician—hypnotism was then called "magnetism"—and in this rôle we see her in Shelley's poem *The Magnetic Lady to Her Patient* (1822).

Since 1817, when he gave the "Hermit of Marlow" pamphlets to the world, Shelley had done little original work in prose. The letter on Carlile's trial, in 1819, which, as we now know [30] was composed "for the *Examiner*," was a single notable exception. But the appearance in 1820, in *Ollier's Literary Miscellany*, of Thomas Love Peacock's essay on "The Four Ages of Poetry" stirred Shelley, as he said, "to break a lance"

[30] *Shelley Correspondence in the Bodleian Library*, ed. R. H. Hill, 1926, p. 21.

with his friend. Accordingly, in February and March 1821, he wrote out the now-famous *Defence of Poetry*, a work owing much to Plato's *Symposium*,[31] which Shelley had translated two years earlier and to the earlier essays, the *Apologie for Poetrie* of Shelley's blood relation, Sir Philip Sidney,[32] but embodying, nevertheless, his own exalted notion of the spirit and function of poetry. The essay was finished and despatched to Charles Ollier, for publication in the *Literary Miscellany*, on March 21st. But it was not printed until 1840, when Mary Shelley brought out, in two volumes, a selection of Shelley's *Essays and Letters*.

Poetry, according to Shelley, is rooted in harmony, rhythm, and order; springs from the active imagination apprehending the relation between the ideal and the real, or actual; inheres in both what is termed "verse" and "prose"; can only be properly judged, and evaluated, by the poet's peers in his own and succeeding ages; is sometimes shrouded in a dress suited to the temper and taste of the times, but through which the genuine poetry, and meaning, in spite of this, stand revealed; is distinguished from story by being universal, not partial; eternal, not temporary. Ethical science, taking the materials created by the poets, "propounds schemes and proposes examples for civil and domestic life." The room in which character is formed is the imagination; and poetry transforms and elevates the soul of man by appealing to his imagination rather than his reason. The Athenians were poets in their acknowledgment of the unity of all the arts, expressions of the spirit

[31] The extent of this indebtedness to Plato is most fully indicated by my friend, Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith, of the University of Oxford, in his excellent edition of "The Four Ages of Poetry" and Shelley's "Defence," in *Percy Reprints*, No. 3 (Oxford University Press).

[32] For a study of this indebtedness, see Professor A. S. Cook's careful edition of Shelley's essay, published by Ginn and Company.

of man, of language, action, music, painting, dancing and religious institutions. Drama, the form in which poetry influences the largest number, reflects the good or evil in conduct and habit in particular ages. It is affected by, but does not effect, moral degradation, and when this degradation proceeds to any considerable extent, "its voice is heard like the footsteps of Astraea, departing from the world."

From the beginning of time, all the poets of all the world, moved to write by forces they could not control, which visited them as the wind does the Æolian lyre, have been unconsciously shaping a yet-unfinished poem more splendid, in the whole, than in any of its parts. That this unconscious force, drawing all poets into a unity, is at work is illustrated by the undoubted effect upon Christ, for example, of the poetry of Plato, Timaeus, and Pythagoras, among the Greeks, and Moses, Job, David, Solomon, and Isaiah among the Hebrews; and by the emancipation which Christ's teachings wrought in human society, giving birth to the abolition of slavery, the emancipation of woman, and so to the chivalric and religious poetry of Dante, Petrarch, the Provençal trouveurs, and Milton. "A great poem is a fountain forever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight; and after one person and one age has exhausted all its divine influence which their peculiar relations enable them to share, another and yet another succeeds, and new relations are ever developed, the source of an unforeseen and an unconceived delight."

The authors of revolutions of opinion are poets, in so far as their periods are poetic. But if they rely on reason, or the calculating principle, they must achieve incomparably less for humanity than the greatest have done. Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, Locke, and Rousseau have done much to puncture the bubble of "heresy"; but their accomplishment is slight com-

pared with that of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Calderon, Lord Bacon, Milton, Raphael, the Hebrew poets and the greatest of the Greek thinkers and sculptors. These aided the human mind to awaken to the invention of the grosser sciences and the "application of analytic reasoning to the aberrations of society." They were the real pioneers; the others only followed in the trail they had blazed. Too much reliance on the efficacy of the "calculators" has led England to the verge of the abyss, and to the desperate alternatives of anarchy or despotism.

> We have more moral, political, and historical wisdom than we know how to reduce into practice; we have more scientific and economical knowledge than can be accommodated to the just distribution of the produce which it multiplies . . . We want the creative faculty to imagine that which we know; we want the generous impulse to act that which we imagine; we want the poetry of life; our calculations have outrun conception; we have eaten more than we can digest . . . man, having enslaved the elements, remains himself a slave.

Concluding, Shelley reverts to the thought that the best poetry is inevitable, is in a sense "dictated to" the poet; that "no man can say 'I will compose poetry' "; that "the mind in creation is as a fading coal," and that "when composition begins, inspiration is already on the decline." He asserts that England is having a re-birth of poetry, and that his own would be a "memorable age" in the history of man's mind. "It is impossible," he says, "to read the compositions of the most celebrated writers of the present day without being startled with the electric life which burns within their words." Summarizing, he explains that the present essay is but half of his intended study; and that in a second paper he will discuss an application of the principles treated in the first, to the state of the cultivation of poetry in his own day, and to "a defence

of the attempt to idealize the modern forms of manners and opinions, and compel them into a subordination to the imaginative and creative faculty."

Now Carl Van Doren, in his admirable *Life of Thomas Love Peacock,* has pointed out that "Shelley's *Defence,* as it now stands, shows little trace of being a reply to Peacock except in an overemphasis upon the utility of poets"; and that "in fact the two essays do not furnish a controversy at all. The allusions to Peacock which the *Defence* originally contained were struck out by John Hunt when he prepared the paper for *The Liberal,* and Mrs. Shelley later published the abridged version. So far as the argument is concerned, there is no more contest than ensues whenever easy mirth and intense seriousness are opposed. Peacock made merry with certain features of a noble art, and Shelley saw fit to answer his mirth with a lofty defence of the art itself." [33] And two other modern critics [34] agreeing with Mr. Van Doren in his last statement, have described it as "a sympathetic and creative rather than a comprehensive or an analytic discussion of the subject." They also suggest that the *Defence* should be "read in connection with the *Ion,* the *Philebus,* the *Phaedrus,* and the *Symposium* of Plato"; and that it "anticipates Carlyle's gospel of poetic significance and Pater's of rational aesthetic delight." It is also obvious that in addition to the Greek sources, Shelley owed something to Coleridge's doctrine, enunciated in the *Biographia Literaria,* that poetry must produce pleasure in the reader; and to Wordsworth's insistence that the primitive language of the plain people is the very stuff of which poetry is made. And if an example of the influence of Shelley's essay on later writers be sought, it will be found in Brown-

[33] *Life of Thomas Love Peacock,* 1911, pp. 154–5.

[34] Charles M. Gayley and Fred N. Scott. *Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism,* pp. 340–1.

ing's essay, "On the Poet Objective and Subjective," prefixed to the 1852 edition of the spurious Shelley letters.[35]

On April 11, 1821, the disturbing intelligence reached Shelley that his income had been stopped. Suit for the recovery of thirty pounds owing to Dr. Hume for the maintenance of Shelley's children by his first marriage, had been started in Chancery, though the funds were ready for the good doctor at Shelley's bankers, and had only not been paid by some unexplained oversight. The suit seems to have been started by Shelley's attorney, Longdill, and Sir Timothy's factotum, William Whitton; and only the good offices of Shelley's friend, the broker-poet and novelist, Horace Smith, saved the situation. In June, the Chancellor decreed that £30 should be paid, quarterly, to Dr. Hume.

Shelley was enabled, a few days after the notice of the estoppage was received, to assure the absent Claire that her monthly allowance would be continued. Though absent in the flesh, in spirit she was still very much one of the household and unloaded her troubles, as usual, on Shelley's willing shoulders. Now it was the matter of Allegra that troubled her, for Byron had decided to send the little girl to a convent at Bagnacavallo, deciding with a nicety peculiar to his character that as Allegra was not a legitimate daughter, an Italian education would be all that, under the circumstances, she could expect to receive. Of course his attitude infuriated Claire; and she insisted that if Byron did not, she would see to it that Allegra was given a private school education in England. Shelley intervened to adjudicate the dispute, and decided with Byron against Claire's views.

On April 16th Shelley and Williams, who had together

[35] *Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley, with an Introduction by Robert Browning,* pub. by Edward Moxon, London, 1852.

secured a flat-bottomed boat about ten feet long for the purpose of cruising on the Serchio, started in the boat from Leghorn by moonlight, along the canal to Pisa. Crowded with sail, the boat, in a good breeze, had made about half the distance to Pisa when Williams, who ought to have known better, stood up in the frail craft to adjust the sail. Instantly they were upset; and but for the presence with them of Henry Reveley, who, allowing Williams to swim ashore, caught Shelley up and directing him to be quiet, bore him to land, the poet would have been drowned. As in 1816 in the squall off Meillerie, Shelley was quite calm. "All right, never more comfortable in my life; do what you will with me," he answered. But when they reached the bank, he fainted. Reveley now re-entered the water, salvaged the boat, and brought it back to shore. Shelley recovering, they got dry clothes at a farmhouse, and proceeded without further mishap to Pisa. The misadventure in no wise daunted the poet in his passion for navigation; and so, in the next few weeks, we see him, now with Edward, again with Mary, adrift on the waters about Pisa. Once more the bird of doom, as in 1812 and 1816, had flapped his wings and flown away. Again Byron's warning:

If you can't swim, beware of Providence!

had gone unheeded by the impetuous poet who "always went on until he was stopped" and who imagined he never would be "stopped."

CHAPTER XVII

EMILIA'S MARRIAGE

Adonais—Keats and Shelley—"Queen Mab" Pirated—Visit to Byron at Ravenna—the Hoppner Scandal—Call on Allegra—"The Liberal" Conceived—The Greek Revolution—"Hellas"—"Charles the First"

MAY 8th beheld the Shelleys established again at the Baths of San Giuliano; and here, with the exception of visits to Florence and Ravenna, they remained in residence until October 25th. The Williamses had taken the villa of Marchesa Poschi, four miles away, at Pugnano; and communication was kept up by the use of the little boat on the canal whose waters came from the Serchio. Shelley himself has given us in verse a memorable description of their setting at the Baths, in the unfinished poem, *The Boat on the Serchio:*

> They from the throng of men had stepped aside,
> And made their home under the green hill-side.
>
> It was that hill, whose intervening brow
> Screens Lucca from the Pisan's envious eye,
> Which the circumfluous plain waving below,
> Like a wide lake of green fertility,
> With streams and fields and marshes bare,
> Divides from the far Apennines—which lie
> Islanded in the immeasurable air.

The marriage of Emilia Viviani with some unknown whom her father had selected for her, had been put off until the autumn; and in *The Fugitives* and *Ginevra* (though the actual story upon which the latter is based is to be found in

l'Observatore Fiorentino sugli edifize della sua Patria, of which a third edition appeared in 1821) I think we can feel Shelley's passion for the girl and his desire that she should embark with him on an adventure comparable to that which Mary had taken with him in 1814; though all this is concealed under a thin veil of dramatic narrative. Those who are interested in anagrams may find the choice of heroine in *Ginevra* peculiarly suited to such an anagram upon the name of Emilia Viviani. But this is not important. What is important is that after plans for Emilia's marriage were first announced, in the spring of 1821, Shelley spoke of the *Epipsychidion* as "a portion of me already dead." The full significance of this when compared with his lines in the *Epipsychidion:*

> I am not thine: I am a part of *thee*,

and

> We shall become the same, we shall be one
> Spirit within two frames,

should be, but has not been apparent. Emilia, by marrying another, has slain half of the poet's own life; *that* portion of himself—for he considered her such—was *dead*. The consummation of that marriage, or its impending consummation, evoked from Shelley more deeply-moving poems on the death of someone deeply beloved by the poet, than were produced in any other similar period of his life. Witness the series, all belonging to the poems of 1821: *Lines*, "Music, when soft voices die," *Song*, *Mutability*, *A Lament*, *Remembrance*, "When passion's trance is overpast," and several fragments of this year, in the same melancholy tone. Furthermore, it is possible that the *Epithalamium* of this year celebrated the union, which was never to be, but in the poet's imagination,

between himself and Emilia. Most of Shelley's lyrical poetry sprang directly out of personal experiences. During the year 1821 we know of the death of no woman who could have meant to Shelley what, apparently, the Incognita of this series did mean. In the absence of such specific information it is at least possible to assume that the death of this loved one, which he celebrates so feelingly, must have been the (for him) virtual death of Emilia in her union with another man.[1] Thus the full feeling of "poor Ixion" as he "started from the centaur which was the offspring of his embrace" is recorded in a number of poems of great beauty and deep tragic significance. The reaction is at least comparable to his earlier emotions, when Harriet Grove deserted him for Squire Heylar. "She is gone! She is lost to me for ever!" he then wrote Hogg. "Married to a clod of earth; she will become as insensible herself; all those fine capabilities will moulder!"

But whatever disposition scholars may hereafter make of this hypothesis, we need none to explain the inspiration of *Adonais*, perhaps Shelley's greatest poem, which was written at the Baths on hearing of the death of the poet, John Keats, at Rome. Before we examine it, however, it may be well to retrace Shelley's and Keats's steps to the year of their meeting—1817—and its place, Leigh Hunt's house at Hampstead. Medwin says: "Shelley told me that he and Keats

[1] "My convent friend, after a great deal of tumult, etc., is at length married, and is watched by her brother-in-law with great assiduity. This whole affair has taught me to believe that convents may be well enough for young children, but they are the worst possible places for them as soon as they begin to be susceptible of certain impressions. They have made a great fuss at Pisa about my intimacy with this lady. Pray do not mention anything of what I told you; as the whole truth is not known, and Mary might be very much annoyed at it."—Letter of Shelley to Byron, Sept. 14, 1821. *Lord Byron's Correspondence*, ii, 200.

had mutually agreed, in the same given time (six months each), to write a long poem, and that the *Endymion* and *Revolt of Islam* were the fruits of this rivalry." [2] We know, from entries in Mary's journal, that the two poets saw each other occasionally at Hampstead during 1817–18; and certainly it is a fact that their poems were produced, approximately, in the six-months' period stated by Medwin, *Laon and Cythna* actually being completed first. I like to think of the two "young poets" of Leigh Hunt's *Examiner* editorial discussing the progress of their work with each other, and perhaps reading or reciting sections of it for each other's criticism during this period. There is no proof that they did so; but as I have suggested earlier, the stamp of *Alastor* on *Endymion* is so obvious that it would accord with such an idea; and we have the Third Canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Peacock's *Rhododaphne* (1818), and Horace Smith's *Amarynthus, or the Nympholept* (1821) as evidences of the extent to which intercourse with and reading of Shelley influenced other poets of the time. Byron acknowledged Shelley's influence over his style while they were together in Switzerland in 1816; and if the others made no such specific acknowledgments, their works do so for them. For this reason Keats declined Shelley's invitation to visit him at Marlow, explaining his reason to Benjamin Bailey by saying that he desired to keep his "own unfettered scope," which, by this admission, he felt he could not do in Shelley's intimate companionship.

When *Endymion* was published Keats declared that Hunt and Shelley were miffed because he had not shown them the completed MS., and were inclined to criticize "any trip or slip" that he had made. Shelley *was* severe on *Endymion*—

[2] *Life of Shelley*, i, 298.

as many later critics have also been—suggesting to Ollier that it was evidently Keats's intent "that no person should possibly get to the end of it." But he discovered in it, nevertheless, "some of the highest and finest gleams of poetry," and selected the magnificent "Hymn to Pan" in the first book for special praise. Benjamin Bailey, Keats's friend, recognized the Shelleyan influences at work in the second book of *Endymion*, but deprecated the character of Shelley's taste. Writing to John Taylor, Keats's publisher, on August 29, 1818, he said: "The second fault I allude to I think we have noticed. The approaching inclination it has to that abominable principle of Shelley!—that sensual love is the principle of things. Of this I believe him to be unconscious, and can not see how by process of imagination he might arrive at so false, delusive, and dangerous conclusion." [3] Bailey, of course, misinterpreted Shelley's doctrine of love; but his evidence as to Shelley's influence on *Endymion* is valuable as showing that even Keats's contemporaries were aware of it.

Two years pass; and then, on March 6, 1820, we see Shelley writing to Charles and James Ollier: "If you condescend to write to me, mention something about Keats." Two months later he again writes to Charles Ollier: "Keats, I hope, is going to show himself a great poet; like the sun, to burst through the clouds, which, though dyed in the finest colours of the air, obscured his rising." Some time prior to July 27th, John Gisborne conveyed the news to Shelley that Keats had become a victim of consumption. Immediately Shelley sat down to invite Keats to share his residence in Italy. The letter, though much quoted, is so important in gauging Shelley's real attitude toward his brother-poet that I make no apologies for reprinting it here in full.

[3] Amy Lowell. *John Keats*, i, 398.

Pisa,
27 July, 1820.

My dear Keats,—

I hear with great pain the dangerous accident that you have undergone, and Mr. Gisborne who gives me the account of it, adds that you continue to wear a consumptive appearance. This consumption is a disease particularly fond of people who write such good verses as you have done, and with the assistance of an English winter it can often indulge its selection;—I do not think that young and amiable poets are at all bound to gratify its taste; they have entered into no bond with the Muses to that effect. But seriously (for I am joking on what I am very anxious about) I think you would do well to pass the winter after so tremendous an accident, in Italy, and if you think it as necessary as I do so long as you could [find] Pisa or its neighborhood agreeable to you, Mrs. Shelley unites with myself in urging the request, that you would take up your residence with us. You might come by sea to Leghorn (France is not worth seeing, and the sea is particularly good for weak lungs), which is within a few miles of us. You ought at all events, to see Italy, and your health, which I suggest as a motive, might be an excuse to you. I spare declamation about the statues, and the paintings, and the ruins—and what is a greater piece of forbearance—about the mountains, streams, and the fields, the colours of the sky, and the sky itself.

I have lately read your "Endymion" again and ever with a new sense of the treasures of poetry it contains, though treasures poured forth with indistinct profusion. This, people in general will not endure, and that is the cause of the comparatively few copies which have been sold. I feel persuaded that you are capable of the greatest things, so you but will.

I always tell Ollier to send you copies of my books,—"Prometheus Unbound" I imagine you will receive nearly at the same time with this letter. "The Cenci" I hope you have already received—it was studiously composed in a different style

"Below the *good* how far? but far above the *great*."

In poetry I have sought to avoid system and mannerism; I wish those who excel me in genius would pursue the same plan.

Whether you remain in England, or journey to Italy,—believe that you carry with you my anxious wishes for your health, happiness, and success wherever you are, or whatever you undertake, and that I am, yours sincerely,

P. B. SHELLEY.[4]

To this Keats, not very graciously, replied as follows:

Hampstead, August 1820.

My dear Shelley,

I am very much gratified that you, in a foreign country, and with a mind almost over-occupied, should write to me in the strain of the letter beside me. If I do not take advantage of your invitation, it will be prevented by a circumstance I have very much too much heart to prophesy. There is no doubt that an English winter would put an end to me, and do so in a lingering, hateful manner. Therefore, I must either voyage or journey to Italy, as a soldier marches up to a battery. My nerves at present are the worst part of me, yet they feel soothed that, come what extreme may, I shall not be destined to remain in one spot long enough to take a hatred of any four particular bedposts. I am glad you take any pleasure in my poor poem, which I would willingly take the trouble to unwrite, if possible, did I care so much as I have done about reputation. I received a copy of "The Cenci," as from yourself, from Hunt. There is only one part of it I am judge of—the poetry and dramatic effect, which by many spirits nowadays is considered the Mammon. A modern work, it is said, must have a purpose, which may be the God. An artist must serve Mammon; he must have "self-concentration"—selfishness, perhaps. You, I am sure, will forgive me for sincerely remarking that you might curb your magnanimity, and be more of an artist, and load every rift of your subject with ore. The thought of such discipline must fall like cold chains upon you, who perhaps never sat with your

[4] *Letters*, ii, 808–810.

wings furled for six months together. And is this not extraordinary talk for the writer of "Endymion," whose mind was like a pack of scattered cards? I am picked up and sorted to a pip. My imagination is a monastery, and I am its monk. I am in expectation of "Prometheus" every day. Could I have my own wish effected, you would have it still in manuscript, or be now putting an end to the second act. I remember you advising me not to publish my first blights [flights] on Hampstead Heath. I am returning advice upon your hands. Most of the poems in the volume I send up [5] have been written above two years, and would never have been published but for hope of gain; so you see I am inclined enough to take your advice now. I must express once more my deep sense of your kindness, adding my sincere thanks and respects for Mrs. Shelley. In the hope of soon seeing you,

I remain most sincerely yours,
John Keats.[6]

To Shelley's invitation, therefore, Keats returned no definite answer; though in a letter to Fanny Keats he reported: "Yesterday I received an invitation from Mr. Shelley, a gentleman residing at Pisa, to spend the winter with him: if I go I must be away in a month or even less"; a statement which seems to imply a readiness and a possible intention to accept Shelley's hospitality.

Not only did Shelley thus proffer hospitality to Keats; at some time this year he drafted—but did not ultimately send, because, I believe, Keats's death and the far more adequate defence of *Adonais* supervened—a letter to the Editor of the *Quarterly Review* on the subject of that journal's vicious review of *Endymion*. Shelley wrote:

[5] *Lamia, Isabella,* etc., 1820.
[6] *Letters,* ii, 810.

Pisa,
[1820].

Sir:

Should you cast your eye on the signature of this letter before you read the contents, you might imagine that they related to a slanderous paper which appeared in your *Review* some time since. I never notice anonymous attacks. The wretch who wrote it has doubtless the additional reward of a consciousness of his motives, besides the thirty guineas a sheet, or whatever it is that you pay him. Of course you cannot be answerable for all the writings which you edit, and *I* certainly bear you no ill-will for having edited the abuse to which I allude—indeed, I was too much amused by being compared to Pharaoh, not readily to forgive editor, printer, publisher, stitcher, or anyone, except the despicable writer, connected with something so exquisitely entertaining. Seriously speaking, I am not in the habit of permitting myself to be disturbed by what is said or written of me, though, I dare say, I may be condemned sometimes justly enough. But I feel, in respect to the writer in question, that "I am there sitting, where he durst not soar."

The case is different with the unfortunate subject of this letter, the author of "Endymion," to whose feelings and situation I entreat you to allow me to call your attention. I write considerably in the dark; but if it is Mr. Gifford that I am addressing, I am persuaded that in an appeal to his humanity and justice, he will acknowledge the *fas ab hoste doceri.* I am aware that the first duty of a Reviewer is towards the public, and I am willing to confess that the "Endymion" is a poem considerably defective, and that, perhaps, it deserved as much censure as the pages of your *Review* record against it; but, not to mention that there is a certain contemptuousness of phraseology from which it is difficult for a critic to abstain, in the review of "Endymion," I do not think that the writer has given it its due praise. Surely the poem, with all its faults, is a very remarkable production for a man of Keats's age, and the promise of ultimate excellence is such as has rarely been afforded even by such as have afterwards at-

tained high literary eminence. Look at book ii, line 833, etc., and book iii, line 113 to 120—read down that page, and then again from line 193. I could cite many other passages, to convince you that it deserved milder usage. Why it should have been reviewed at all, excepting for the purpose of bringing its excellences into notice, I cannot conceive, for it was very little read, and there was no danger that it should become a model to the age of that false taste, with which I confess that it is replenished.

Poor Keats was thrown into a dreadful state of mind by this review, which, I am persuaded, was not written with any intention of producing the effect, to which it has, at least, greatly contributed, of embittering his existence, and inducing a disease from which there are now but faint hopes of his recovery. The first effects are described to me to have resembled insanity, and it was only by assiduous watching that he was restrained from effecting purposes of suicide. The agony of his sufferings at length produced the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs, and the usual process of consumption appears to have begun. He is coming to pay me a visit in Italy; but I fear that unless his mind can be kept tranquil, little is to be hoped from the mere influence of climate.

But let me not extort anything from your pity. I have just seen a second volume, published by him evidently in careless despair. I have desired my bookseller to send you a copy, and allow me to solicit your special attention to the fragment of a poem entitled "Hyperion," the composition of which was checked by the Review in question. The great proportion of this piece is surely in the very highest style of poetry. I speak impartially, for the canons of taste to which Keats has conformed in his other compositions are the very reverse of my own. I leave you to judge that for yourself: it would be an insult to you to suppose that from motives, however honourable, you would lend yourself to a deception of the public.[7]

In November, Shelley addressed Peacock on the subject of Keats's new volume, *Lamia, Isabella, and the Eve of St. Agnes,*

[7] *Letters,* ii, 828–30.

thus: "Among the modern things which have reached me is a volume of poems by Keats; in other respects insignificant enough, but containing the fragment of a poem called *Hyperion.* I dare say you have not time to read it; but it is certainly an astonishing piece of writing, and gives me a conception of Keats which I confess I had not before." To Marianne Hunt he observed further, as to *Hyperion:* "The fragment called *Hyperion* promises for him that he is destined to become one of the first writers of the age." The other poems had not pleased him greatly. "His other things are imperfect enough, and, what is worse, written in the bad sort of style which is becoming fashionable among those who fancy they are imitating Hunt or Wordsworth." He was still anxious about Keats's health. He asks: "Where is Keats now? I am anxiously expecting him in Italy, where I shall take care to bestow every possible attention on him. I consider his a most valuable life, and I am deeply interested in his safety. I intend to be the physician both of his body and his soul, to keep the one warm, and to teach the other Greek and Spanish. I am aware, indeed, in part, that I am nourishing a rival who will far surpass me; and this is an additional motive, and will be an added pleasure." They were still looking for the author of *Hyperion.* "We anxiously expect Keats, to whom I would write if I knew where to address." Peacock in his *Four Ages of Poetry* had written disparagingly of some of his contemporary versifiers; and of him Shelley inquired (February 15th) "Among your anathemas of the modern attempts in poetry, do you include Keats's *Hyperion?* I think it very fine. His other poems are worth little; but if the *Hyperion* be not grand poetry, none has been produced by our contemporaries."

On September 17, 1820, Keats, desperately ill with his dread

From Vedute di Roma, 1835

PIAZZA DI SPAGNA

The house in which Keats died is the one at the right of the steps. The rooms on the second floor, front, are now occupied by The Keats-Shelley Memorial Association.

disease, set sail with Severn from London for Italy; but the brig, *Maria Crowther,* made slow work of the trip to Naples, and did not arrive at that southern harbor until October 21st. Quarantine laws being encountered, the passengers were unable to land until the 31st. By February 18th, following, Shelley had learned of Keats's arrival, and wrote to him, asking him to come to Pisa, though not to share his house. "We are not rich enough or [we] would [do] that sort of thing," he explained to Claire Clairmont. On the manuscript of this letter to Claire may be read the cancelled opening phrases of the letter to Keats to which he referred; and this makes it very probable that Shelley's letter sent to Keats at Naples in February 1821, had to be forwarded to Rome; for Keats and Severn had left Naples and were established at the Imperial City by November 17th preceding.

Perhaps, even, Shelley's letter did not reach Rome until after Keats's death, which occurred on February 23rd, at night, in a second-floor room of the house at the foot of the Spanish Steps, on the right side, now a Keats-Shelley Memorial. By April 19th, news of the tragic end of his acquaintance and fellow-worker in the art of poetry had reached Shelley at the Baths; for on that date Mary wrote to Mrs. Gisborne: "Henry will have told you, perhaps, that poor Keats is dead . . . at Rome." Colonel Finch, from whom, through John Gisborne, Shelley received an account of Keats's last days at Rome, represented Keats's death as attributable, in the main, to his embitterment over the *Quarterly Review* article on *Endymion.* That this was untrue is now known; but the evidences were not forwarded to Shelley, and he believed that "John Keats, that very fiery particle," had, indeed, been "snuffed out by an article." [8]

[8] Thus Byron turned the tragedy of Keats into rhyme.

Instantly "the Knight of the shield of shadow and the lance of gossamere" determined to gird on his armor and ride into the lists against the enemies of art and the murderers of poets. The *Quarterly* reviewers had already felt the lash of a contributor to *The Gossip*, which, in its issue of April 14th, introduced the subject in a "Posthumous Epistle" supposedly written by Laurence Sterne, from "Elysium, April 7, 1821": "Presently we perceived three handsome youths coming to meet us, on nearer observation we recognized two of them, Chatterton and Kirke White; but the third was a stranger, yet not an unwelcome one; for there was an intellectual glory about his countenance, which clearly indicated the possession of lofty endowments. Kirke White introduced him to our party; it was John Keats, the author of *Endymion*. Your Reading Public, or rather, the savages they employ to weild [*sic*] the scalping knife and tomahawk, in the character of reviewers, have treated this young man with a wantonness of barbarity, which I trust will ultimately be its own punishment. These assassins of reputation have committed high treason against the supremacy of genius, 'may their pernicious souls rot half a grain a day,' may the ten plagues of Egypt pursue them; may they—but I leave Dr. Slop [9] to complete the anathema." Some rejected phrases in Shelley's early drafts of the Preface to Adonais show, even more vividly than the published Preface, how high his passion ran against these

[9] A satirical portrait of Southey in one of Hone's tracts, *A Slap at Slop and the Bridge Street Gang*. I think it more than likely that this scene in Elysium, described in *The Gossip*, with its characters: Kirke White, Chatterton, and Keats, had been read by Shelley before he wrote the forty-fifth stanza of *Adonais*, in which he pictures Chatterton as welcoming Keats into "the Unapparent." Furthermore, Shelley mentions Kirke White in cancelled passages of the Preface to *Adonais*. See Ingpen, *Shelley in England*, 672. Both the author of the *Gossip* article and Shelley score the reviewers, also, for their praise of Milman's *Fall of Jerusalem*.

journalists. "Reviewers," he declares, "with some rare exceptions are in general a most stupid and malignant race; as a bankrupt thief turns thief-taker in despair, so an unsuccessful Author turns Critic and punishes others of that [craft]." Contrasting the *Quarterly's* praise of John Scott's *Paris*, Knight's *Syrian Tale*, Milman's *Jerusalem* and Shiel's *Evadne* with its wholesale condemnation of Keats's poem, Shelley asks: " . . . could they find nothing to commend in the *Endymion?* At what gnat did they strain here, after having swallowed all those camels?"

That Southey was at least a co-conspirator with these men against Keats Shelley did not question. Ironically enough he continues: "Mr. Southey and Mr. Gifford will know what true poetry is; Mr. Southey, especially, who has edited the remains of Kirke White, knows; they could not have [been] mistaken with respect to the indications afforded by portions of this poem of [? as to Keats's possession of] such astonishing descriptive power [as] they will have observed in *Hyperion.* Surely such men as these hold their repute cheap in permitting to their subordinate associates so great a licence, not of praise which can do little mischief, but of censure which may destroy —and has destroyed one of the noblest specimens of the workmanship of God. It shall be no excuse to the murderer that he has spoken daggers but used none." "These midwives of the dross and abortions which time consumes as fast as it produces, scatter their insults and their slanders without heed as to whether they light on a heart made callous by many blows or on one like Keat's composed of more penetrable stuff." [10]

[10] Ingpen, *Shelley in England,* 671–3. In the next to the last sentence Shelley is, of course, paraphrasing *Hamlet* III, ii: "I will speak daggers to her, but use none"; and in the last sentence, *Hamlet* III, iv: ". . . let me wring your heart: for so I shall, If it be made of penetrable stuff."

An analysis of the poem reveals the following divisions, or stages of the poet's advancing thought:

Part I (stanzas i–ix) plea of the poet for a general mourning for Adonais. This is purely conventional, except the tribute, in stanza iv, to Milton, who had invoked Urania in *Paradise Lost.* The phrasing shows clearly the influence of Shelley's models, Moschus' *Lament for Bion,* Bion's *Lament for Adonais,* and Theocritus' *Idylls.*

Part II (stanzas x–xvi) various abstractions—Splendours, Winged Persuasions, Desires and Adorations, etc., come to mourn the death of Adonais. The story of the death of Narcissus, and Echo's grief for him, is introduced, from Ovid's *Metamorphoses.*

Part III (stanzas xviii–xxi) the poet's personal grief for the death of Adonais is contrasted with the coming of Spring in Italy. The poet questions the source and goal of life.

Part IV (stanzas xxii–xxix) Urania laments the death of Adonais, and condemns the reviewers who had effected it.

Part V (stanzas xxx–xxxv) The living poets of England—Byron, Moore, Hunt, and Shelley appear, and join in the lament. Shelley's own self-portrait (stanzas xxxi–xxxiv) is one of the most important pieces of autobiography that Shelley has left us.

Part VI (stanzas xxxvi–xxxvii) The *Quarterly* reviewer is again condemned for his crime.

Part VII (stanzas xxviii–xliii) The pagan idea of death, the theme of the opening stanzas of the poem, is discarded for that pantheism which, absorbed from Shelley, Byron had included in the Rousseau portion of the Third Canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (iii, 680–681, 707–8).

Part VIII (stanzas xliv–xlvi) Pantheism is discarded for the Christian doctrine of personal survival after death; and

Adonais is welcomed (as in *The Gossip* letter) into the company of Chatterton, Sidney, and Lucan, beyond the grave.

Part IX (stanzas xlvii–li) The reviewer is asked to visit the Protestant Cemetery in Rome, and there pay homage to the poet he had wronged. Shelley's description of this cemetery, in which his own son William was buried, not far from Keats, is interesting and moving for that fact and the later event of his own burial in the same cemetery, but two years later.

Part X (stanzas lii–lv) The poet who in stanza xxxiv had confessed that "in another's fate" he "now wept his own," feels the strong urge to follow his poet-friend into the shades, where

> The soul of Adonais, like a star,
> Beacons from the abode where the eternal are.[11]

Shelley in far-off Italy had had his troubles with his London publishers over misprints in his poems, "proofed" by

[11] For other sources and analogues of the poem than those I have cited, it may be profitable to compare stanza x with *Thalaba,* ix, 404–5, 513–18, and 526–7; *Gebir,* vi, 11; *Endymion,* ii, 420–7; and *Rosalind and Helen,* 1270–4; stanza xiv with *Rhododaphne,* iii, 65–9, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* iii, stanza ci, and *Curse of Kehama,* xv, stanza 8; stanza xv with *Endymion,* i, 947 ff. and *Rhododaphne,* iii, 1–6; stanza xvii with *Rhododaphne,* iii, 91–6; stanza xix with *Rhododaphne,* iii, 229–31; stanza xxi with *Endymion,* i, 508–14, *Epipsychidion,* 246–9, 273; *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* i, stanza lxxxiv, Song, 6; *Laon and Cythna,* Dedication, stanza 8, *Rosalind and Helen,* 734–42, and Wordsworth's *Stanzas, Written in a Pocket Copy of Thomson's Castle of Indolence,* stanza 4; stanza xxxii, with Wordsworth's *Ruth,* 38–9; *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* iii, stanza xii, *Rosalind and Helen,* 785–6, and *Ode to the West Wind,* 55–6; stanzas xxxix and xl with Drummond's sonnets xlvii and li, (*Works,* 1913, i, 42, 45) and *Works* (1913) i, 66, 71, 35–39, 115–16, 185, 201–4; stanza xliii with *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty,* 71 and *Revolt of Islam,* 4698; stanza lii with *Thalaba,* v, 109; *Queen Mab,* v, 1–4; and Drummond, *Works,* i, 72 (lines 239–40); stanza liv with *Epipsychidion,* 26, 29, 25, and 102–3, the *Divine Comedy, Paradiso,* canto xxvii, and *The Retrospect: Cwm Elan,* 1812, 134–5; and stanza lv with *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty,* 78–80; *Epipsychidion,* 60, 81–2, and 394–5; *Revolt of Islam,* IX, xxxv, 3779–80, and 4581–4; *To Wordsworth,* 7–8; and *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* III, lxxviii.

themselves and Peacock, or some other friend, acting for the author. Errors in the *Prometheus Unbound* volume particularly annoyed him. Therefore, he decided to have *Adonais* printed at Pisa, where he could personally oversee the proofs; and Mr. Thomas J. Wise has pointed out [12] that the twenty-seven days (June 16–July 13) occupied in getting the book through the press at Pisa are a pretty clear indication of the care Shelley took to render *Adonais* accurate. "In fact," comments Mr. Wise, "*Adonais* evidently received from its author an amount of attention which we have ample reason for concluding he did not trouble himself to bestow upon the majority of his other books." When the book was placed on sale by the Olliers it was at the price of 3s. 6d. a copy; and as late as 1824 the unsold remainder were still to be had at this figure. Today, no copies of the first edition are to be had by the booklover of moderate means; and even the wealthy collector, to obtain one, must give his thousands of dollars for it.

We now know that Shelley intended that the London edition of the poem should include a frontispiece from a drawing made by his friend, Edward Williams; for the recent discovery of Williams' sepia drawing (4½″ by 3½″) designed to illustrate the concluding stanza of the poem, together with an order to the engraver, has substantiated the reference in an unpublished letter from Shelley to Ollier, enclosing this drawing and directing that it be forwarded to the engraver at once to be made into a plate for a frontispiece. The directions to the engraver fill sixteen closely-written lines, and read as follows: "An Engraving after Heath's manner, or rather if possible by Heath himself to be made of the enclosed sketch—It is requested that it may be finished in the style of frontispieces in general—as the illustrations to *Lalla Rookh*, Lord

[12] Shelley Society facsimile reprint of *Adonais*, 1886, p. 16.

Byron's Works, etc. And it is hoped that the engraver will correct such errors in the engraving that his initial eye may suggest, as this sketch is made by a very experienced [? inexperienced] artist—the blending of shades, harmony, etc., and a certain management of lights in which Heath so admirably excels. It is intended as a frontispiece to a thin quarto piece, and must serve also for an octavo edition should one be made." [13]

From the first, he seems to have considered *Adonais* to be one of his best poems. "It is little adapted for popularity, but is perhaps the least imperfect of my compositions." Thus he gave judgment, in a letter to Ollier, June 11th. On the 19th Shelley wrote to Claire that he had dipped his pen "in consuming fire to chastise" the "destroyers" of Keats. "Otherwise," he went on, "the tone of the poem is solemn and exalted." To Peacock, from Ravenna, in August, he confessed that "the composition of the poetry, and the taste in which" it had been written, he did "not think bad." Later,[14] he again termed it "the least imperfect" of his compositions. The judgment of his contemporaries on *Adonais* he awaited with an active interest, saying: "I confess I should be surprised if *that* poem were born to an immortality of oblivion."

To Joseph Severn, on November 29th, he sent the following letter: [15]

Pisa,
November 29, 1821.

Dear Sir:

I send you the Elegy on poor Keats—and I wish it were better worth your acceptance. You will see, by the preface, that it was

[13] Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge. Catalogue, Sale of July 25, 1918, p. 131; item 1165.

[14] Letter to Ollier, from Pisa, Sept. 25, 1821. *Letters*, ii, 916.

[15] Text from the original holograph MS. in the J. Pierpont Morgan Library.

written before I could obtain any particular account of his last moments; all that I still know was communicated to me by a friend who had derived his information from Colonel Finch; I have ventured to express as I felt the respect and admiration which *your* conduct towards him demands.

In spite of his transcendent genius, Keats never was, or ever will be, a popular poet and the total neglect and obscurity in which the astonishing remnants of his mind still lie, was hardly to be dissipated by a writer, who, however he may differ from Keats in more important qualities, at least resembles him in that accidental one, a want of popularity.

I have little hope, therefore, that the poem I send you will excite any attention, nor do I feel assured that a critical notice of his writings would find a single reader. But for these considerations, it had been my intention to have collected the remnants of his compositions, and to have published them with a life and criticism.—Has he left any poems or writings of whatsoever kind, and in whose possession are they? Perhaps you would oblige me by information on this point.

Many thanks for the picture you promised me; I shall consider it among the most sacred relics of the past.

For my part, I little expected, when I last saw Keats at my friend Leigh Hunt's, that I should survive him.

Should you ever pass through Pisa, I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you, and of cultivating an acquaintance into something pleasant, begun under such melancholy auspices.

Accept, my dear sir, the assurances of my sincere esteem, and believe me,

Your most sincere and faithful servant,
PERCY B. SHELLEY.

Do you know Leigh Hunt? I expect him and his family *here* every day.

Leigh Hunt reviewed *Adonais* in *The Examiner* [16] for July 7, 1822, averring that "it is not a poem calculated to be popular, any more than the *Prometheus Unbound;* it is of too abstract and subtle a nature for that purpose; but it will delight the few, to whom Mr. Shelley is accustomed to address himself. Spenser would be pleased with it if he were living. The author has had before him his recollections of *Lycidas,* of Moschus and Bion, and of the doctrines of Plato; and in the stanza of the most poetical of poets, Spenser, has brought his own genius, in all its ethereal beauty, to lead a pomp of Loves, Graces, and Intelligences, in honour of the departed. Nor is the Elegy to be considered less sincere, because it is full of poetical abstractions. . . . Mr. Shelley is the more natural in this respect, inasmuch as he is entirely abstract and imaginative, and recalls his lamented acquaintance to mind in no other shape than one strictly poetical. I say acquaintance, because such Mr. Keats was; and it happens, singularly enough, that the few hours which he and Mr. Shelley passed together were almost entirely of a poetical character."

A dull reviewer on *The Literary Gazette* staff could find nothing more than this to say of it: "The poetry of the work is contemptible—a mere collection of bloated words heaped on each other without order, harmony, or meaning; the refuse of a schoolboy's commonplace book, full of the vulgarisms of pastoral poetry, yellow gems and blue stars, bright Phœbus and rosy-fingered Aurora; and of this stuff is Keats's wretched Elegy compiled." [17]

No news of any favorable notice of the elegy reached Shelley in Italy, though he tried to secure, from various friends, some tidings of its reception in England. It was no accident,

[16] No. 754, pp. 419–21.
[17] *Op. cit.* Sat. Dec. 8, 1821, p. 773.

however, that when tidings of his own death reached England, a year later, the first poet to celebrate his grief over the event should have modelled his poem [18] on *Adonais*. And seven years later (1829) a group of Cambridge partisans of Shelley reprinted the poem in that old university town and sent a delegation from their number down to Oxford to uphold the superiority of Shelley over Byron as a great poet.

Later critics have generally flavored their admiration for the beautiful music and imagery of the poem with regrets for its coldness, its remoteness from the humanity of Keats, its failure to awaken in readers any very definite notion of Keats as man or poet, and have felt little sympathy over the death of one so imperfectly presented for their consideration. Unquestionably, the poem survives for its perfection of verse technique, its melody, and cold beauty of picture, and for Shelley's intimate and deeply poignant portrait of himself, beginning:

> Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,
> A phantom among men; companionless
> As the last cloud of an expiring storm
> Whose thunder is its knell.

In the autobiographic description, of which these are only the opening lines, Shelley acknowledges what the indifference of the reading public and the violence of the reviewers had impressed upon him far more than upon Keats, a sense of his own insignificance; of the futility of a battle for health and love and fame which, even before manhood's noon seemed irreparably lost; and of his tragedy, the tragedy of a Pariah, like his own Wandering Jew, bearing the cross on his brow,

> Which was like Cain's or Christ's—oh! that it should be so!

[18] *Verses on the Death of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, by Arthur Brooke (John Chalk Claris), 1822.

To the Gisbornes in June 1820, he had written, in the same strain: "It seems as if the destruction that is consuming me were as an atmosphere which wrapt and *infected* everything connected with me." When, in the end of *Adonais*, he looks forward to death that will take him to Keats's side, "in the Unapparent," I think he is uplifted by the thought as on no other buoyant hope expressed in the poem. *Adonais* bears the impress of so many of the poems of 1821, of a deep, settled, and almost resolute despair. Only the mutuality of their neglect by the literary public of their day, and their sufferings at the hands of the reviews, can excuse the intrusion of so lengthy a sketch of himself in this poem. Even then, it is not wholly excusable, from the standpoint of art; though, the invective against the *Quarterly* aside, it affords us the only really "human interest" to be discovered in the piece, and is by so much a boon to the average reader to whom "Winged Persuasions and Veiled Destinies" are, to say the least, remote and unintelligible. For at least one of the causes for which Guinevere forsook Arthur, that he lived too much of the time "in the intense inane," readers of Shelley could sometimes wish that he had had more of Mother Earth in his nature. "The low sun loves the color," said Guinevere.

It was now eight years since Shelley had printed "for private circulation" that youthful diatribe against "all the oppressions under the sun," *Queen Mab;* and five since, revised and condensed, it had reappeared as *The Dæmon of the World*, with *Alastor*. But in this year (1821) a pirating London bookseller named W. Clark, of 201 Strand, having obtained from some source a copy of the first edition of the poem, reprinted it [19] for general sale. Shelley was mildly an-

[19] In at least two variant forms: (1) with the Dedication to Harriet in its original form; (2) without the Dedication, and in a censored form. From Leigh Hunt's *Examiner* for Sunday, Nov. 24, 1822, p. 748, and Sunday, Dec. 1,

noyed. "I have not seen it [*Queen Mab*] for some years," he wrote to Ollier, "but inasmuch as I recollect it it is villainous trash; and I dare say much better fitted to injure than to serve the cause which it advocates. In the name of poetry, and as you are a bookseller (you observe the strength of these adjurations) pray give all manner of publicity to my disapprobation of this publication; in fact protest for me in an advertisement in the strongest terms . . . it is my duty to protest against the whole. I have written to my attorney to do what he can to suppress it." Shelley's attempt, however, to suppress the republication of his "villainous trash" was as unsuccessful as Southey's, who four years earlier had endeavored to suppress a republication of *Wat Tyler*,[20] one of his youthful indiscretions. Nearly two decades later *Queen Mab* was again the subject of a court trial, and for republishing it in Mrs. Shelley's collected edition of her husband's *Poetical Works*, Edward Moxon was given a light fine.

Shelley was, however, not entirely serious about his recantation of *Queen Mab;* for to John Gisborne on June 16th, he wrote: "A droll circumstance has occurred. *Queen Mab*, a poem written by me when very young, in the most furious style, with long notes against Jesus Christ, and God the Father, and the King, and bishops, and marriage, and the devil knows what, is just published by one of the low booksellers in the Strand, against my wish and consent, and all the people are at loggerheads about it. . . . You may imagine how much I

1822, p. 765, I glean these facts about the action against Clark: (1) that the publication price of the poem had been placed at 12s. 6d.; (2) that in the month preceding there were 529 copies in the hands of the printer, of which all but 25 had since been sold; (3) that sentence was passed on Clark, consigning him to "the House of Correction in Cold Bath Fields, for four calendar months," and exacting as security for good behavior at the end of that term "for five years, himself in £40, and two sureties of £20 each."

[20] By Sherwin and Hone.

am amused. For the sake of a dignified appearance, however, and really because I wish to protest against all the bad poetry in it, I have given orders to say that it is all done against my desire, and have directed my attorney to apply to Chancery for an injunction which he will not get."

For the sake of the "dignified appearance," probably, he also wrote, on June 22nd, the following letter "to the Editor of *The Examiner*":

Pisa,
June 22, 1821.

Sir,

Having heard that a poem, entitled "Queen Mab," has been surreptitiously published in London, and that legal proceedings have been instituted against the publisher, I request the favour of your insertion of the following explanation of the affair as it relates to me.

A poem, entitled "Queen Mab," was written by me at the age of eighteen, I dare say in a sufficiently intemperate spirit—but even then was not intended for publication, and a few copies only were struck off, to be distributed among my personal friends. I have not seen this production for several years; I doubt not but that it is perfectly worthless in point of literary composition; and that in all that concerns moral and political speculation, as well as in the subtler discriminations of metaphysical and religious doctrine, it is still more crude and immature. I am a devoted enemy to religious, political, and domestic oppression; and I regret this publication, not so much from literary vanity, as because I fear it is better fitted to injure than to serve the cause of freedom. I have directed my solicitor to apply to Chancery for an injunction to restrain the sale; but after the precedent of Mr. Southey's "Wat Tyler" (a poem, written, I believe, at the same age, and with the same unreflecting enthusiasm), with little hopes of success.

Whilst I exonerate myself from all share in having divulged opinions hostile to existing sanctions, under the form, whatever it may

be, which they assume in this poem, it is scarcely necessary for me to protest against the system of inculcating the truth of Christianity and the excellence of Monarchy, however true or however excellent they may be, by such equivocal arguments as confiscation, and imprisonment, and invective, and slander, and the insolent violation of the most sacred ties of nature and society.

Sir, I am
Your obliged and obedient servant,
PERCY B. SHELLEY.

News of the republication of his poem had been conveyed to Shelley by his unfailing friend, Horace Smith, who shortly made known to Shelley his intention to visit him in Italy. Shelley was to secure for Smith, "in or near Florence a house fit for a very small establishment, with a garden; large enough for a family in all of seven or eight persons"; and "an Italian woman, good cook," who spoke French. Notifying Claire Clairmont, then at Florence, of his friend's desires, Shelley commented as to the Italian cook who must speak French, that he "apprehended it to be impossible" to secure such a woman. Nevertheless he urged Claire, on account of his friendship for Smith, to do all she could in or about that city to secure the offer of such an establishment for the author of *Amarynthus; or the Nympholept.*

Sending a copy of *Adonais* to the Gisbornes, he asked them if they could discover in it any traces of the influence of Goethe. "Poets—the best of them," he observed, "are a very cameleon-like race; they take the colour not only of what they feed on, but of the very leaves under which they pass." He was very anxious to finish *Faust*,[21] in which he had become deeply interested. We shall see how, in the next year, he translated the May-Day Night scene for Hunt's new journal, *The Liberal.*

[21] The second part of *Faust* was not published until 1831.

The Gisbornes on reading *Adonais* wrote Shelley in terms of the warmest commendation. "It is not for me to judge," he replied, "whether, in the high praise your feelings assign me, you are right or wrong. The poet and the man are two different natures; though they exist together, they may be unconscious of each other, and incapable of deciding on each other's powers and efforts by any reflex act. The decision of the cause, whether or no *I* am a poet, is removed from the present time to the hour when our posterity shall assemble; but the court is a severe one, and I fear that the verdict will be —'Guilty—death!'" This lack of confidence that he belonged to the "mighty line" of the English poets is in sharp contrast to Keats's judgment of his own subsequent fame; for Keats said, in effect: "I shall be among the English poets after my death." The contrast is the more interesting in that it shows Keats unwilling to trust to contemporary judgment of his own work, but relying rather on his own critical faculty; and Shelley, who had enunciated the doctrine, in *The Defence of Poetry*, here again restated, that the poet can only be judged by his "peers," and that these must "be impanelled by Time from the selectest of the wise of many generations," yet, in practice, bending before the gale of the hostile critics of his own day who had denied him the palm, and accepting their judgment of "Guilty—Death!" It is, in part, because he forsook his own wise philosophy, and heeded the neglect of readers and the hostility of the reviewers, that we get those tragic interludes of self-pity and resignation in *Adonais*. Keats would never have written them.

I am aware that there is another view, and that it is illustrated by the story of the conversation between Coleridge and Samuel Rogers, in which Coleridge doubted the immortality of any of his own work, while Rogers confidently as-

serted the certainty of his own enduring poetic fame. Nevertheless, I think it illustrates the lack of a certain hardiness, or a saving indifference, in Shelley, and an almost effeminate yielding to the rôle of "the herd-abandoned deer, neglected and apart." Furthermore, his compromise with his critics in England at this time in the matter of *Queen Mab* "for the sake of a dignified appearance" sounds disappointingly unlike the Oxford rebel of 1811 who would not alter a jot or tittle of his beliefs to suit anybody, and raises an intriguing question. Had Shelley come to this through the influence of Mary? Though it is the testimony of a not-unimpeachable witness, seeing that, after Shelley's death, he offered his hand to Mary and was rejected, we have Trelawny's word for it that Mary "was the most conventional slave" he had ever met—that "she even affected the pious dodge, such was her yearning for society." [22]

Some society, however, Mary did not yearn for—and that was Claire's, who on June 21 turned up at the Baths, not having executed Shelley's request for a house in Florence for Horace Smith. By July 22nd, the Smiths, having dispatched their heavy luggage direct by boat to Leghorn, were at Paris; and on the 29th Shelley, concerned to secure some proper quarters for his friend, left the Baths and proceeded to Florence. On August 1st he wrote Mary: "I have seen many houses, but very few within the compass of our powers; and even in those which suit, nothing is more difficult than to bring the proprietors to terms." The next day he returned to the Baths. But the Smiths, shortly, were obliged to change their plans on account of the illness of Mrs. Smith, which would not permit her to travel farther in the extreme heat of summer. Ultimately they settled at Versailles.

Scarcely, however, had Shelley arrived from this "wild-

[22] Letter to Claire Clairmont, April 3, 1870, *Letters of E. J. Trelawny*, p. 228.

goose chase" for one friend than his presence was required, in another Italian city, by another friend. Byron must see and consult him at Ravenna. The occasion was the sudden forced exile from the Romagna, for political reasons, of the Gamba's (parents of Teresa Guiccioli, Byron's mistress, and the divorced wife of Count Guiccioli). Byron was contemplating a sojourn in Switzerland for himself, the countess and her family, and Allegra, who was still in the convent at Bagnacavallo. On August 3rd, therefore, Shelley left the Baths for Leghorn and Florence; the stop at Leghorn being necessitated by Shelley's desire to see Claire, who was visiting Mrs. Mason, and get her views of what should be done with Allegra. The night of the 5th was spent, not without a slight mishap when the carriage overturned, on the road to Bologna; and Shelley sent Mary from that city a very amused account of the accident. At 10 P. M. on August 6th, Shelley arrived at Ravenna and was met by Byron at the palace of the Guicciolis, where the two poets sat up talking until 5 in the morning.

"Lord Byron is very well," Shelley reported to Mary, later, that morning, "and was delighted to see me. He has, in fact, completely recovered his health, and lives a life totally the reverse of that which he led at Venice. He has a permanent sort of *liaison* with Contessa Guiccioli, who is now at Florence, and seems from her letters to be a very amiable woman." Shelley found his friend "immersed in politics and literature." They differed in their views of poetry, he found, "more than ever. He affects to patronise a system of criticism fit for the production of mediocrity, and although all his fine poems and passages have been produced in defiance of this system, yet I recognize the pernicious effects of it in the *Doge of Venice*, and it will cramp and limit his future efforts, however great they may be, unless he gets rid of it. I have read only parts

of it, or rather he himself read them to me, and gave me the plan of the whole."

Byron had also communicated to Shelley an account of a rumor set afloat by the discharged servants of the Shelleys, Paolo and Elise, and delivered by them to the Hoppners, Byron's friends at Venice. This story was to the effect that Claire had become *enceinte* by Shelley, at Naples in 1818; and that Shelley's efforts to secure abortion failing, the child, when born, had been torn from its mother and sent to a Foundling Hospital; that Claire and Shelley both treated Mary "in the most shameful manner, and that Claire never let a day pass without offering" Mary "insults of the most violent kind, in which she was abetted by" Shelley. The only phase of the story, apparently, which Shelley was anxious to repudiate as untrue was the part dealing with the attempt to destroy and the act of abandoning the child to the care of the Foundling Hospital. The charge that Claire had been his mistress Shelley nowhere, in any of his letters on the subject, specifically denied; and the only denial of it we have is that which Mary, at Shelley's request, wrote to the Hoppners; a letter which was entrusted by Shelley to Byron, and which Byron probably sent [23] to his friends at Venice. In this letter [24] Mary, binding herself by many sacred vows, declared the accusations to be false. In the face of Mary's wholesale repudiation it is difficult to credit even those portions of the story which Shelley did not directly deny. It has been hard to determine whether Byron did forward Mary's denial to the Hoppners, but this he probably did do, for the letter with seal broken, supposedly by the Hoppners, was discovered among his papers after his

[23] This much-mooted question is ably debated in Mr. John Murray's recent work, *Lord Byron's Correspondence*, ii, 179–194.

[24] *Ibid.* ii, 185–88. This is the first complete publication of the letter.

death. Mr. Richard Edgcumbe argues convincingly that the letter was probably sent, read by the Hoppners, and returned out of deference, perhaps, to a wish of Byron's that such scandal, touching the mother of Allegra, should not be suffered to fall into other hands than the Hoppners.

"It seems destined," wrote Shelley to Mary, "that I am always to have some active part in everybody's affairs whom I approach." The occasion of the remark was Byron's request that Shelley write to the Countess Guiccioli, endeavoring to dissuade her from settling with Byron and her family in Switzerland, and to settle with the Gambas and Byron in Lucca or Tuscany instead.

Ravenna and its churches did not impress Shelley; he found the people "barbarous and wild, and their language the most infernal patois" imaginable. Shelley thought his friend would be happier in Tuscany.

Byron had read to Shelley one of the unpublished cantos of his *Don Juan*. Shelley thought it "astonishingly fine. It sets him not only above, but far above, all the poets of the day—every word is stamped with immortality." Byron's prowess humbled Shelley. "I despair of rivalling Lord Byron," he confessed, "as well I may, and there is no other with whom it is worth contending." The canto Byron had read him seemed to Shelley "wholly new and relative to the age, and yet surpassingly beautiful." In this Shelley thought he saw Byron's accession to his request made in letters written to Byron from England in 1817, for "something wholly new."

Leigh Hunt needed money, and Shelley knew it. While he talked with Lord Byron he mentioned the liberal journalist; but found it impossible to request directly a contribution from Byron for Hunt's relief. The reason for his reluctance he explained to Mary. "Lord Byron and I are excellent friends,

and were I reduced to poverty, or were I a writer who had no claims to a higher station than I possess or did I possess a higher than I deserve, we should appear in all things as such, and I would freely ask him any favour. Such is not the case. The demon of mistrust and pride lurks between two persons in our situation, poisoning the freedom of our intercourse. This is a tax, and a heavy one, which we must pay for being human."

Mary was deep in her novel of *Valperga; or the Life and Adventures of Castruccio, Prince of Lucca,* the materials for which she had "raked," Shelley said, "out of fifty old books," but which also owed much to her travels and the experiences of the Shelley circle. He urged her to be severe in her corrections of her manuscript, and added: "I flatter myself you have composed something unequalled in its kind, and that, not content with the honours of your birth and your hereditary aristocracy,[25] you will add still higher renown to your name."

The extraordinary menagerie which he found in the palace of the Guiccioli moved Shelley to undisguised mirth. "Lord Byron's establishment," he reported to Peacock, "consists, besides servants, of ten horses, eight enormous dogs, three monkeys, five cats, an eagle, a crow, and a falcon; and all these, except the horses, walk about the house, which every now and then resounds with their unarbitrated quarrels, as if they were the masters of it." When he had signed the letter, he observed that he had not catalogued all the live stock in the palace, and so added in a Homeric postscript: "I find that my enumeration of the animals in this Circean palace was defective, and that in a material point. I have just met on the grand staircase five peacocks, two guinea hens, and an Egyptian crane. I wonder who all these animals were before they were changed into these shapes?"

[25] Which Shelley had praised in the Dedication to *Laon and Cythna,* 1817–18.

Probably not later than the 13th of August—for in his letter of the 15th to Mary, he speaks of his call as having occurred "the other day"—Shelley visited the four-year-old Allegra at the convent of Bagnacavallo. "She is grown tall and slight for her age and her face is somewhat altered," Shelley declared to Mary. "The traits have become more delicate, and she is much paler, probably from the effect of improper food. She yet retains the beauty of her deep blue eyes and of her mouth, but she has a contemplative seriousness which, mixed with her excessive vivacity, which has not yet deserted her, has a very peculiar effect in a child."

Allegra's "excessive vivacity" manifested itself in leading Shelley "all over the garden and all over the convent, running and skipping" so fast that Shelley could not keep up with her. "Before I went away she made me run all over the convent, like a mad thing," he reported. Shelley's gracious behavior with children, his own first-born,[26] and Leigh Hunt's,[27] and now [28] Byron's, is one of the most charming features of his character. If the saying, "he is not wholly bad who can love, and be beloved by, a child" be worthy of acceptance, Shelley's sins of fickleness, of rhapsodies over many women, and his occasional surrenders to desire, may be in part, at least, forgiven, because of his genuine affection for children. Of course, his desertion of Harriet meant desertion also of Ianthe; and ultimately, of Charles Bysshe; but there can be no doubt that the decision of the Court of Chancery, in 1817, which de-

[26] Compare Peacock's account of Shelley's romps with Ianthe. *Memoirs of Shelley.*

[27] Compare Thornton Hunt's *Shelley, by One Who Knew Him. Atlantic Monthly,* 1863.

[28] Compare his earlier account, in *Julian and Maddalo,* of his games with Allegra.

prived him of the privilege of caring for and rearing these same children, "tore his very being to pieces."

Byron now formed a sudden resolve to remove to Pisa, and put the business of securing a house on the ever-willing shoulders of the kindly Shelley. The latter, amazed but eager to serve his friend, wrote Mary in haste, proposing that they should also winter at Pisa. "The Williamses would probably be induced to stay there if we did," he suggested, "Hunt would certainly stay, at least this winter, near us, should he emigrate at all"; and so by various persuasions convinced Mary that that would be their own best course.

But in the same letter Shelley confessed that he would be more content were he and Percy Florence alone on "a solitary island in the sea" where he could shut upon his retreat "the floodgates of the world. I would read no reviews, and talk with no authors. If I dared trust my imagination, it would tell me that there are one or two chosen companions beside yourself whom I should desire. But to this I would not listen—where two or three are gathered together, the devil is among them.[29] And good, far more than evil impulses, love, far more than hatred, has been to me, except as you have been its object, the source of all sorts of mischief. So on this plan I would be alone, and would devote, either to oblivion or to future generations, the overflowings of a mind which, timely withdrawn from the contagion, should be kept fit for no baser object. But" he concluded, regretfully, "this it does not appear that we shall do."

Returning to Pisa on or about the 17th, Shelley set about home-hunting for Byron; and by the 26th had secured the Lanfranchi Palace, on the Lung' Arno, at a rent of approximately £450 *per annum*. The house was unfurnished; and

[29] A statement slightly adapted from Peacock.

Shelley asked Byron for directions as to how it should be equipped. As to the company Byron would find at Pisa, Shelley made one very curious remark: "I pronounce you secure against any of my female friends here. I will trust you with Mrs. W[illiams]." On September 14th Shelley reported to Byron that he had despatched "eight waggons" to Ravenna to convey the household effects of the noble Lord to the Lanfranchi Palace. But Byron did not transfer to Pisa until November 1st.

From Pisa, August 26th, Shelley sent Leigh Hunt tidings which, though he could not wholly guess it then, were to prove in the issue the cause of much unhappiness to many persons, and, though accidentally, of Shelley's own death. Some time before, Byron had proposed to Moore that they should together set up a periodical, in which all their newest writings should first appear. But nothing had come of it; and so, probably as Byron pondered over Hunt's financial difficulties, described to him by Shelley, he conceived the idea of making the same proposal to Shelley and Hunt, with the understanding that Hunt should remove to Italy for the purpose. Shelley, conveying the proposal to Hunt, said that "nothing would induce" him "to share in the profits,[30] and still less in the borrowed splendour of such a partnership," but that he stood ready to support it in every way.

The project to transport the numerous Hunts to Pisa presented no small problem; and Shelley had not thought it advisable to trouble Byron with it. "I suppose," he wrote Hunt, "that I shall at last make up an impudent face, and ask Horace

[30] "Mr. Shelley afterwards altered his mind; but he had a reserved intention underneath it, which he would have endeavoured to put in practice, had his friend allowed him."—Leigh Hunt, *Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries*, 1828, p. 243. Did Shelley intend to claim his share (one-third) of the profits, and turn these, secretly, over to Leigh Hunt?

Smith to add to the many obligations he has conferred on me—I know I need only ask." Hunt's verse translation of Tasso's *Amyntas* had pleased Shelley; but he said he wished that Hunt instead of devoting himself to translation had given the world another original poem like "The Nymphs," published in *Foliage*, 1818, and which Shelley had praised before. Hunt did not take this disparagement of the *Amyntas* gracefully; as is shown by the very foolish note he appended to this letter in his *Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries*.[31]

Another Byronic project was discussed in a letter which Shelley addressed to Horace Smith on September 14th, on receipt of the news that Smith could not continue his journey into Italy. Shelley says of Byron: "He is occupied in forming a new drama, and, with views which I doubt not will expand as he proceeds, is determined to write a series of plays, in which he will follow the French tragedians and Alfieri, rather than those of England and Spain, and produce something new, at least, to England." This course seemed mistaken to Shelley, but he expressed the belief that "genius like his is destined to lead and not to follow. He will shake off his shackles as he finds they cramp him. I believe he will produce something very great; and that familiarity with the dramatic power of human nature will soon enable him to soften down the severe and unharmonising traits of his *Marino Faliero*."

The letter, sent from "Pisa (or Lattin Leghorn)," October 6th, with directions to Leigh Hunt as to his most suitable procedure in preparing for and making his journey to Italy is such a good example of Shelley's practicality, of that other side of his nature generally neglected by his critics, that I take the liberty of reprinting it in full. From it we can gather that

[31] Ed. 1828, p. 244.

Shelley knew Hunt's utter other-worldly mind, his abstraction in poetry and the kindred sciences and his inability to cope with the tremendous problem of removal, with a large family, from one country to another, and with no funds save those Horace Smith might, for Shelley's sake, provide. Shelley has made the entire process so clear that a child, it seems, must have been able to understand it; and Hunt, in business matters, had not reached his majority.

Pisa (or Lattin Leghorn) [32]
October 6, 1821.

My dearest Friend,

I wrote yesterday evening in haste to your brother, imagining that you must have set off, and wishing to reassure him on the subject of money.—I write again today, because I find that yesterday was not post-day, and I am in hopes that this letter may arrive in time enough. First of all then,—welcome, and thanks, and take our love and anxious wishes for the companions of your journey,—Secondly, let me advise you upon one or two things.

You would do well to come by sea instead of crossing France at this season of the year,—and if you do cross France by no means venture to pass the Alps so late, but go directly from Paris to Marseilles, and embark at that town for Leghorn, which is within two hours drive of Pisa. But it would be far better to embark at London for Leghorn direct. At this season, westerly and north-westerly winds may be expected to prevail, and although the usual average passage is three weeks, I know a person who made it in twelve days.—It were of use if you could bring your beds, and by no means neglect to put up your linen, knives and forks, spoons, or any other matter of that kind, as it will make a material difference in your expenses here. In case you come by sea bring all the furniture you can,—and if you come by France *send* your beds, your piano, etc., but not

[32] The text of this letter is given from the original holograph in the J. Pierpont Morgan Library.

tables, chairs, etc.—because freightage is not paid by weight but by room.—Address your packages to the care of Mr. Guebhard, Merchant, Leghorn. In addition—write exactly *when* we are to expect you. This is of the last consequence as to cheapness, because it is necessary we should make some arrangement about your lodgings; and tell us what furniture you have, and whether any.

Lord Byron is expected every day, and I know will be delighted to hear of your coming.—He has a fine palace, and will have a splendid establishment here; that's the sort of thing he likes. Hogg will be inconsolable at your departure. I wish you could bring him with you—he will say that I am like Lucifer who has seduced the third part of the starry flock.

If the letter arrives in time pray bring me a perfect copy of the *Indicator* and a copy of Clarke's "Queen Mab."—I have little hope that this letter will reach you.

All good spirits be your guide.

Your most affectionate

S.

To John Gisborne and to Hogg [33] on October 22nd Shelley reported that he was still reading the Greek dramatists, Plato, and Homer. "You were right about Antigone"; he tells Gisborne. "How sublime a picture of a woman!—Some of us have, in a prior existence, been in love with an Antigone, and that makes us find no full content in any mortal tie."

Not only the ancient Greeks, however, but also the modern Greeks, at this time in open rebellion, interested Shelley; and from Shelley, possibly, Leigh Hunt had caught the contagion. In the *Examiner* for Sunday, October 7, 1821, pp. 625–7, appeared a stirring editorial on *The Greeks,* in which Hunt said: "In short, we cannot exercise the art of reasoning, we cannot

[33] An abstract only from this letter has been published. *Letters About Shelley,* 1917, p. 238.

indulge the faculties of memory and imagination, we cannot employ the every day arts of life, we cannot set before us noble examples, we cannot converse, we cannot paint, sculpture, write poetry or music, we cannot be school-boys, be patriots, be orators, be useful or ornamental members of society, be human beings in a high state of cultivation, be persons living and moving and having their being in other worlds besides those of the idiot who only sees before him, without having a debt of gratitude to the Greeks;—and shall we not pay what we can for all this obligation?

"Men, with any pretensions to scholarship or letters, are of all others the most indebted, because they are the most aware of what they owe. How can any of us pretend to admire the Greek love of liberty, if we will do nothing for it when it revives? How can we talk of the knowledge and delight for which we are indebted to Aristotle and Homer, if we are not prepared to assist, as far as we are able, the people who inherit their native soil and language? . . . It is the Press that will save Greece at last, as it is the want of it that will overthrow Turkey."

Practising this doctrine as to the serviceableness of the press in the Greek crisis, Hunt, in the *Examiner* for Sunday, November 4, 1821, pp. 689–92, published an article, "the production of a Greek gentleman" (? Mavrocordatos) entitled: "Proposal of a Subscription for the Greeks," in which the author related the wrongs of his country, argued for their independence from the Turkish yoke, and emphasized the benefits that would accrue to Western Europe from the establishment of an independent Greek state.

Shelley's interest in the Greek cause had been stimulated, and perhaps first awakened, by Prince Mavrocordatos. To him and to that cause, he dedicated a play, *Hellas*, the product

of his enthusiasm for both in the autumn of 1821. The completed MS. was sent to Ollier with a request for immediate publication, on November 11th. "The *Persæ* of Æschylus," Shelley confessed, in his Preface, "afforded me the first model of my conception, although the decision of the glorious contest now waging in Greece being yet suspended forbids a catastrophe parallel to the return to Xerxes and the desolation of the Persians. I have, therefore, contented myself with exhibiting a series of lyric pictures, and with having wrought upon the curtain of futurity, which falls upon the unfinished scene, such figures of indistinct and visionary delineation as suggest the final triumph of the Greek cause as a portion of the cause of civilization and social improvement."

Hellas actually follows the structure of Æschylus' drama rather closely; but, as Professor Woodberry, Dr. Richard Ackerman, and Mr. C. D. Locock have pointed out, there are other debts owing to Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Vergil, Plato, and Æschylus' *Agamemnon;* and Shelley has also "plagiarized" freely from his own earlier works, notably *Prometheus Unbound.*

In the story of *Hellas* we perceive, when they are disentangled from much that is obscure, formless, and vague (as some Greek tragedies are), two lines of interest, concerning actions transpiring *on* and *off* the stage. The dreams of Mahmud, the Turkish sultan, and his conversation with Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew who is a recurrent figure in Shelley's poetry, are the central features of such action as passes before the audience; while a bloody contest between the Greeks and Turks, based upon such newspaper information of the Greek rebellion of 1821 as Shelley had been able to glean, is reported by "voices without" and the conventional mes-

sengers of the Greek drama, and goes on off-stage. There is no plot, in the accepted meaning of the term, but only incident, about as unrelated as the Greek news which Shelley had read, from day to day, in the Italian press. *Hellas* survives today, as literature, chiefly on the strength of individual lines, a few short descriptive passages, and the two superb choruses, "Worlds on worlds are rolling ever," and "The world's great age begins anew," in the last act, which are lyrical, springing rather from the poet's hopes of the ultimate liberation of Greece than from any promise held out by the action which transpires off-stage, that this hope was justified.

In addition to the play as it was subsequently published, in 1822, Shelley has left behind him in manuscript a fragmentary "Prologue" to the drama which Dr. Garnett, in 1862, salvaged from the Shelley papers then at Boscombe Manor. The chief interest of this incomplete preliminary scene is, perhaps, Shelley's introduction of Christ, who prophesies that Greece shall arise

> Victorious as the world arose from Chaos!

To Christ's advent into the world Shelley also refers in an exalted passage in the first of the two great choruses already mentioned.

> A power from the unknown God,
> A Promethean conqueror, came;
> Like a triumphal path he trod
> The thorns of death and shame.
> A mortal shape to him
> Was like the vapour dim
> Which the orient planet animates with light;

Hell, Sin, and Slavery came,
Like bloodhounds mild and tame,
Nor preyed, until their Lord had taken flight;
The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set:
While blazoned as on Heaven's immortal noon
The cross leads generations on.

We have seen how, five or six years earlier, in the *Essay on Christianity,* Shelley had acknowledged the nobility of the character and teachings of Christ, though in the same study he had deplored the perversion of those teachings by an institutionalized church, wedded, as it often was in the Middle Ages, to political and social tyranny, aggression, and war. He had now reached the point where the Christ could be a source not only of a sympathetic and understanding prose essay, but even of his lyric muse. And this, it seems to me, certainly indicates a deepening conviction of the beauty and strength of the Master. True, Shelley never directly acknowledged Christ's divinity; though the opening lines of the verses just quoted might lead to this inference; but in this Shelley would find himself in entire accord, today, with a large number of recognized Protestant churches laying title to the name of "Christian," and whose communicants would be hospitably received in other Protestant churches which hold to the doctrine of His divine origin.

In the *Essay on Christianity* Shelley had affirmed that Christ represented God as a "Power—mysteriously and illimitably pervading the frame of things." In *Hellas,* he is represented as in himself "a power," emanating "from the unknown God." Perhaps Shelley had Paul's speech, delivered on Mars Hill,

in his mind here. If we compare this verse, in *Hellas*, with one on the same subject in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, II, iii, we shall see that Shelley accepts the permanence of Christ's influence and teaching where Byron rejects both as parts of another temporary faith. Says Byron, cynically:

> . . . religions take their turn:
> 'Twas Jove's,—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
> Will rise with other years.

Not so Shelley, who affirms:

> The moon of Mahomet
> Arose, and it shall set:
> *While blazoned as on Heaven's immortal noon*
> *The cross leads generations on.*[34]

I am aware that some students of Shelley may object to the space and prominence I have given in this discussion of *Hellas* to this matter of Shelley's attitude toward Christianity. My defence must be that I think it seasonable to show a misjudging world how much of the heart of Christianity Shelley accepted before he died; and how beautifully he has set forth his creed in mid-career, in the *Essay on Christianity*, and near the end, in *Hellas*.

It is apparent, on reading them together, that the picture of the sleeping Mahmud, and the watching maidens, had its earlier prototype in the sleeping monarch and the Fairy Mab, *Queen Mab*, iii, 21–213; while the philosophy of Ahasuerus' speech, *Hellas*, 768–785, is rooted in Lloyd's note, earlier admired by Shelley, in his copy of Berkeley's *Works*: "Noth-

[34] Italics my own.

ing exists but as it is perceived"; and the supremacy of thought over all things, the central philosophy of the poem, had been stated in *Queen Mab*,

> . . . every shape and mode of matter lends
> Its force to the omnipotence of mind,
> Which from its dark mine drags the gem of truth
> To decorate its Paradise of peace.

Thought has indeed come to occupy a more prominent place in Shelley's philosophy than Godwinian Necessity; yet even in *Hellas*, the "eyeless charioteer," Destiny, appears, to remind us of that force; and the hour of Mahmud's overthrow, like that of Prometheus' liberation, in *Prometheus Unbound*, seems to be under the control of Fate, or Necessity, for Mahmud promises the appearance of Ahasuerus

> When the omnipotent hour to which are yoked
> He, I, and all things shall compel.

The two are essentially harmonious in Shelley's thought, who reasoned that when the minds of men had been sufficiently set free, after, perhaps, centuries of education, the hour of tyranny's doom would strike. The cumulative force behind the operation of Necessity would, however, be men's thought. This is certainly a great philosophical advance over a faith in a pagan Fate, or Necessity. It takes the burden of men's emancipation from the shoulders of that demigod, Demogorgon, and puts it, where it belongs, on the shoulders of man.

Yet at the end of the drama, unlike his mood in the endings of *Queen Mab*, *Laon and Cythna*, and *Prometheus Unbound*, but as in many of his lyrics, Shelley wakes out of his dream of happiness for humanity, and sees blank-eyed morning peering in over the sill, and his fellow-men waking to a life of

slavery in industry, religion, and politics; and bending over the cradle of this sorry earth, he cries out:

> The world is weary of the past,
> Oh, might it die or rest at last!

Despairing as is this outburst, there were reasons enough in his personal situation at this time to cause Shelley to despair. Indeed, to follow his patient, and usually uncomplaining efforts to solve the knotty problems involved in Godwin's and Hunt's finances, Claire's disputes with Byron over the care of Allegra, Claire's means of making a partial livelihood, apart from Mary, Byron's idiosyncrasies, and many others, is of necessity to accord Shelley the fullest meed of praise for his infinite tolerance, enduring patience, and unsparing charity. And during the winter of 1821–22, in addition to suffering severely from the pain in his side, and a dearth of appreciation, apparently, from England, of some of the finest poetry he was ever to produce, he was obliged to enter the lists again for and against all except Godwin, of these persons, in order to straighten out these difficult *cruces* in their lives and relationships.

In the first place, there were the Hunts, who had embarked from England for Italy. Byron had fitted up a suite in his palace to receive them, and Shelley had provided the funds for their journey. At length, after weeks of waiting, Shelley learned that, fearing to go on into midwinter storms on a ship carrying gunpowder as part of its cargo, they had put back to Plymouth. This meant, of course, that further funds had to be provided, but, Shelley's being exhausted, they could only be obtained by his approaching Lord Byron and offering to become Hunt's security for an advance. Swallowing his pride, and uncomplainingly still, Shelley did this; and £220

were sent to Hunt with a promise of £56 more to follow. An Italian cook, hired to take care of the Hunts, must be continued on the pay-roll until their arrival; this Shelley would also arrange without reproving his friend for his short-sightedness.

Then, there was Claire, desperate at Florence over the situation, which she considered unsafe, of Allegra at Bagnacavallo. Interviews with Byron were undertaken, but to no avail; and these at length terminated in such a serious *impasse* between the two poets that Shelley at one time feared Byron might, for his lively interest on behalf of Claire, and his interference respecting the disposition of Allegra, challenge him to a duel. It was at this period that he wrote to Claire of Byron's "hypocrisy and cruelty" and his "detested intimacy," which, he told Leigh Hunt, were the result of "particular dispositions in Lord Byron's character"; and in an undated letter of 1822 to Claire he reports that "No sentiments of honour or justice restrain him (as I strongly suspect) from the basest insinuations, and the only mode in which I could effectually silence him I am reluctant (even if I had proof) to employ during my father's life. But for your immediate feelings I would suddenly and irrevocably leave this country which he inhabits, nor ever enter it but as an enemy to determine our differences *without words*."

Even that hitherto-faithful Damon, Horace Smith, was found lacking in generosity at this time. On January 25th, Shelley had requested him to buy a pedal harp, and five or six napoleons' worth of harp music, to be shipped to him in care of the Guebhards, Leghorn. "I do not know the price of harps at Paris," he wrote, "but I suppose that from seventy to eighty guineas would cover it, and I must trust to your accustomed kindness, as I want it for a present, to make the immediate advance, as if I were to delay, the grace of my com-

From the painting by William E. West *Engraved by Engleheart*

LORD BYRON

pliment would be lost." Two months later he regretfully informed Claire: "So far from being ready to lend me three or four hundred pounds, Horace Smith has lately declined to advance me six or seven napoleons for a musical instrument which I wished to buy for Jane [35] at Paris; nor have I any other Friend to whom I could apply."

But if Shelley and Byron could not agree on Allegra, they at least made common cause against the Infanta of Lucca who "had condemned" a priest "to the stake for stealing the wafer-box out of a church." Count Taafe investigated for his friends; and returned to report that the priest had given himself up at Florence, where it was decided to commit him to the Luccan authorities with the express condition that he be punished according to the law of Tuscany. On December 12, 1821, Shelley advised Byron "that the design which certainly had been in contemplation of burning my fellow-serpent has been abandoned, and that he has been condemned to the galleys."

The phrase, "my fellow-serpent" in this letter naturally raises the question: why did Shelley compare himself to a serpent? Byron had insisted that Shelley was the nephew of the serpent of the Garden of Eden, described by Mephistopheles in Goethe's *Faust* as "my Aunt, the renowned snake." Shelley, who, as we have seen, was always attracted by the subject of snakes, and who had used a snake in *Laon and Cythna* as the emblem of the Good, accepted Byron's title, and in a poem of 1821, addressed to Jane Williams, had identified himself with the serpent shut out of Paradise.

With the assistance of my friend, Professor H. J. C. Grierson, of the University of Edinburgh, I was enabled, in 1920, to collate the Trelawny MS.—the original MS. given by Shel-

[35] Jane Williams.

ley to Edward Williams for Jane—of this exquisite poem, and as this shows so many variations hitherto unnoted in the published texts, I make no apology for reprinting it in full here. It is one of a number of exquisite lyrics which, in 1821 and 1822, Shelley addressed to the common-law wife of his friend, Edward Williams, and which include: *To Jane: the Invitation; To Jane: the Recollection; With a Guitar, to Jane;* and *To Jane: "The Keen Stars Were Twinkling."*

To ——

[1]

The serpent is shut out from Paradise.—
The wounded deer must seek the herb no more
In which its heart's cure lies:—
The widowed dove must cease to haunt a bower
Like that from which its mate with feigned sighs
Fled in the April hour.—
I too, must seldom seek again
Near happy friends a mitigated pain.

[2]

Of hatred I am proud,—with scorn content;
Indifference, which once hurt me, is now grown
Itself indifferent.
But not to speak of love, Pity alone
Can break a spirit already more than bent.
The miserable one
Turns the mind's prison into food:
Its medicine is tears, its evil, good.

[3]

Therefore if now I see you seldomer
Dear friends, dear *friend*, know that I only fly

Your looks, because they stir
Griefs that should sleep, and hopes that cannot die.[36]
The very comfort which they minister
I scarce can bear; yet I,
(So deeply is the arrow gone)
Should quickly perish if it were withdrawn.

[4]

When I return to my cold home, you ask
Why I am not as I have lately been?
You spoil me from the task
Of acting a forced part in life's dull scene,
Of wearing on my brow the idle mask
Of author, great or mean,
In the world's carnival. I sought
Peace thus, and but in you I found it not.

[5]

Full half an hour today I tried my lot
With various flowers, and every one still said
"She loves me, loves me, not."
And if this meant a Vision long since fled—
If it meant Fortune, Fame, or Peace of thought
If it meant (but I dread
To speak what you may know too well)
Still there was truth in the sad oracle.

[6]

The crane o'er seas and forests seeks her home.
No bird so wild, but has its quiet nest
When it no more would roam.
The sleepless billows on the Ocean's breast

[36] Compare the *Stanza, Written* (to Cornelia Turner) *at Bracknell,* 1814: "Thy dewy looks sink in my breast" etc.

Break like a bursting heart, and die in foam
  And thus, at length, find rest.[37]
  Doubtless there is a place of peace
Where *my* weak heart and all its throbs will cease.

[7]

I asked her, yesterday, if she believed
  That I had resolution. One who *had*
    Would ne'er have thus relieved
  His heart with words, but what his judgment bade
Would do, and leave the scorner unrelieved.
    These verses were too sad
  To send to you, but that I know
Happy yourself, you feel another's woe.

It seems somewhat surprising that in January 1822, Shelley should have expressed himself in terms of such discouragement concerning his own genius for poetry as is to be read in his letter to Leigh Hunt on the 25th of that month. True, he had had his worries over Claire and Byron and Hunt himself; but were these sufficient to produce such sentiment? I think not, but that the reason is to be found in the chilliness of his reception by the critics, and in his growing sense of unhappiness with Mary—unhappiness voiced in the poem just quoted. In some prior existence he had been in love with Antigone; in 1814 he had imagined that she had been reborn in Mary; but by 1822 he has discovered his error. Disappointed, then, by the neglect of the critics; hurt, or incensed by their hostility; and painfully aware of a lack of understanding and imagination in his home, he declares: "My faculties are shaken to

[37] With this passage compare *Alastor*, 275–290. Note that in the later comparison Shelley ends on a note of hope missing from the earlier lines.

atoms, and torpid. I can write nothing; and if *Adonais* had no success, and excited no interest, what incentive can I have to write? As to reviews, don't give Gifford, or Hazlitt, a stripe the more for my sake. The man must be enviably happy whom reviews can make miserable. I have neither curiosity, interest, pain or pleasure in anything, good or evil, they can say of me. I feel only a slight disgust, and a sort of wonder that they presume to write my name." Thus he re-states for Hunt the sentiment of the opening lines of the second stanza of the poem to Jane, quoted above:

> Of hatred I am proud,—with scorn content;
> Indifference, which once hurt me, is now grown
> Itself indifferent.

This is an unrelieved philosophy of despair, that makes the event of July 8, 1822, seem a shade less tragic for Shelley.

We left Leigh Hunt at Plymouth, awaiting funds and favorable winds to depart, "bag and baggage," for Italy. The following hitherto-unpublished letter, from the Shelley-Brookes correspondence, shows Shelley again playing the benefactor to the needy journalist.

Pisa, Jan. 25, 1822.

Gentlemen

I have given Mr. Leigh Hunt an order on you for one Hundred and Fifty Pounds, on the receipt of which you will be so obliging as to transmit that sum to him at Dartmouth.

It would be a considerable convenience to me, if you would oblige me so far, as to send me a letter of credit upon Leghorn for the amount of the two ensuing quarters of my income payable in March & June, as without some arrangement of the sort I could not undertake a tour that I project beyond the limits of mercantile communica-

tion.—I am not in the habit of troubling you with requests of this sort, nor should at present, if the friend [38] who has usually been kind enough to accommodate me were at present in England.

I have the honour to be,
Gentlemen,
Your obedient Sert.
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

[postmarked]
F. P. O.
FE. 7
1822

[addressed outside]
Messrs. Brookes & Co.
Bankers
Chancery Lane
London
Angleterre.

What was the meaning of the significant sentence, in this letter, referring to a tour "beyond the limits of mercantile communication"? We can only conjecture; but it is probable that his unhappiness with Mary when he was attracted to other women had something to do with it. We remember what he had written to Mary in this connection, from Ravenna, August 16th preceding: "My greatest content would be utterly to desert all human society. I would retire with you and our child to a solitary island in the sea, would build a boat, and shut upon my retreat the floodgates of the world." The phrase "beyond the limits of mercantile communication" also suggests that Shelley was not a little weary of contacts with other persons than the women who, one after the other, seemed to display the facets of the perfect gem he sought, and

[38] Horace Smith.

Leghorn Feb. 23. 1822

My dear friend

I have only a slight wish to tell you that I cannot cash Lord Byron's bill for you here under a loss of 50 or 60 per cent discount but I will ~~send~~ send you an order on Brookes for the rest of the 250, who will pay you on the 25 Lady Day. - It were better to wait a week or so, than lose so enormous a percentage. - I have written to Brookes to pay you this, which I keep Lord B. bills to answer my engagements & send you this. The additional 50 pounds which shall be sent in a few days for you -

must be upon but that is of the moment. -

Remember it is Brookes & Co. Chancery Lane - Do not apply for payment before the 25th. -

I will write next post. Kindest love to Mariannè; - & pray don't delay to write. Love love love to all our gallery &c. -

Yours very truly

Percy B. Shelley

REPRODUCTION OF FACSIMILE OF ORIGINAL LETTER
Written by Shelley, from Leghorn, to Leigh Hunt.
(By permission of Leonard H[illegible] owner of the facsimile)

never found. He was weary of Byron, exhausted by Hunt, sick of Medwin, bored by Count Taafe, and even confessed that to the gracious Prince Mavrocordatos he could not be civil, and blamed his own temper for it.[39] In the light of everything that had happened, is this world-weariness to be wondered at, or is it strange that Shelley, who was everyone's "handy man" in a crisis, should have broken out, thus, in despair and longed for escape? To an artistic temperament these trials, hard enough for an ordinary man, are all but insuperable. The poet had sought peace; he had found Babel; he had sought love, and had found a cold kind of loyalty; he had sought fame, and been received with silence, or libel; and he was very tired of the whole drama.

> Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind
> Than calm in waters, seen

he confessed, to Jane,[40] in this year.

But Jane Williams—and responsibilities—his own and others—held him in Italy; and his only escape was in poetry. He had begun, but could not finish, a drama on *Charles the First*. Delving into the *Reliquiæ Sacræ Carolinæ*[41] and other works of the period of that King, he endeavored to secure the necessary background for his play. "That record of crimes and miseries, History"[42] had little interest for Shelley, and the work of research and creation went on slowly. First projected in a letter to Medwin, July 20, 1820, he found it "a devil of a nut to crack" and it was still "in the making" in January 1822; though he then had hope of finishing it "by the Spring." A two months period succeeded, however,

[39] See his letter to Claire, February, 1822. *Letters*, ii, 940–1.
[40] *To Jane: The Recollection*, 87–8.
[41] See Appendix F.
[42] Letter to Hookham, Dec. 17, 1812. *Letters*, i, 373.

during which he did not write a line; and the play has come down to us, a fragment of four scenes and a few lines of a fifth.

What was it that interrupted Shelley in mid-career in January 1822, and put a stop to his progress with this play? On March 2, he reported to Hunt: "So you think I can make nothing of *Charles the First*. *Tanto peggio*. Indeed, I have written nothing for this last two months; a slight circumstance gave a new train to my ideas, and shattered the fragile edifice when half built. What motives have I to write? I *had* motives. . . . But what are *those* motives now?" *One* motive, as we know from an earlier letter (January 25th) to Hunt was to turn the proceeds of its sale over to him. What was the "slight circumstance" which "gave a new train" to Shelley's thoughts? We cannot know; but it may have been a talk with Mary about his attitude toward Jane Williams. Not only is there a basis for this in the poem, "The serpent is shut out from Paradise," in which Mary is quoted as having asked Shelley whether he had *resolution;* but it is also the mainspring of *To Jane: the Recollection* which chronicles the effect of the passing of "an envious wind" across a day of communion with her, which, when it had passed, left but

> The epitaph of glory fled,—
> For now the earth has changed its face,
> A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

It is also possible that to this circumstance we owe that other exquisite little poem, "We Meet Not as Then We Parted," which in a new unpublished version, from manuscript, follows:

> We meet not as then we parted,
> We feel more than all may see;

My bosom is heavy-hearted
And thine full of doubt for me:—
A moment has bound the free.

That moment is gone for ever,
Like lightning it flashed and died—
Like a snowflake upon the river—
A sunbeam upon the tide,
Which the dark shadows hide.

That moment from time was singled
As the price of a life of pain;
The cup of its joy was mingled
—Delusion too sweet though vain!
Too sweet to be mine again.

Sweet lips, could my soul have hidden
That its life was consumed by you,
Ye would not have then forbidden
The death which a heart so true
Sought in your burning dew.
That, methinks were too little cost
For a moment so found, so lost!

But, to return to *Charles the First,* which Shelley took up again in March or April, we see its author, on the 10th of that month, writing discouragedly, to John Gisborne: "I have done some of 'Charles I'; but although the poetry succeeded very well, I cannot seize on the conception as a whole, and seldom now touch the canvas." And again, two months later, when he has removed to San Terenzo, on the Gulf of Spezzia, he reports to the same friend: "I do not go on with 'Charles the First.' I feel too little certainty of the future,

and too little satisfaction with regard to the past to undertake any subject seriously and deeply." Thus having abandoned the play, in the few weeks of life remaining he did not again resume his work on it.

This must have been disappointing to whatever Shelleyans there may have been among the readers of the *London Magazine;* for that journal had announced to its readers in January, 1821, at page 68: "A friend of ours writes to us, from Italy, that Mr. Shelley, the author of that powerful drama, *The Cenci,* is employed upon an English historical Tragedy. The title, we believe, is to be *Charles the First;* at any rate, that monarch is the hero, or principal person of the story. We hear that Mr. Shelley has expressed his determination to paint a true portrait of the unfortunate English King (it may be made a very captivating one) and to exclude from his work all prejudice, political as well as moral. If so, the reader of poetry may calculate on being acquainted with a high and imperishable production. We differ entirely with the creeds of Mr. Shelley; but we do not on that account refrain from confessing, that he is unquestionably one of the very first of our now living poets. We wish, most heartily, that we could bestow on his poetry our praise without qualification; but we cannot." Since advance notices of Shelley's work were so rare, it is regrettable for this reason, that this one was followed by his failure to redeem his promise.

Charles the First, however, as far as Shelley carried it, seems, like *Œdipus Tyrannus,* to exhibit under a thin disguise its author's antagonism to the evils of the government of the Prince Regent, later George IV, though its *dramatis personæ* is made up, for the most part, of well-known characters of the time of Charles the First—Laud, Strafford, Hamp-

den, Pym, Cromwell, Sir Harry Vane the Younger, and others. Shelley's views of the

> Nobles, and sons of nobles, patentees,
> Monopolists, and stewards of this poor farm [43]
> On whose lean sheep sit the prophetic crows

had been voiced in earlier poetry, and in the "Hermit of Marlow" pamphlets and the *Philosophical View of Reform.* The mouthpieces of his opinions in the play are the second and third citizens, and the youth, in Scene 1; Archy, in Scenes 2 and 5; Bastwick in Scene 3; and Hampden and Vane in Scene 4; while the *reductio ad absurdum* of the governmental policy of the Prince Regent and the Home Secretary in the opening decades of the nineteenth century is put into the mouth of Strafford and Laud in Scene 2.

The story of Jupiter and the countryman, in the *Refutation of Deism,* who said he always doubted the deity when he mentioned his thunder, is reverted to in Strafford's:

> . . . Right should fence itself inviolably
> With Power;

and the spy system of Sidmouth, which had provoked the Derby outrages of November 1817, scored in the *Address to the People on the Death of the Princess Charlotte* is clearly glanced at in the same speech:

> Get treason, and spare treasure. Fee with coin
> The loudest murmurers; feed with jealousies
> Opposing factions,—be thyself of none;

while the system of government credit, and the practice of

[43] England.

gambling in the funds of state, attacked in the same pamphlet, is the thought behind Strafford's

> . . . borrow gold of many, for those who lend
> Will serve thee till thou payest them; and thus
> Keep the fierce spirit of the hour at bay.

Undoubtedly the most interesting character of the piece is the court fool, Archy, who

> . . . weaves about himself a world of mirth
> Out of the wreck of ours.[44]

Underneath his "wise mad" talk all the court sense the "method in it" and on one occasion he is penalized for his transgressions by being sentenced to stand ten minutes in the rain.

Shelley had ambitions for *Charles the First* that it should surpass *The Cenci* "as a work of art"; [45] but if we may judge from the slight portion of the play which he completed, it does not seem likely that he would have achieved this aim. Of course, what is before us is only an incomplete First Act; but it is marred, as *The Cenci* is in so many scenes, by the substitution for dramatic action of expository dialog. It constitutes, if you will, a suggestive prefatory essay, in dialog form, to a longer work on the state of the realm just before the Commonwealth. Only Archy, the court fool, seems dowered with life. The others speak like so many Eusebes and Theosophi of a later Shelleyan dispensation. In September 1821, Shelley had written Ollier that "*Charles the First* is conceived, but not born. Unless I am sure of making something good, the play will not be written." In the latter statement I think we may find an additional clue to his reasons for abandoning the play in the spring of the following year. He found in

[44] Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, iv, 573–4.

[45] Letter to Leigh Hunt, Jan. 25, 1822. *Letters*, ii, 934.

the sequel that he could not "make something good" of it. The difficulty was partly with his materials, partly with himself. He had desired, he told Ollier, in the same letter, to be, in writing it, "*only less than him whom thunder has made greater.*" Failing in this, he gave the play over.

The play is memorable, however, for a number of fine descriptive passages, and one lyric—Archy's song, in Scene 5: "Heigh-ho! the lark and the owl!" The king's sketch of Archy:

> He lives in his own world; and, like a parrot
> Hung in his gilded prison from the window
> Of a queen's bower over the public way,
> Blasphemes with a bird's mind;—his words, like arrows
> Which know no aim beyond the archer's wit,
> Strike sometimes what eludes philosophy.

is one of these; Archy's "The rainbow hung over the city with all its shops and churches, from north to south, like a bridge of congregated lightning pieced by the masonry of heaven" is another; and for a third might be selected Vane's

> The vanes sit steady
> Upon the Abbey towers. The silver lightnings
> Of the evening star, spite of the city's smoke,
> Tell that the north wind reigns in the upper air,

for it has the quiet, calm beauty of *The Summer Evening Churchyard*, than which Shelley never wrote a poem more compact of the spirit of loveliness in repose.

CHAPTER XVIII

TRELAWNY ARRIVES

Shelley's Library—The Affair of the Dragoon—Removal to Lerici—Death of Allegra Byron—"The Triumph of Life"—The "Ariel"—The Hunts in Italy—Shelley's Welcome—The Last Voyage and its Sequel.

WITH the advent of 1822 another member had been added to the Shelley circle—Edward John Trelawny, an able seaman who had had experience with the Royal Navy and privateers, had had many adventures [1] in the Far East, and at length, in January 1822, after some months spent in Switzerland, had come down to Italy bent on hunting in the Maremma with Edward Williams and Captain Daniel Roberts, R. N. At Pisa he became acquainted, through Williams, with the Shelleys and Byron, and the latter employed him to act as his navigator. Trelawny rapidly became an intimate of all the personalities in the circle. In her novel, *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck*, Mary Shelley has introduced him as "Hernan de Faro" and has thus described him:

His dark skin was burnt to a nearly negro dye; his black curled hair, his beard and mustachios of the same dusky hue, half hid his face; his brow somewhat lowered over eyes dark as night; but when he smiled, his soft mouth and pearly teeth softened the harshness of his physiognomy, and he looked gentle and kind. Every nerve, every muscle, had been worked and hardened by long, toilsome navigation; his strong limbs had withstood the tempest; his hands held unmoved the cordage, which the whirlwind strove vainly to tear from his grasp.[2]

[1] Fully described in his *Adventures of a Younger Son*, 3 vols. 1831.

[2] *Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck*, 1830, i, 196. Trelawny also appears as "Borromeo" in Godwin's *Cloudesley*, 3 vols., 1830.

The portrait is comparable to that presented, supposedly, of Trelawny, in Shelley's lines:

> He was as is the sun in his fierce youth,
> As terrible and lovely as a tempest.[3]

In an account book[4] kept by Trelawny from October 29, 1820, to some date in early 1821, is a list of books which, from their nature, I believe were in Shelley's library at Pisa. The feminine autograph in which the books were listed is not Trelawny's, nor is it Edward Williams', who also used the little notebook to jot down some verses, but may have been Jane Williams', or Claire Clairmont's. This, at any rate, is the list; and if it were no more than a census of a single literary library of the period would, it seems to me, still be of interest as indicating the taste of the times:

	Vols.
Poems—by Lord Byron	6
Suppress'd Poems by do.	1
Don Juan by do.	1
Anastasius, or the Memoirs of a Greek by Hope, Esqr.	3
Ivanhoe	3
Elements of Botany, by J. J. Rousseau	1
Childe Harold by Lord Byron	1
Letters from Tripoli	2
English and French dictionary by Boyer	2
The Minstrel by Walter Scott	1
Discourses by Chalmers	1
The Lady of the Lake by Walter Scott	1
Oberon—by Wm. Sotheby	2
Treatise on local diseases, by Abernethy	1
Marmion by Walter Scott	1

[3] *Fragments of an Unfinished Drama*, 58–59.
[4] Carl H. Pforzheimer Collection.

Lalla Rookh by Thos. Moore 1
Hundred Wonders by Clarke 1
Paradise Lost by Milton 1

Volumes 30

Paradise Regained by Milton 1
Pleasures of Hope by Campbell 1
Melincourt by Peacock Esqre. 3
The Fudge Family 1
Dramatic Scenes by Barry Cornwall 1
Rejected Addresses 1
Nightmare Abbey by Peacock Esqre. 1
The Catholic's Manual 1
Ital.—Fr. & Eng. dictionary 2
Ossian's poems 1
Night thoughts by Young 1
Poetical Works by Dryden 3
English dictionary by Johnson 1
Walpole—relative to Turkey 1
Eng. & Fr. dictionnaire 1
Poetical Works by Akenside 1
Manual du Voyageur 1
The Shipwreck by Falconer 1

Volumes 23

Poems by Cowper 3
Letters by Lady Montague 2
Poems by Rogers 1
French grammar by Levezacs 1
Human Life by S. Rogers 1
Proceedings in the House of Commons by J. C. Hobhouse 1
Defence of the People by J. C. Hobhouse 1
Arithmetic by Fenning 1

Rosalind and Helen by P. B. Shelley 1
Switzerland (with an Atlas) by Ebel 2
Guide thro' France by Galignani 1
Beauties of Sterne 1
Poems by Wright 1
Shakspere 1
Annotations to Shakespere 2
Fazio by H. H. Milman 1
Prisoner of Chillon by Lord Byron 1

Volumes 22

Venice Preserved by Otway 1
Merchant of Venice by Shakespere 1
Rule a Wife and Have a Wife by Beaumont and Fletcher 1
Othello by Shakespere 1
The Stranger by Kotzebue 1
King Henry the 4th by Shakespere 1
Monthly Magazine No. 73 1
Panorama of the Alps 1
Tempest 1
Curse of Minerva by Lord Byron 1

Trelawny's records of Shelley's last year,[5] though not entirely accurate in details, are yet amazingly vivid and afford us, more than the narratives of any other of Shelley's biographers except Hogg, a very picture of Shelley "in his habit as he lived" during the last year of his life. But there is also a portrait, by an unknown hand, of Shelley in his last year in Italy. It is a sketch by one who moved with freedom in the Shelley circle, for it appeared in *The Literary and Pictorial Repository*, London, in 1838, as one of a series which

[5] *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron*, 1 vol., 1858; and *Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author*, 2 vols., 1878.

was to have included similar sketches of Mary Shelley, Teresa Guiccioli, Lord Byron, Vincent Novello, Edward Trelawny, John Keats, William Godwin, and Thomas Medwin. The author of the series signed himself, probably pseudonymously, "Julian Harcourt," and I suspect they may have been written by James Henry Leigh Hunt, who, taking the first two initials of his name made up a pseudonym.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.—This great poet, pronounced by many the greatest since the death of Milton, was about five feet ten or eleven in height, and peculiarly slim, so as to give him an aspect even of fragility. His hair and complexion were light, the face finer than the handsomest could possibly be. The eyes were produced, watchful, and full of the most impassioned feeling; brilliant, yet of a mild thoughtfulness which softened what would have otherwise been their wild expression. The nose was straight and small, and finely carved; the mouth narrow, and the lip protruding, the upper one being, a sculptor might think, too long; but it was at all events not sufficiently so to mar the sensitiveness and tremulous firmness (if I may be allowed the expression) which characterized it. The chin receded, and was small and pointed. The cheeks were slightly sunken; the forehead was broad, but not intellectual in the phrenological sense of the word. It is difficult to speak of the manners of a man like Shelley, though one may with more propriety do so of his deportment. His manners, I take it, were his impulses; and they were therefore kind and elegant, and considerate and humble, a dignity pervading them withal, and an earnestness which his self-respect and his sincerity shed over them. His carriage was what may be termed aërial, for he held his head upward as he walked along and stepped almost trippingly. His voice was high, yet full toned, somewhat tremulous, yet earnest to a degree; in fact, earnestness was discovered in all he said and did, as well as in his look and the tone of his voice. His habits were the most inartificial that can be conceived, because perhaps his intellect supplied him with nearly everything he desired. His dress, when I

saw him in Italy, a short time previous to his death, was that very commonly worn by the Italians themselves, as well as by foreigners of that country. It consisted of a large brimmed leghorn hat, such as are worn by planters; a jane jacket and waistcoat, and nankeen trousers, all fitting loosely to the body. His collar he wore up; but because it was supported by no neckcloth it seldom long retained its erect position, or if one side of it did, the other did not, having upon the whole the appearance not decidedly the reverse of *négligé*.

Trelawny's description of his first meeting with Shelley, though often quoted, is too good ever to be hackneyed:

I arrived late (at Pisa) and after putting up my horse at the inn and dining, hastened to the Tre Palazzi, on the Lung' Arno, where the Shelleys and Williams's lived on different flats under the same roof, as is the custom on the Continent. The Williams's received me in their earnest cordial manner; we had a great deal to communicate to each other, and were in loud and animated conversation, when I was rather put out by observing in the passage near the open door, opposite to where I sat, a pair of glittering eyes steadily fixed on mine; it was too dark to make out whom they belonged to. With the acuteness of a woman, Mrs. Williams's eyes followed the direction of mine, and going to the doorway she laughingly said:

"Come in, Shelley, it's only our friend Tre just arrived."

Swiftly gliding in, blushing like a girl, a tall thin stripling held out both his hands; and although I could hardly believe as I looked at his flushed, feminine and artless face that it could be the Poet, I returned his warm pressure. After the ordinary greetings and courtesies he sat down and listened. I was silent from astonishment; was it possible this mild-looking, beardless boy, could be the veritable monster at war with all the world?—excommunicated by the Fathers of the Church, deprived of his civil rights by the fiat of a grim Lord Chancellor, discarded by every member of his family, and denounced by the rival sages of our literature as the founder of the Satanic school? I could not believe it; it must be a hoax. He was habited

like a boy, in a black jacket and trousers, which he seemed to have outgrown, or his tailor, as is the custom, had most shamefully stinted him in his "sizings."

Shelley translated some passages from Calderon's *Magico Prodigioso* to the great delight of Trelawny and his friends, and then—vanished. "Where is he?" Trelawny asked. Mrs. Williams answered: "Who? Shelley? Oh, he comes and goes like a spirit, no one knows when or where."

From Trelawny we have stories as good as this to illustrate Shelley's selflessness, his passion for reading, his habit of writing in the woods, his indifference at the prospect of death, and many other matters. Somewhat similar to Leigh Hunt's description, quoted earlier, of Shelley's daily routine at Marlow is Trelawny's sketch of one of Shelley's days at Pisa. He says Shelley was habitually

> . . . up at six or seven, reading Plato, Sophocles, or Spinoza, with the accompaniment of a hunch of dry bread; then he joined Williams on a sail on the Arno, in a flat-bottomed boat, book in hand, and from thence he went to the pine-forest, or some out-of-the-way place. When the birds went to roost he returned home, and talked and read until midnight.[6]

Thus quietly passed the opening months of 1822 at Pisa; but March and April were colored by much unhappiness and by near and real tragedies. Shelley, for all his pronouncements as to his love of solitude, was throughout his life essentially gregarious, drawing people to and about him and he was, naturally, as a result, drawn in turn into the many individual griefs and disagreements which always ensue. "Where two or three are met together, the devil is among them" he himself had admitted, on one occasion.

[6] *Recollections,* p. 94.

First of these in order of chronology, was the result of an invitation which Dr. Nott, "Bampton Lecturer and learned editor of the poems of Surrey and Wyatt," sent Mary to attend divine services on Sunday, March 3rd, in a ground floor room of the Casa Galetti, above which the Shelleys were quartered. Mary, who had attended several of Dr. Nott's services since returning from the Baths of San Giuliano, the previous autumn, accepted the invitation and went, not suspecting treachery. Nott on this day attacked atheism; and in such a way as to suggest that he was trying to win Mary from her husband's "atheistical" influence. She was mortified and chagrined, for she felt that others of the English colony in attendance would think her presence an indication of her opposition to her husband's views. The resulting gossip made her, she said, "long most eagerly for some sea-girt isle, where with Shelley, my babe, and books and horses, we may give the rest to the winds."

Three weeks later, as Byron, Shelley, Trelawny, Counts Pietro Gamba and Taafe, and Captain Hay were returning into Pisa from a horseback ride in the country, a dragoon, said to have been on guard on the road near the Porta alle Piazza, in the vicinity of the eastern end of the Lung' Arno, galloped through their company, and jostled against Taafe. Taafe, who was something of a blusterer, inquired of the rest whether they would endure this "insult." Byron immediately replied "No" and Shelley acceding, all, except Taafe, who believed in "Safety First," put about and pursued the flying rider. When they overtook him, the dragoon, Sergeant-Major Masi, who had been drinking, resented their demand for his name and address, and their proffer of their own cards, and declared the entire party under arrest. Byron and Gamba broke away, intending to secure arms from the Palazzo Lanfranchi. Masi now ordered the guards at the gate to stop them, and

himself began a vigorous onslaught on those who remained. He directed a swift sabre stroke at Shelley, which the poet warded off, but was struck from his horse in the act; and Masi now aimed another blow at the fallen man which might have proved fatal but for the uplifted cane of Captain Hay, which was severed, and the blade cut a deep gash in the gallant captain's face. Masi, seeing the injury he had done, now fled from the scene, only to encounter Byron returning to the fight. Before the Lanfranchi Palace one of Byron's servants, imagining Masi had despatched his master, ran at the sergeant-major with a pitchfork, and struck him a deep blow on the side. Masi rode on a few paces and then fell from his horse and was borne away to hospital amid loud alarms.

This affair for a time made a great stir at Pisa; and it is quite probable that an order from the government, exiling the Gambas, Byron's friends, was a result of it. Doubtless, too, it made both Byron and Shelley somewhat ill at ease in the city, and disposed them to look elsewhere for a residence. By April 11th Byron had determined to go to Leghorn; and a little later the Shelleys, who had been considering a transfer to the Mediterranean since February, engaged the Casa Magni, now the Villa Maccarani, at San Terenzo, about a half-mile north of and just around a promontory from Lerici, on the Gulf of Spezzia.

This house, which with its arched stone portico stood, in Shelley's day, literally "with its feet in the sea," [7] is the most striking in the series of houses which the present-day traveller will encounter as he enters San Terenzo from Lerici. Comparing its situation today with that pictured in Captain Daniel Roberts' drawing of the property as it looked in Shelley's day he will note that a new rock road has been constructed past the

[7] Trelawny's *Recollections*, p. 93.

From a photograph taken by the author in 1922

THE BEACH AT SAN TERENZO, NEAR LERICI

Shelley's house, with its colonnades, is indicated by the arrow.

property, along the shore from Lerici into San Terenzo, and this, to clear them, makes a circuit about the colonnades of the Villa Maccarani. Mrs. Shelley did not like the place. "No words," she wrote Mrs. Gisborne, several months later, "can tell you how I hated our house and the country about it . . . the people were wild and hateful, . . . though the country was beautiful, yet I liked a more *countrified* place,—there was great difficulty in living . . . all our Tuscans would leave us, and . . . the very jargon of these Genovesi was disgusting . . . no words could describe my feelings, the beauty of the woods [of ilex and pine, behind the house] made me weep and shudder." [8]

Perhaps Mary's presentiments, so soon, alas! to be justified, grew out of an event of the week of their transfer from Pisa to Lerici; an event tragic enough, indeed, to have left its shadow on the hearts of the Shelleys, and Claire, and Byron, for many months. A little before their removal from Pisa, Claire, Shelley's "fille aux mille projêts," who was still at Florence, had conceived the idea of going to Vienna in the capacity of governess, and, having been for some time disturbed as to Allegra's welfare at Bagnacavallo, now made another attempt to see her child before she left Italy. In a letter we find it hard to believe even the calloused Byron could have read without feeling pity for Claire, she begged him to allow her this privilege. Byron, however, denied it, with such expressions of malice toward Claire as made the gentle Shelley very angry. Her letter, which did not soften Byron's obdurate heart, contained the ominous foreboding: "I can no longer resist the internal inexplicable feeling . . . that I shall never see her more."

On April 19th her prophecy was fulfilled by the death,

[8] Marshall, *Life and Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley*, ii, 11.

from typhus fever, of the little girl at Bagnacavallo. The direful intelligence did not, providentially, reach her among strangers at Florence; but was received by the Shelleys in the absence of Claire, who with Jane and Edward Williams had gone to the Gulf of Spezzia to look for a house. The Shelleys, perhaps dreading the effect of the news on Claire in the hour of their change of residence, withheld the sad tidings until the evening of May 2nd, when they had established themselves in the Casa Magni. "You may judge," Mary Shelley wrote to Mrs. Gisborne, "of what was her first burst of grief and despair." Byron is said to have felt remorse at her death, produced, perhaps, by thought of his repeated refusals of Claire's requests to remove the little girl from the convent to some more healthful place.

On the day following the announcement to Claire of the death of Allegra, Shelley wrote Byron the following letter:[9]

Villa Magni, Lerici, May 3, 1822.

My dear Lord Byron,—

I have been compelled by circumstances to tell Clare the real state of the case. I will not describe her grief to you; you have already suffered too much; and, indeed, the only object of this letter is to convey her last requests to you, which, melancholy as one of them is, I could not refuse to ask, and I am sure you will readily grant. She wishes to see the coffin before it is sent to England, and I have ventured to assure her that this consolation, since she thinks it such, will not be denied her. It had better be at Leghorn than at Pisa, on many accounts; you can tell me exactly on what day the funeral will be there, and thus save an hour of unnecessary delay in our journey, during which I shall suffer scarcely less than Clare. She also wishes you would give her a portrait of Allegra, and if you have it, a lock of her hair, however small. May I ask you, if you think fit to do

[9] *Lord Byron's Correspondence*, ed. Murray, 122, ii, 223–4.

this, to send the portrait and the hair by the bearer of this letter; anything, however slight, might be at once the food and the diversion of grief so excessive as she suffers. If you have only one portrait, and desire to retain the original, I will engage to obtain a copy of it, and to return you the former.

This letter will, I fear, infect you, as it has been infected, with the melancholy that reigns here. But Nature is here as vivid and joyous as we are dismal, and we have built, as Faust says, "our little world in the world of all" as a contrast rather than a copy of that divine example. . . . *You* will be delighted with Spezzia, although the accommodations are as wretched as the scenery is divine. The Williamses, with all their furniture embarked, and no place to sleep in, have taken refuge with me for the present; and they are, in my actual situation, a great relief and consolation. Of this, indeed, I have great need. . . .

Byron acceded to all of Claire's requests, though Claire did not claim the privilege of viewing the casket at Leghorn, and drew up the following epitaph to be placed in the church at Harrow, in England, where Allegra was later buried:

In Memory of
ALLEGRA
Daughter of G. G. Lord Byron,
who died at Bagna Cavallo,
in Italy, April 20th, 1822,
aged five years and three months.
"I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me."
2nd Samuel xii. 23.

But the authorities of Harrow Church, like those of Westminster Abbey who a few years later refused to place Byron's statue in the Abbey, did not see fit to memorialize his child by accepting such a tablet.

Meanwhile, amid all these sad events Shelley's muse would not let him rest; and so, in the walnut and ilex groves on the steep heights behind the Casa Magni, or while sailing on the Bay of Lerici, in the Gulf of Spezzia, he was writing lyrics or carrying toward completion his last long poem, *The Triumph of Life.* To Horace Smith, from Pisa, April 11th, he had written, with reference to some opinion of Thomas Moore: —"I agree with him, that the doctrines of the French, and Material Philosophy, are as false as they are pernicious." In *The Triumph of Life* this opinion is dramatized along lines already anticipated, to some extent, in *Prometheus Unbound* [10] and *Laon and Cythna,*[11] by the introduction of Rousseau, whose story of his own error, and that of his group, illustrates: first, his love, as a youth, for the beauty of Nature; [12] second, the succession of this mood by the growth and influence upon him of imagination; third, the abandonment of Imagination for Reason—and his resultant tragic metamorphosis into

> . . . an old root which grew
> To strange distortion out of the hillside.[13]

In other words, it was Shelley's belief that the Materialists failed because, forsaking love and imagination, they trusted wholly to reason for the solution of the problems of life:

> . . . their might
> Could not repress the mystery within,
> And for the morn of truth they feigned, deep night
> Caught them ere evening.[14]

[10] Cf. *Prometheus Unbound,* iv, 134–138.

[11] Cf. *Laon and Cythna,* VII, xxiii.

[12] Cf. *The Magnetic Lady to Her Patient,* 24–25: " . . . the divine Feelings which died in youth's brief morn."

[13] *Triumph of Life,* 182–3.

[14] *Ibid,* 212–14.

For many years the poem was supposed to have ended on the suggestive question:

"Then what is life?" I cried.

But Dr. Richard Garnett rescued these additional lines [15] from the MS. in which the theme just analyzed is again reverted to:

"Then what is life?" I cried.—The cripple cast
His eye upon the car, which now had rolled
Onward, as if that look must be the last,
And answered "Happy those for whom the gold
Of—"

There the manuscript ends; and we must infer the rest; that Shelley, following a thought introduced earlier in the poem,[16] intended to say, in effect: "Happy those for whom neither the gold of this world, nor pain, nor age, nor sloth, nor slavery can mislead or conquer, since they are still ruled by love." It was the theme of *Alastor.* Shelley, in his Preface to that poem, had written: ". . . that Power which strikes the luminaries of the world with sudden darkness and extinction, by awakening them to too exquisite a perception of its influences, dooms to a slow and poisonous decay those meaner spirits that dare to abjure its dominion. . . . They who . . . keep aloof from sympathies with their kind, rejoicing neither in human joy nor mourning with human grief; these, and such as they, have their apportioned curse. They languish, because none feel with them their common nature. They are morally dead. They are neither friends, nor lovers, nor fathers, nor citizens of the world, nor benefactors of their country."

The Triumph of Life, following the verse pattern used

[15] Published for the first time by C. D. Locock, in his scholarly edition of Shelley's *Poetical Works* (3 vols., Methuen & Co., 1911).

[16] Cf. lines 254–259.

by Shelley in his translation from Dante's *Purgatorio*, of the scene describing Matilda in the act of gathering flowers, is cast in *terza rima*, and is, in the judgment of most Shelley critics, the poet's most successful experiment in this form. One of the finest passages, illustrating the ease he attained in the use of his unaccustomed medium, is that, near the opening of the poem, in which he describes his own mood, and the scene in which the vision came to him:

> . . . I, whom thoughts which must remain untold
>
> Had kept as wakeful as the stars that gem
> The cone of night, now they were laid asleep
> Stretched my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem
>
> Which an old chestnut flung athwart the steep
> Of a green Apennine; before me fled
> The night; behind me rose the day; the deep
>
> Was at my feet, and Heaven above my head.

How much care, however, was required to produce even three lines of such beauty as the last may be gauged by a study of the first draft of these lines, now, by the courtesy of Mr. Robert Garnett, son of Dr. Richard Garnett, published for the first time:

> before me rose
> [her head]
> [the before me sunk]
> The night, before me rose the day, and deep
> [Was at my feet & Heaven] before me fled
> [arose me spread]
> before me rose
> night rose day

The [day,] behind me [sunk] the [night,] the deep
Was at my feet, & Heaven above my head. [17]

Jane Williams, being still of the Shelley household, was as in the preceding year an inspiration to Shelley, redeeming him, suffering as he did from ill health [18] and many domestic calamities and lack of "sympathy," from the despair to which he was all too readily prone. In her company, as the *Lines Written in the Bay of Lerici* testify:

The past and future were forgot,
As they had been, and would be, not.

When she was not with him, however, he confessed that,

. . . the guardian angel gone,
The daemon reassumed his throne

in his "faint heart." When the silver notes of her sweet singing—she sang to him often—were dead, his spirit flagged in its quest of the Ideal and the Beautiful, in

. . . some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling are one.[19]

The quest of the "Romantic Revival" for an escape was never more perfectly epitomized than in these lines. It was the hope and the dream of the poets; and Shelley sought its re-

[17] For the first draft of the succeeding lines (29–40) from the same MS., see Appendix.

[18] On June 18th Shelley requested Trelawny to secure for him a small quantity of "Prussic acid, or essential oil of bitter almonds." "I need not tell you," he wrote, "I have no intention of suicide at present, but I confess it would be a comfort to me to hold in my possession that golden key to the chamber of perpetual rest."

[19] *To Jane: "The keen stars were twinkling,"* 22–23.

ality more ardently, perhaps, than any other. But by 1822 he had found that that Beauty has no earthly counterpart:

> I loved—oh, no. I mean not one of ye,
> Or any earthly one, though ye are dear
> As human heart to human heart may be;—
> I loved, I know not what—but this low sphere
> And all that it contains, contains not thee,
> Thou, whom, seen nowhere, I feel everywhere,
> From Heaven and Earth, and am all that in them are,
> Veiled art thou, like a ( ) star.[20]

At some date prior to May 8th Shelley and Williams, who both loved boating, had given directions to Williams' friend, Captain Daniel Roberts, R. N., to construct an open sailing ship for them; which order was executed by him at the royal dockyards at Genoa and the boat delivered at Lerici on Sunday evening, May 12th. Shelley, writing to Roberts probably on the 14th (though the letter is dated the 13th) acknowledges the receipt of the little vessel, which had been christened the *Don Juan* by Lord Byron, and so named on her sails. Shelley preferred the name, *Ariel*, and ultimately gave it to her, the offensive original name at length, after many attempts to erase it had failed, being cut out of the canvas. On the 16th he reported to Trelawny that though they had not had the opportunity, yet, to try the *Ariel* out against the feluccas or other large ships in the bay, she had passed the other small boats "as a comet might pass the dullest planet of the heavens."

Trelawny, who "knew a thing or two" about boat-building, tells us that the *Ariel* was constructed according to a model which Williams had brought from England—the toy creation of a friend of his, a naval officer. "Roberts and the builder at Genoa, not approving, protested against it." But Williams

[20] *The Zucca*, 17–24.

had made up his mind; and there was no converting him. "When it was finished," Trelawny continues, "it took two tons of iron ballast to bring her down to her bearings, and then she was very crank in a breeze, though not deficient in beam. She was fast, strongly built, and Torbay rigged. I despatched her under charge of two steady seamen, and a smart sailor lad, aged eighteen, named Charles Vivian. Shelley sent back the two sailors and retained only the boy; they told me on their return to Genoa, that they had been out in a rough night, that she was a ticklish boat to manage, but had sailed and worked well, and with two good seamen she would do very well; and that they had cautioned the gents accordingly."

A little later Trelawny, putting off from Genoa in the *Bolivar,* Byron's new schooner, which "Roberts and the builder had fashioned—after their own fancy" and which, Trelawny says, "was both fast and safe," sailed over to Lerici to visit his friends. There he went out in the *Ariel* and tells an amusing tale of Shelley's absent-minded absorption in Plato while steering the boat; of Williams' exasperation at his failure to follow his directions, and of his own observation to Williams, immediately after:

> You will do no good with Shelley until you heave his books and papers overboard; shear the wisps of hair that hang over his eyes; and plunge his arms up to the elbows in a tar-bucket. And you, captain, will have no authority, until you douse your frock coat and cavalry boots.

We left Leigh Hunt and his family at Dartmouth, waiting the arrival of a more desirable ship, good weather, and funds from Shelley, before setting out again for Italy. By May 13th all these were provided, and the Hunts were off. They

arrived at Genoa one month later, to a day; and Hunt immediately informed his friend of their safe advent into "the Paradise of exiles." Replying, on the 19th, Shelley again on the 24th addressed his friend in the following letter, until lately unpublished: [21]

Lerici—Monday

My dear friend—

I have received a bill for £37 for you from your nephew which I sent by this post to Messrs. Guebhard & Co. Bankers Leghorn who will pay you the amount on your arrival there. The other £30 you shall have when we meet or within a few days afterwards, but I have been obliged to employ it in housekeeping—I can scarcely pardon myself for having alarmed you by my silence. But I relied on you being better off than fortune seems ever to permit a person of generous feelings to be—but we must try to cure fortune of this antipathy——

This morning on the receipt of your letter, I was on the point of setting sail to Genoa, in the hope of arriving there before Tuesday evening.—I prepared my boat, rigged up all the sails, laid in provisions, and Williams had already gone on board to weigh anchor, when poor Mary suffered a relapse,[22] which though in the issue not serious was sufficient to warn me of the necessity of remaining with her for the present. . . . She is now much better, although still confined to the sofa— However she will be well enough by the time that we weigh anchor for Leghorn.—Could you not arrange with the Captain to *approach* Lerici, and fire, or send up a rocket for a signal, and we would instantly come alongside.—Or must we wait until the promises of a merchantman conduct you to Leghorn?

Lord Byron, I hear is in a state of supernatural fever about some lying memoirs published of him— You will see him before I shall,

[21] First published by the present writer in *The Nation and Athenæum* (London) March 11, 1921.

[22] The result of a miscarriage and a severe hemorrhage, which Shelley stopped by directing her to sit on ice. This skilful prescription, her physician later assured her, had probably saved her life.

and as you have the faculty of eliciting from any given person the greatest possible quantity of good they are capable of yielding—all will go well.—We shall soon meet—adieu my best friend— Kiss Marianne for me and believe me

Ever yours
S.

Mind you make no mistake about calling on Guebhard & Co.—I send the bill to them to get negotiated ready for you as there are 7 days sight on it. . . . I send a *note to prevent any mistake.*
Should you be still detained at Genoa, I will meet you *there.*
Write by return of Post.

[postmarked:]
SARZANA GENOVA
GIU. 26.

[Addressed:]
Leigh Hunt Esqr.
Gentilicomo Inglese
Leghorn
[endorsed in another hand:]
Taken up & forwarded by
Yr. Hbl. Servt.
Ira S. Whitney
28 June.

But before Shelley received word of Hunt's arrival at Leghorn, to which the author of *Rimini* was about to proceed, he wrote to Horace Smith of the difficulties which he already foresaw would probably present themselves when the skylark, the eagle, and the wren endeavored to domiciliate. "As soon as I hear that he has sailed," he declared to Smith, "I shall weigh anchor in my little schooner, and give him chase to Leghorn, when I must occupy myself in some arrangements for him with Lord Byron. Between ourselves, I greatly fear that the alliance will not succeed; for I, who could never have

been regarded as more than the link of the two thunderbolts, cannot now consent to be even that,—and how long the alliance between the wren and the eagle may continue, I will not prophesy. Pray do not hint my doubts on the subject to any one as they might do harm to Hunt, and they *may* be groundless."—As the event proved, his fears were *not* groundless.

For with the order that now came from the government, exiling the Gambas, Byron, not much considering the embarrassment which such a move would bring to Shelley and Hunt, eager to start the new journal, decided to emigrate from Tuscany. South America, Switzerland, Genoa, or Lucca—which should he choose? Trelawny was in favor of Genoa, and begged Shelley not to divert Byron from this destination.

Byron had transferred his residence, for a period, to the Villa Dupuy, Monte Nero, near Leghorn. And here on June 28th an affray occurred between Byron's servants and the Countess Guiccioli, Pietro Gamba, and Byron's secretary, Lega, in which knives and pistols were used, but only Gamba was wounded.

It was, therefore, into a household already sufficiently crowded and disturbed that Leigh Hunt, his invalid wife, and seven children, weary from their long journey, walked, on or about June 27th, and were received, not without hauteur, by Byron. "Lord Byron's reception of Mrs. H[unt]," Edward Williams wrote a fortnight later to Jane, "was, as S[helley] tells me, most shameful. She came into his house sick and exhausted, and he scarcely deigned to notice her; was silent and scarcely bowed. This conduct cut H[unt] to the soul; but the way he received our friend Roberts [23] . . . shall

[23] Byron was dissatisfied with the price Roberts had exacted for the *Bolivar*—£750.

be described to you when we meet:—it must be acted." [24]

To the journal kept by Edward Williams during 1821 and 1822 we now turn for information as to the next events in this tangled history:

Monday, July 1. Calm and clear. Rose at four to get the top-sails altered. At twelve, a fine breeze from the westward tempted us to weigh for Leghorn. At two, stretched across to Lerici, to pick up Roberts; and at half past found ourselves in the offing, with a side wind. At half past nine arrived at Leghorn—a run of forty-five to fifty miles in seven hours and a half. Anchored astern the Bolivar, from which we procured cushions, and made up for ourselves a bed on board, not being able to get on shore after sunset, on account of the health office being shut at that hour.

Tuesday, July 2. Fine weather. . . . Met Lord Byron at Dunn's, and took leave of him. Was introduced to Mr. Leigh Hunt, and called on Mrs. Hunt.[25]

Shelley now plunged whole-heartedly into the task of making the Hunts comfortable in their new setting, establishing them, according to plans and arrangements perfected, as we have seen, many months earlier, in Byron's palace, the Palazzo Lanfranchi, at Pisa; called Vacca to attend Mrs. Hunt, with the sad result that that physician diagnosed her illness as nephritis, and gave her only a short time to live; [26] journeyed back and forth between Pisa and Leghorn, putting forth his utmost efforts to hold Byron to his promises as to *The Liberal*, which Hunt was to edit and to which it had been planned that he, Byron, and Shelley should contribute their original work as produced; succeeded with Byron so far as to get his promise to give *The Vision of Judgment* to the first number of the

[24] Trelawny, *Recollections*, 111–12.

[25] *Journal of E. E. Williams*, ed. by R. Garnett, 1902, 67–68.

[26] But Mrs. Hunt outlived most of the circle, and died in 1857.

journal, a promise which Byron kept; and which Shelley assured Mary would be sufficient to found the journal, the demand for Byron's work, in 1822, being somewhat more general than that for Shelley's.[27]

On Sunday, July 7th, as a kind of relaxation from all these strenuous exertions, Shelley conducted Hunt about Pisa, to the Cathedral, Leaning Tower, and Library, and at parting from his benefactor in the evening, Hunt loaned Shelley his copy of Keats's last volume, *Lamia, Isabella, and the Eve of St. Agnes,* 1820. "Keep it until you give it to me with your own hands," he said. And so Shelley and Williams drove off from Pisa to Leghorn, on the first stage of the return journey to San Terenzo.

The next day, with Trelawny, Shelley went to his bankers, Messrs. Guebhard and Co., to cash an order for fifty pounds, given him as a loan by Byron on the preceding day.[28] Taking the cash with him, he and Williams and Trelawny made preparations for departure. It was Trelawny's plan to sail out of harbor with them a little way; but this purpose was somehow defeated, and Shelley, Williams, and the sailor-boy, Charles Vivian, sailed alone at some hour between 12.30 and 2 P. M.[29]

The day, like many that had preceded it, was sultry. For weeks the farmers, whose land was dry as a bone from a prolonged drought, had prayed for rain. But processions of priests carrying sacred images had not wrought the healing

[27] Some index to the commercial side of Byron's literary success may be gauged from the fact that in 1816, when the Third Canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* was published, no less than 7,000 copies were sold at once to the booksellers at one of Murray's famous "dinners to the trade."

[28] *Lord Byron's Correspondence,* ed. Murray, 1922, ii, 229.

[29] For an examination of Trelawny's contradictory testimony of the circumstances of this last voyage and its sequel, in his five differing accounts of the affair, see *Times Literary Supplement* (London), Dec. 9, 1920, pp. 838–839.

miracle, and the heat and the drouth continued. About 3 o'clock, Roberts saw a *temporale* brewing, and from the tower of the port caught sight of them, though the glass, about ten miles out. Shelley and his mates were taking in their top-sails.[30] The haze of the on-rushing storm then intervened, and Roberts saw them no more.

Back at Casa Magni the two women waited, unhappy with each other and fretting over the long absence of their husbands from their home. Events of the months just preceding, including two strange visions of Shelley's, in one of which he thought his own image suddenly appeared before him and asked: "Are you satisfied?" [31] and another in which Allegra appeared rising from the sea and clapping her hands in greeting of her old playmate had lent an even more sombre tone [32] to their days; and Mary's forebodings of some disaster had grown so strong that at parting with Shelley a week before, she had great difficulty to control herself, and to let him go. Fearing, too, that Shelley with his usual generous impulsiveness might ask the Hunts to come to Casa Magni, already the shelter of two families, she sent this note probably, by Shel-

[30] "The crew of a vessel going into Leghorn had seen them soon after they put to sea, and foreseeing that they could not long contend with such tremendous waves, bore down upon them and offered to take them on board. 'A shrill voice,' which is supposed to have been Shelley's, was distinctly heard to say 'No.' The Captain, amazed at their infatuation, continued to watch them with his telescope. The waves were running mountains high—a tremendous surf dashed over the boat which to his astonishment was still crowded with sail. 'If you will not come on board for God's sake reef your sails or you are lost,' cried a sailor thro' the speaking trumpet. One of the gentlemen (Williams, it is believed), was seen to make an effort to lower the sails—his companion seized him by the arm as if in anger."—Account of a conversation with "Count" Taafe in 1826. *Journal of Clarissa Trant,* 1800–1832. Ed. Luard., London. John Lane, 1925, pp. 198–9.

[31] For a recently-discovered version of this, by Trelawny, see Appendix.

[32] Jane Williams also, on one occasion, thought she saw Shelley's astral self pass her window.

ley's own hand, since it does not appear to have gone through the post, to Leigh Hunt:

My dear Friend—

I know that S. has some idea of persuading you to come here. I am too ill to write the reasonings only let me entreat you let no persuasions induce you to come. Selfish feelings you may be sure do not dictate [to me]—but it w[oul]d be complete madness to come—

I wish I c[oul]d write more—I wish I were with you to assist you—I wish I c[oul]d break my chains & leave this dungeon—adieu—I shall [? hear] about you & Marianne's health from S[helley]—

Your fr[iend]

M.

[addressed outside:]

Leigh Hunt Esq.[33]

But Hunt was to be otherwise provided for, as we have seen; and the chief interest of the letter for us is that it affords first-hand evidence of her desponding mood—aggravated, no doubt, by ill health and a certain infelicity in the company of Jane Williams—at this time. The letter which Shelley addressed to her from Pisa, July 4th, was not of a sort to lighten her unhappiness, for he reported Byron and Hunt at loggerheads and summed up the situation: "Everyone is in despair and everything in confusion."

On Monday, the 8th, the day Shelley and Williams set sail for Lerici, Jane received a letter from Edward, written two days before, and promising, if Shelley did not start back on Monday that he would come in a felucca, and would arrive by Tuesday evening at the latest. At midnight on Monday there was a thunderstorm at Lerici. Wrote Mary:

[33] From the original holograph lately in the possession of the Brick Row Bookshop, New York City. By permission of E. Byrne Hackett, Esq.

That very night a thunder-storm roused her from slumber; with those unexplained emotions, which, in fateful periods, make so large a portion of our lives, she felt as if every clap spoke audibly some annunciation which she could not interpret: as if every lurid flash were sent to disclose a sight which yet she could not see.[34]

Tuesday, the 9th, it rained all day at San Terenzo. On Wednesday, a fair day, feluccas brought word that Shelley and Williams had sailed on Monday; but neither Jane nor Mary would credit it. Thursday was another favorable day for sailing; and when midnight did not bring the *Ariel* into view they began to fear that illness, or "some disagreeable news," had detained their lovers at Pisa. The scene, and the lonely waiting of the two women is set forth dramatically in *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck:*

Often did Katherine watch the changeful ocean, or turn her eyes to the more grateful spectacle of umbrageous woods, and shifted rock, and seek for peace in the sight of earth's loveliness. All weighed with tenfold heaviness on her foreboding soul. For the first time, they wore to her the aspects of beauty, when now she hoped to leave them. Hopes so soon to fail. A south wind had borne the caravel swiftly into the bay, but the breeze increased to a gale, . . . Fate was in the hour, nor could even Katherine school herself to patience. . . . [Monina and Katherine went out together and] looked over the sea, whose dark surface was made visible by the sheets of foam that covered it; the roar of waves was at their feet. The sun went down blood-red, and, in its dying glories, the crescent moon shewed first pale, then glowing; the thousand stars rushed from among the vast clouds that blotted the sky; and the wind tore fiercely around the crag, and howled among the trees. O earth, and sea, and sky! Strange mysteries! that look and are so beautiful even in tumult and storm; did you feel pain then, when the elements of which ye are

[34] *Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck*, iii, 215.

composed, battled together? Were ye tortured by the strife of wind and wave, even as the soul of man when it is the prey of passion? Or were ye unmoved; pain only being the portion of the hearts of the two human beings, who, looking on the commotion, found your wildest rage, calm in comparison with the tempest of fear and grief which had mastery over them. Sickened by disappointment, impatient of despair, each remained, brooding mutely over their several thoughts." [35]

With Friday, July 12, came to Lerici a heavy sea and strong winds. Jane was determined to go in search of the two friends. But, a strong sea-swell making it impossible to launch a boat, and Mary begging her to wait for a possible message —for Friday was "letter day"—she waited, and at noon came a letter from Hunt addressed to Shelley, which Mary opened; and there, as if engraved in letters of fire, leaped out these words:

> *Pray write to tell us how you got home, for they say that you had bad weather after you sailed Monday—*

The letter dropped from Mary's nerveless fingers; and Jane took it up. "Then it is all over?" she asked. "No, my dear Jane," Mary answered. "Come with me to Leghorn; we will post to be swift, and learn our fate."

And here let us listen to Mary's account of the events of that night, and the days immediately following.

It must have been fearful to see us—two poor, wild, aghast creatures driving (like Matilda) towards the sea, to learn if we were to be for ever doomed to misery. I knew that Hunt was at Pisa, at Lord Byron's house, but I thought that Lord Byron was at Leghorn. I settled that we should drive to Casa Lanfranchi, that I should get out, and ask the fearful question of Hunt, "Do you know

[35] *Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck*, iii, 174–177.

anything of Shelley?" On entering Pisa, the idea of seeing Hunt for the first time in four years, under such circumstances, and asking him such a question, was so terrific to me, that it was with difficulty that I prevented myself from going into convulsions. My struggles were dreadful. They knocked at the door, and some one called out, *chi e?* It was the Guiccioli's maid. Lord Byron was in Pisa. Hunt was in bed; so I was to see Lord Byron instead of him. This was a great relief to me. I staggered upstairs; the Guiccioli came to meet me, smiling, while I could hardly say, "Where is he—*Sapete alcuna cosa di* Shelley?" They knew nothing; he had left Pisa on Sunday; on Monday he had sailed; there had been bad weather Monday afternoon. More they knew not. Both Lord Byron and the lady have told me since, that on that terrific evening I looked more like a ghost than a woman—light seemed to emanate from my features; my face was very white; I looked like marble. Alas! I had risen almost from a bed of sickness for this journey; I had travelled all day; it was now 12 at night, and we, refusing to rest, proceeded to Leghorn—not in despair—no, for then we must have died; but with sufficient hope to keep up the agitation of the spirits, which was all my life. It was past 2 in the morning when we arrived. They took us to the wrong inn; neither Trelawny nor Captain Roberts were there, nor did we exactly know where they were, so we were obliged to wait until daylight; we threw ourselves drest on our beds, and slept a little, but at 6 o'clock we went to one or two inns, to ask for one or the other of these gentlemen. We found Roberts at the "Globe." He came down to us with a face that seemed to tell us that the worst was true, and here we learned all that occurred during the week they had been absent from us, and under what circumstances they had departed on their return.

This, then was all we knew, yet we did not despair; they might have been driven over to Corsica, and not knowing the coast, have gone God knows where. Reports favoured this belief; it was even said that they had been seen in the Gulf. We resolved to return with all possible speed; we sent a courier to go from tower to tower,

along the coast, to know if anything had been seen or found, and at 9 A. M. we quitted Leghorn, stopped but one moment at Pisa, and proceeded towards Lerici. When at two miles from Via Reggio, we rode down to that town to know if they knew anything. Here our calamity first began to break on us; a little boat and a water cask had been found five miles off—they had manufactured a *piccolissima lancia* of thin planks stitched by a shoemaker, just to let them run on shore without wetting themselves, as our boat drew four feet of water. The description of that found tallied with this, but then this boat was very cumbersome, and in bad weather they might have been easily led to throw it overboard,—the cask frightened me most, —but the same reason might in some sort be given for that. I must tell you that Jane and I were not alone. Trelawny accompanied us back to our home. We journeyed on and reached the Magna about half-past 10 P. M. I cannot describe to you what I felt in the first moment when, fording this river, I felt the water splash about our wheels. I was suffocated—I gasped for breath—I thought I should have gone into convulsions, and I struggled violently that Jane might not perceive it. Looking down the river I saw the two great lights burning at the *foce;* a voice from within me seemed to cry aloud, "That is his grave." After passing the river I gradually recovered. Arriving at Lerici we were obliged to cross our little bay in a boat. San Terenzo was illuminated for a festa. What a scene! The waving sea, the sirocco wind, the lights of the town towards which we rowed, and our own desolate hearts, that coloured all with a shroud. We landed. Nothing had been heard of them. This was Saturday, July 13, and thus we waited until Thursday July 18, thrown about by hope and fear. We sent messengers along the coast towards Genoa and to Via Reggio; nothing had been found more than the *Lancetta;* reports were brought us; we hoped; and yet to tell you all the agony we endured during those twelve days, would be to make you conceive a universe of pain—each moment intolerable, and giving place to one still worse. The people of the country, too, added to one's discomfort; they are like wild savages; on festas, the

men and women and children in different bands—the sexes always separate—pass the whole night in dancing on the sands close to our door; running into the sea, then back again, and screaming all the time one perpetual air, the most detestable in the world; then the sirocco perpetually blew, and the sea for ever moaned their dirge. On Thursday, 18th, Trelawny left us to go to Leghorn, to see what was doing or what could be done. On Friday I was very ill; but as evening came on, I said to Jane, "If anything had been found on the coast, Trelawny would have returned to let us know. He has not returned, so I hope." About 7 o'clock P. M. he did return; all was over, all was quiet now; they had been found washed on shore.

In the search of the shore for the bodies of the unfortunate victims of a catastrophe whose true story will probably never be known, Trelawny, by the testimony of all the survivors, was tireless. "During the whole of the proceedings that took place," writes Leigh Hunt, "Mr. Shelley's and Mr. Williams' friends were indebted to Mr. Trelawny for every kind of attention: the great burden of inquiry fell upon him; and he never ceased in his good offices, either then or afterwards, till he had done everything that could have been expected to be done, either of the humblest or the highest friend." [36]

Roberts, desiring to assist Trelawny in searching the coast for his lost friends, applied to Byron for leave to use the *Bolivar* for this purpose. To this Byron replied, in the following unpublished [37] letter:

Pisa, July 14th, 1822.

My dear Sir,

Your opinion has taken from me the slender hope to which I still

[36] Dr. Guido Biagi, *Last Days of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, 1898, p. 81. A new edition in Italian of this invaluable study of the death of Shelley has lately been published (Florence, 1922).

[37] Carl H. Pforzheimer Collection. Previously published by the writer in *The Wooster Voice* (Wooster, Ohio), March 21, 1924.

cling. I need hardly say that the Bolivar is quite at your disposition as she would have been on a less melancholy occasion—and that I am always yr. obliged

& faithful friend
& Servant
Noel Byron

To Capt. Roberts
R. N.
Leghorn.

First accompanying Mary and Claire back from Lerici to Pisa, Trelawny set out to examine the bodies which had been washed ashore; Shelley's, at Viareggio, Duchy of Lucca, on July 18th; Williams' perhaps earlier "three miles further south, on Tuscan territory, near the Tower of Migliarino, at the mouth of the Serchio"; [38] and a body supposed to be that of the sailor-boy, Charles Vivian, on July 18th at Massa. The governments of Lucca and Florence were now importuned, through the kind offices of Mr. Dawkins, English Resident in Florence and British Chargé d'Affaires near the Duke of Lucca, for permission to remove the bodies of Shelley and Williams to the English cemetery at Leghorn. This, in the light of the strict Italian quarantine regulations, was not a little difficult to secure; but, all at first promising well, orders were given, through Thomas Hall, Chaplain to the British Factory at Leghorn, for the manufacture of suitable coffins. When these were completed,[39] a new difficulty arose. The Auditor of the Government of Pisa, citing the quarantine laws, positively refused to permit the exhumation of the body of Williams; and so it was proposed that to avoid any possible

[38] *Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries*, 1828, p. 195.

[39] The bill for these melancholy items was rendered by Hall to Trelawny and receipted on August 28th, 1822. The total sum of the bill was £413. B.M. Add. MSS. 35251, f. 12. See Appendix.

dangers of contagion the bodies should be cremated on the spot where they had been buried, and the ashes only transported to Leghorn. To this revival of an ancient practice once sacred in Italy and Greece the authorities interposed no objection. Through Mr. Hall, accordingly, arrangements were made, and two cases of walnut covered with black silk velvet were fashioned by Mancini, copper plates for both were engraved by Cacci, and "Nella the Blacksmith" constructed an iron brazier for the cremation.

On August 14th, these negotiations having occupied the better part of a month, Trelawny and his English friend, Captain Edward Shenley, set sail from Leghorn in Byron's craft, the *Bolivar*, and after ten or eleven hours arrived to make the concluding arrangements with the Commandant of the Fort at Bocca del Serchio, for the exhumation of Williams' body and its cremation. This was set for the fifteenth, at noon. Byron being notified, the latter came, with Leigh Hunt, to witness the process. There were also present on the occasion "an officer with some soldiers from Migliarino, an officer from the Health Office, and a few dismounted dragoons"; and "a considerable assemblage of spectators collected from the vicinity, among them some ladies very richly dressed." By four o'clock all had been consumed in the flames but the human ashes, and these were gathered together and placed in the little velvet-covered walnut box prepared for them, and taken back to Pisa by Lord Byron.

Returning by the road they had traversed early that morning, Trelawny and Shenley spent the night at the tavern of Bocca del Serchio. Next day, they rowed down the Buolamacca canal to Viareggio, and along the coast toward Massa, until, between what is at present the site of the Marine Asylum, "Victor Emmanuel" and the Pineta (pine wood), about 250

metres from the sea, they came upon three white wands stuck in the sand to mark the temporary resting place of Shelley's remains. In spite of these markers, however, it was an hour before the searchers "were startled and drawn together by a dull hollow sound that followed the blow of a mattock." Both Shelley's and Williams' bodies had, to avoid any dangers arising from infection, and in accord with the existing sanitary regulations, been buried with quick-lime; and so, when the exhumation was completed, the bones only were found. The official Italian documents are explicit on this point; though Trelawny, perhaps, as Dr. Biagi suggests, to avoid a conflict with his story of snatching the poet's heart from the flames in which the bones were now enveloped, suppressed all these references in his translations of the documents, we must rely on the documents in this case. Byron, because he was unable to bear the sight of the operation, or the excessive heat of the day and the furnace, swam out to sea; Leigh Hunt stayed in Byron's carriage.

"The Mediterranean," Hunt afterward wrote, "was soft and shining, and kissed the beach as if to make peace with it. The yellow sand and the blue sky made between them a singular contrast, the marble mountains touched the air with coolness, and the flame of the fire bore away towards heaven in vigorous amplitude, waving and quivering with inconceivable beauty." When the fire had exhausted itself, the ashes remaining were gathered, as Williams' had been, into their small walnut room for all time, and taken to Pisa.

The remains of the sailor-lad, Charles Vivian, were never disinterred; but the following document,[40] which has appeared in no previous biography of Shelley, reports their discovery

[40] British Museum Addit. MSS. 35251, f. 14. It was published by Trelawny, but with a number of omissions and alterations. The original MS. is in Italian.

on the coast of Massa, ten days after the fatal voyage had come to its end:

Via Reggio 29 Aug. 1822.

Honoured Sir,

I return you infinite thanks for the splendid telescope which you have so graciously sent me, and assure you that I shall always cherish the recollection of your kindness to me. I hope that some favourable opportunity may be given me to carry out your honoured commands and desire you to dispose of me as you will in any matter in which I can serve you in these parts. I waited a few days before answering your esteemed letter of the 22nd of this month, in the expectation of receiving from Massa the information you ask for. It is as follows:

On the same day that the sea cast ashore the body of Mr. Shelley, that is, July 18, it threw up on the coast of Massa another body, which was unrecognizable, the head having been much eaten by fish and only a little flesh remaining on the toes and fingers. It had on a linen waistcoat striped white and blue, trousers to match, a cambric shirt, and it was barefooted. In the waistcoat there was a knife with a white bone handle and nothing else. This body was burnt on the shore and the ashes buried.

At Montignoso the sea cast up a barrel of weak red wine, with eleven black hoops, at Cinquale an empty demijohn, a bottle of rum and another full of milk, at Motrone a small boat two and a half ells long with a gunwhale painted red and black.

This is the information I have been able to obtain with regard to the disaster and, so far as my knowledge goes, no other goods or bodies have been cast up. If I get any more information I shall make it my duty to communicate with you at once. Accept the expression of my distinguished esteem and respect.

Your most humble and obedient servant,

D^co. SIMONCINI

Trelawny's next task was to attempt to resurrect the *Ariel* from her watery grave. In September following, Captain

Roberts succeeded in grappling the wreck, which had sunk, with all its contents, and had not capsized, and bringing it to the surface. It was found that the two masts had been carried away, the bowsprit broken, the gunwale stove in, and many timbers on the starboard quarter broken, which made the captain "think for certain that she must have been run down by some of the feluccas in the squall." Dr. Garnett and Dr. Biagi are in agreement that "the collision, if any took place"—though certainly the condition in which Roberts found the boat argues powerfully that it did—was not as some of Shelley's circle had feared, and as a sailor dying at Spezzia in 1863 is said to have averred, the result of criminal design, but an accident.

In the boat, when it was salvaged, were found clothes, books, a spyglass, three notebooks of Shelley's, one, very much damaged by sea-water,[41] and Williams' journal. Two volumes had been found in Shelley's coat-pocket—his Sophocles, which is now treasured in the Bodleian Library; and Hunt's copy of Keats's 1820 volume, which was burned at Viareggio when the exhumation took place. The board covers of the latter were doubled back in the poet's pocket, a fact taken to indicate that he had been reading the little book when obliged, suddenly, to put it away. "You will do no good with Shelley," Trelawny had said, "until you heave his books and papers overboard." This was, as the event proved, an ominous prophecy.

According to Shelley's express desire, that his ashes should be interred in the same grave with his son William, in the old part of the Protestant Cemetery at Rome, near the pyramid of Caius Cestius, Trelawny sent them to Mr. Freeborn, British Consul at Rome, to be held in custody until he should ar-

[41] Published by Roger Ingpen, *Shelley in England*, 1917, pp. 659–691.

From Vedute di Roma

PYRAMID OF CAIUS CESTIUS, AND THE OLD PROTESTANT CEMETERY, ROME.

Shelley's grave is in the new part of the cemetery beyond the wall at the right.

rive. Freeborn became troubled over the matter, and in the latter part of October proposed to the Reverend Richard Burgess, D. D., who in the autumn of 1822 became Chaplain to the Protestants at Rome, that he should officiate at the burial of the ashes. Desirous of aiding Mr. Freeborn to put an end to the "absurd conjectures" which "were being noised about" on the subject of Shelley's death and burial, the Reverend Mr. Burgess undertook this trust, and in November he says:

> The box was put into a Coffin of the ordinary size and shape, and at an early hour of the day was taken through the streets of Rome, followed by two Clergymen who had never seen the deceased in their lives, and only knew that he was a great poet, a British subject, and had an ardent desire to be interred in a Protestant Christian burial place, where his son's remains were already laid. On arriving at the Cemetery, I found two persons who had come to do honour to the remains of the deceased Poet—the one was General Cockburn who wrote a book upon Sicily, the other was Sir Charles Style—the portion of the burial service which is read "when they come to the grave" was read under a beautiful Italian sky . . . and in the presence of the two gentlemen above mentioned and the Italian Custode of the Cemetery. The wish of Shelley after all could not be strictly complied with, his son had been buried in the old plot of ground, and as there was nothing to mark the spot, after much search in different places where the Custode and grave diggers thought they might be found and transferred to the new Burial Ground and placed near the grave of Shelley, the search was given up.[42]

The phrase, "the old part" in this narrative demands some explanation, since when William Shelley had been buried in the same cemetery in 1818 there had been no such division

[42] "Recollections of Days Gone By" communicated to J. L. Elliot by Dr. Burgess, June 20, 1874. Incompletely published by Mrs. Angeli: *Shelley and His Friends in Italy.* Appendix; and completely by Hugh Elliot, grandson of J. L. Elliot, *Times Literary Supplement,* Nov. 4, 1920.

of its ground. The explanation is to be found in the same writer's *Lectures on the Insufficiency of Revealed Religion*, &c., published while Dr. Burgess was occupying the post of Protestant chaplain at Rome:

> The attention of the Protestants resident at Rome has already been directed to the waste-ground alloted for burying their dead. Beyond the Aventine Mount, and under the walls of the city within, stood a few scattered tomb-stones exposed to the trampling of cattle grazing in the Prata del Popolo, and to the still greater injury of human footsteps . . . during that very summer [1822] . . . a sunk fence was dug round the old burial-place; another eligible spot of ground beyond the Pyramid was surrounded by a solid wall, and henceforth assigned for the Protestant cemetery.[43]

From the two narratives of Dr. Burgess we may gather these facts as those which finally determined the burial of Shelley's remains in the new portion of the cemetery: (1) that by the autumn of 1822 this part was "assigned for the Protestant cemetery"; (2) that, in consequence, Shelley's wish that his ashes should be buried with his son's could then be complied with only by transferring the latter to Shelley's grave, in the new cemetery; and (3) that William's grave had not yet been clearly marked—a statement running counter to the fact, as it appears; for a stone had been placed, as was supposed, over his remains; but when removed it was found that it had been wrongly located over those of an adult. For these reasons Shelley's wish could not be complied with.

The Keats-Shelley house, in the Piazza di Spagna; the Arch of Titus, the Baths of Caracalla, and the Protestant Cemetery —these, among Rome's multitudinous sights, the lover of

[43] Reprinted by Leigh Hunt. *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, May 6, 1835, p. 140.

Shelley will not miss. And when he has driven out the Appian Way, and followed the little markers in the Cemetery which point the path to "Shelley's Grave," and come to that verdant recess by the outer city wall where, beneath the upright cypresses that Trelawny planted, Shelley has found the peace he never knew in life, he will understand why he chose the spot, where

> . . . gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
> Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;

Here

> A field is spread, on which a newer band
> Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death.
> . . . . . .
>
> *What Adonais is, why fear we to become?*

THE END

APPENDIX

A. Shelley's Indebtedness, in *Zastrozzi*, to Previous Romances.
B. Shelley's Indebtedness, in *St. Irvyne*, to Previous Romances.
C. The Shelleyan Formula in Fiction.
D. Elizabeth Hitchener's Letters to Shelley.
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K. Bill for Shelley's & Williams' Coffins.
L. Two Unpublished Descriptions of Shelley.
M. Account of William Godwin and Shelley, by Francis Place. (B.M. Add. MSS. 35, 145, 30-36 *et passim*)
N. Byron and Shelley on the Character of Hamlet.
O. Two Prose Fragments by Shelley.
P. Shelley's Checques. From the Brookes-Shelley Correspondence.
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R. Three Letters of William Godwin, Hitherto Unpublished, Relating to Shelley's Efforts to Extricate Himself from Indebtedness.
S. Shelley's Oxford Romance.

APPENDIX A

Shelley's Indebtedness in *Zastrozzi*, to Previous Romances

Comparing Shelley's romance with its source, *Zofloya, or the Moor*, we may note a number of similarities, to most of which attention has already been called by A. M. D. Hughes, Esq.

Zastrozzi	*Zofloya, or the Moor*
Ch. i. Verezzi is imprisoned in cavern, after being drugged at inn.	Vol. iii. 35. Zofloya imprisons Lilla in an underground cave. (and cf. Lewis. *The Monk.* Agnes and Antonia similarly imprisoned, chs. x, xi.)
Ch. ii. Cave is rent by lightning.	Vol. iii. 224. Earthquake wrecks cave. (cf. *Saint Irvyne. Conclusion*, and *The Monk*, chs, vi, and xii.)
Ch. iii. Verezzi, hospitably received by an old woman, engages to care for her garden. Her son is dead.	Vol. ii. 280. Leonardo, similarly received by old woman, whose son had died, promises to till her garden, and does so till her death.
Ch. iv. Matilda, anxious for the murder of Julia, yet doubts the faith of Zastrozzi, who chides her for this doubt, and proves the efficacy of his poisons on a hapless prisoner. In an endeavor to overcome	Vol. iii. 43. Zofloya likewise appears in the same manner to Victoria, in the woods of the Apennines; he endeavors to wean her from her scruples as to right and wrong; tries his poison on the aunt of

her religious "scruples," he meets her in the forest near by. In a storm, his figure appears gigantic.

Lilla, who expires in torments. (cf. also Ambrosio's murder of the aunt of Antonia in *The Monk*, viii. and Ginotti's appearance to Wolfstein. *St. Irvyne*, ii.)

Ch. v. Matilda persuades him to live at her home; he does not reciprocate her love, who is the antithesis of his finer Julia.

Vol. iii. 6, 10, 11. Henriquez, having become a member of Berenza's establishment, contrasts Victoria with Lilla. Victoria's passion for himself he cannot return, for he loves Lilla. (and cf. *The Monk*, vi. Ambrosio contrasts the attractions of Matilda and Antonia. He wearies of Matilda, and treats her with coldness.)

Ch. v. Matilda feigns melancholy, and begs his forgiveness.

Vol. i. 226–9. So Victoria lures Berenza, and appears ashamed when overheard expressing her love for him in feigned sleep. The trick works; Berenza cries: "Thou art mine!—Yes, I now *know* that thou art mine." (refrain from Lewis' *Monk*, ch. iv.)

Ch. viii. Verezzi, who had swooned at hearing the news, conveyed by Matilda, to the effect that Julia had died, now recovers only to find himself in Matilda's arms.

Vol. iii. Lilla having been abducted by Zofloya, Henriquez falls ill of a fever through which he is nursed by Victoria. Henriquez openly displays his detestation of Victoria.

She nurses him through a fever, despite his detestation of her.	(cf. Ambrosio's revulsion on the consummation of his crime on Antonia. *The Monk*, vi.) And Berenza, after recovering from the effects of taking Zofloya's drug, which Victoria had given him that he might under its influence imagine her to be his beloved Lilla, commits suicide when he discovers his error.
Ch. x. Château in mountains; evening requiem from distant convent.	Vol. ii. 199. *seq.* Household in mountain château; bells and requiem from convent. (and cf. requiem in *The Italian*, ii., and bells and requiem in Lewis' *Mistrust, or Blanche and Osbright* in *Romantic Tales*. i., 11 ff.)
Ch. xii. Sham attempt at assassination. Verezzi attacked by Zastrozzi (who is in disguise) and Matilda, returning to save him, is wounded. She dreams Verezzi alters to a spectre as she gives him her hand in marriage.	Vol. i. 237–8. Victoria receives the blow of Leonardo, who would have assassinated Count Berenza (and cf. *Monk*, I, ii. 156. Matilda sucks poison from wound of Ambrosio, because she loved him). Victoria dreams that Zofloya asks her hand in marriage just when Henriquez is on the point of marrying Lilla. She accepts Zofloya, and at that Lilla becomes a phantom, and Henriquez a skeleton.

Ch. xiii. Verezzi overhears Matilda bemoaning his hard-heartedness, and in compassion surrenders to her charms, while she feigns discomfiture and shame.	Vol. i. 243. Gratitude to Victoria leads Berenza to consider marrying her. (and cf. *Monk*. I, ii. 157. Ambrosio yields, for the same cause, to Matilda's wish that she might become his mistress.)
Ch. xiii. Bridal banquet, music, wild dancing.	Vol. iii. 73–87. Henriquez, drugged by the potion Victoria had secured from Zofloya, believes her to be Lilla. They attend a banquet Victoria has prepared; there is music, and the two dance together, until, overwearied, they retire to sleep.
Ch. xiv. At Venice, Julia is seen by Matilda, who eyes her with hatred. "The dark fire which flamed from her eye, more than told the feelings of her soul, as she fixed it on her rival; and had it possessed the power of the basilisk's, Julia would have expired on the spot."	Vol. i. 233. Thus Megalena eyes Victoria; "in the moment of rapidly passing," she "fixed her eyes upon Victoria with a rage and malignity so exquisitely bitter, that it was impossible . . . that its expression could be mistaken."
Ch. xv. Verezzi, at sight of Julia, is overcome with remorse, and Matilda in impressive silence takes him home.	Vol. ii. 42. Megalena thus conducts Leonardo home after discovering him in the arms of Theresa.
Ch. xv. Julia enters the room where Matilda and Verezzi are embracing each other, and Verezzi, struck with horror, slays himself (and note his	Vol. iii. 89. Henriquez, awakening from the sleep induced by the drug of Zofloya, commits suicide.

previous behavior at end of ch. vii and beginning of ch. viii.)	
Ch. xv. Matilda murders Julia.	Vol. iii. 104. Victoria goes to the prison where Lilla is confined, and dragging her out by the hair, stabs her in innumerable places. (cf. *Monk*, xi. Ambrosio stabs Antonia, causing her death.)
Ch. xvi. Repentance, and soothing visions, attend Matilda to the prison of the Inquisition.	(Cf. *The Monk*, xii. Seized by the officers of the Inquisition for his murder of Elvira and Antonia, Ambrosio considers the mysteries of absolution and immortality, and ends in despair.)

APPENDIX B

Shelley's Indebtedness, in *St. Irvyne*, to Previous Romances

"So much of Shelley's incident is from Mrs. Byrne" says Mr. Hughes, "that he does little but deal her cards afresh"; and the truth of the statement may be tested by a glance at the following table of parallels, in which I have also indicated Shelley's indebtedness to Lewis' *Monk* and *Bravo of Venice*.

St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian. ch.	*Sources of Parallels.* ref.
i. Wolfstein proposes to join bandits, into whose hands he has fallen. They confer about it, but accede.	*Bravo of Venice* ii, iii. Abellino proposes to join the Venetian brigands, whom he whistles to him in the street; they hesitate and confer, but, on proof of his strength, accede.
i. Bandits' cavern, banquet, taciturn woman at chief's side, Wolfstein's influence over his comrades.	*Zofloya* III. xxx, xxxi. Bandits' cavern, banquet, taciturn woman at chief's side, Zofloya's influence over the brigands. *Bravo of Venice* iii. Bandits' retreat, banquet, taciturn woman, Abellino's influence over the brigands.
ii. Ginotti permits Wolfstein, who has murdered Cavigni, to es-	*Zofloya, or the Moor* II. xiv. Leonardo, who has become the

cape with Megalena. They go to Genoa.	lover of Megalena Strozzi, Berenza's former mistress, attempts to murder Berenza, and thereafter flees with Megalena from Venice.
iii. The lovers lead a life of dissipation, until, Wolfstein's love cooling, he meets Olympia, who is enamoured of him.	*Zofloya, or the Moor* I. viii. Megalena and Berenza continue an illicit love until Victoria comes to live with Berenza.
iv. Megalena discovers them together, and hurriedly leading Wolfstein to their apartment, demands that he murder the temptress.	*Zastrozzi* xiv. Matilda discovers Verezzi in the moment of his gazing on his lost love, Julia, and hurriedly orders their gondolier to convey them to their home.
iv. Wolfstein, about to murder Olympia as she sleeps, is arrested by her beauty.	*The Italian* bk. ii. ch. ix. Schedoni, about to murder Ellena as she sleeps is prevented by the sight of her innocent features.
iv. Wolfstein throws down his dagger.	*The Monk* xi. Ambrosio throws down his dagger. *Zastrozzi* xv. Matilda does likewise.
iv. Wolfstein announces to Megalena that the officers of justice have been aroused. xii. Mountfort announces the same to Eloise.	*The Monk* xi. Matilda tells Ambrosio that the officers of the Inquisition are aroused.
viii. Ginotti frequently appears to Wolfstein in a spirit-like manner.	*The Italian.* So the ghostlike monk appears, utters a warning, and vanishes.

	Zofloya II xxiv. 239. Zofloya in a similar manner appears and disappears.
viii. Ginotti tells Wolfstein of his control over all his (Wolfstein's) thoughts and actions.	*Zofloya* II xxiv. Zofloya similarly controls the actions of Victoria.
x. Ginotti imparts the secret formula of the *elixir vitæ*.	*St. Leon* xi–xiii. The old man transfers the same secret to St. Leon.
Conclusion. Ginotti asks Wolfstein to renounce God.	*The Monk.* xii. Matilda asks Ambrosio to renounce God.
ix. Eloise meets Nempere at a lonely cottage.	*Mysteries of Udolpho* vi, vii. St. Aubert and Emily find entertainment at a lonely cottage.
xi. Eloise discloses her love for Fitzeustace in her sleep.	*The Monk* I. ii. Thus Matilda confesses her love for Ambrosio; —and Victoria for Berenza. (*Zofloya.* I. 228–9. Cf. also *The Italian* ii.)
iv. "Her light tresses, disengaged from the band which had confined them, floated around a countenance, superhumanly beautiful, and whose expression, even in slumber, appeared to be tinted by Wolfstein's refusal; convulsive sighs heaved the fair bosom, and tears, starting from under her eyelids, fell profusely down her damask cheek."	*The Monk* viii. "A few tresses of her hair had escaped from beneath the muslin which confined the rest, and fell carelessly over her bosom, as it heaved with slow and regular suspiration. *The Monk* xi. "She remained stretched upon the earth—the tears chased each other slowly down her cheeks, and her bosom heaved with frequent sobs."

iv. . . . "her alabaster bosom was shaded by the light ringlets of her hair which rested unconfined upon it."

Zastrozzi xvi. "Her dishevelled ringlets floated in negligent luxuriance over her alabaster bosom."

iv. "Again a mournful smile irradiated her lovely features; it played with a sweet softness on her countenance."

The Monk viii. "A smile inexpressibly sweet played round her ripe and coral lips, from which every now and then escaped a gentle sigh."

vii. "But hush! what was that scream which was heard by the ear of listening enthusiasm," etc.

The Monk i, 156. "Tremble, Ambrosio, the first step is taken, and he who breaks his faith with heaven will soon break it with man.—Hark! 'twas the shriek of your better angel: he flees and leaves you for ever."

ix. "Hark! what shriek broke upon the enthusiast's silence of twilight? 'Twas the fancied scream of one who loved Eloise long ago, but now is —dead. It warns thee—alas! 'tis unavailing!!—'Tis fled, but not forever."

APPENDIX C

The Shelleyan Formula in Fiction

Having now examined the outlines of the stories, and Shelley's indebtedness to Mrs. Byrne, Mrs. Radcliffe, and "Monk" Lewis, it may be profitable to study in detail the Shelleyan formula in fiction, his treatment of Nature, and those speculative ideas which, embedded within the juvenile novels, help us to an understanding of his position in many matters at the period, 1809–11, of his last days at Eton and his brief residence at Oxford. His plots, characters, and settings may be reduced to the following elements:

Scenery: (1) mountains, rocks, precipices, caverns, rivers, fountains, cataracts—all as in Lewis' tales.

(2) forests (pine or oak, usually), scathed trees, solitary trees overhanging cataracts, reflections in water.

(3) cottages on desolate heaths, castles, ruined abbeys.

(4) *a.* Moonlight, starlight, cloudless skies, or

b. storm, thunder, lightning, earthquake, rain, hail, meteors, wind, and clouds.

Supernatural phenomena: dreams, visions, hallucinations, ghosts, genii, spirits of good and evil, Satan (who alone appears in the flesh).

Characters: (1) Male: several bandits, mysterious bandit, persecuted man.

(2) Female: virtuous woman, wicked woman in league with Satan and in love with the persecuted man, who suffers untimely death. *St. Irvyne* introduces an extra virtuous woman, Eloise, betrayed by man of mystery, sold to an honorable avenger, and at last united to the avenger's friend.

Time: invariably night. *Midnight* is a favorite time and word in the novels.

Action: blazing eyes, as in Lewis' tales, tumultuous bosoms, faintings, as in Lewis' tales, fevers in *Zastrozzi* only; the disease and the "humane physician" suggest Shelley's illness in the fall of 1809 and Dr. Lind,

elsewhere celebrated in Shelley's verse[1]; rapid footsteps, as in Lewis, expressions of malice or settled melancholy, as in Lewis, rape and adultery; murder, suicide, and often violent deaths; discussions of religion and morality introducing the views of the skeptical philosophers of the 18th century, but ending in a rebuke to them; of love and marriage,[2] of death, the grave, and the hereafter; music; rides and walks through such scenery as is above described.

The interrelation of the two novels, whose plots sprang in the main from the same sources, has been already indicated to some extent; but the following table of parallel passages may further emphasize this resemblance:

Zastrozzi	*St. Irvyne*
v. "A gloomy silence reigned through the streets of the city, . . . it was past midnight, and every inhabitant seemed to be sunk in sleep. . . . Her white robes floated on the night air . . . her shadowy and dishevelled hair flew over her form, which, as she passed the bridge, seemed to strike the boatman below with the idea of some supernatural and etherial form. . . . the Danube . . . reflected her symmetrical form. . . ."	iv. "The hour was late; the moon poured its mildly-lustrous beams upon the lengthened colonnades of Genoa, when Olympia, . . . hastened, with rapid and unequal footsteps, towards the mansion of Wolfstein. The streets were by no means crowded, but those who yet lingered in them gazed with slight surprise on the figure of Olympia, which, light and symmetrical as a sylphid, passed swiftly onwards."

[1] He is variously referred to as "a man of sense," "the humane physician," and "the humane man." *Zastrozzi*—vii, x. But perhaps Onorio, the hermit, in *Rinaldo Rinaldini,* which Shelley read, or re-read, in 1815 contributed something to the character of this old man. See art.: "Shelley, Mary Shelley, and *Rinaldo Rinaldini*" in *P. M. L. A.* xl. 165–71 (March, 1925).

[2] Notions of free love occur in *St. Irvyne,* which, as Mr. Hughes suggests must have been written during or after Shelley's reading of Godwin's *Political Justice.*

x. "Softest, most melancholy music, seemed to float upon the southern gale. Matilda listened—it was the nuns at a convent, chanting the requiem for the soul of a departed sister. 'Perhaps gone to heaven!' exclaimed Matilda, as, affected by the contrast, her guilty soul trembled. A chain of horrible, racking thoughts pressed upon her soul; and unable to bear the acuteness of her sensations, she hastily returned to the castella."

x. "I had almost plunged into the tide of death, had rushed upon the unknown regions of eternity, when the soft sound of a bell from a neighboring convent was wafted in the stillness of the night. It struck a chord in unison with my soul; it vibrated on the secret springs of rapture. I thought no more of suicide."

xii. "She was agitated by such violent emotions that her every limb trembled, and Verezzi tenderly asked the reason of her alarm.

'Oh, nothing, nothing!' returned Matilda."

xi. "Eloise convulsively pressed her hand on her forehead.

'What is the matter, my dearest?' inquired Fitzeustace—

'Oh! nothing, nothing—let us sit down.'

xii. "with a hurried and disordered step, his clothes stained with blood, his countenance convulsed and pallid as death, in rushed Mountfort.

An involuntary exclamation of surprise burst from the terrified Eloise.

'What—what is the matter?'

'Oh, nothing, nothing!' answered Mountfort."

xv. "Before her lay her rival,—whose angelic features, even in death, a smile of affection pervaded—the fair countenance of the murdered Julia; fair even in death."

iv. "Her features, although convulsed by the agonies of violent dissolution, retained an unchanging image of loveliness, which never might fade away."

vii. "—her features, sweet even in death."

Recurring to the striking elements of natural scenery which at this early age appealed most strongly to Shelley, we may note that many of these remained favorites with him in after years, and reappear in later prose and poetry. Thus, either as a part of the scene, or in a reference,

mountains appear in *Queen Mab*, *The Assassins*, *The Colosseum*, *Alastor*, *Laon and Cythna*, *Rosalind and Helen*, *Julian and Maddalo*, *Peter Bell the Third*, *Prometheus Unbound*, *Œdipus Tyrannus*, *The Witch of Atlas*, *Adonais*, *Epipsychidion*, *The Cenci*, *and Hellas*, and forty-two other poems.

rocks appear in *Queen Mab*, *The Assassins*, *Alastor*, *Laon and Cythna*, *Rosalind and Helen*, *Peter Bell the Third*, *Prometheus Unbound*, *The Witch of Atlas*, *Epipsychidion*, *Hellas*, *The Cenci*, *Charles the First*, and thirteen other poems.

precipices appear in *The Assassins*, *The Colosseum*, *Alastor*, *Rosalind and Helen*, *The Witch of Atlas*, *Œdipus Tyrannus*, *The Cenci*, *The Two Spirits*, and *Mont Blanc*.

caverns or *caves* appear in *The Assassins*, *The Colosseum*, *Alastor*, *Laon and Cythna*, *Prometheus Unbound*, *The Witch of Atlas*, *Epipsychidion*, *Adonais*, *Œdipus Tyrannus*, *The Cenci*, *Hellas*, and twenty other poems.

rivers appear in *Queen Mab*, *The Assassins*, *Alastor*, *Laon and Cythna*, *Rosalind and Helen*, *Prometheus Unbound*, *The Witch of Atlas*, *Adonais*, *The Cenci*, *Hellas*, and thirty-four other poems.

fountains appear in *Queen Mab*, *The Assassins*, *The Colosseum*, *Alastor*, *Laon and Cythna*, *Julian and Maddalo*, *Rosalind and Helen*, *Prometheus*

Unbound, Adonais, Witch of Atlas, Epipsychidion, The Cenci, Hellas, and sixteen other poems.

cataracts appear in *The Assassins, The Colosseum, Alastor, Laon and Cythna, Peter Bell the Third, Prometheus Unbound, Witch of Atlas, Marianne's Dream, Orpheus,* and *The Sensitive Plant.*

forests appear in *The Assassins, The Colosseum, Queen Mab, Alastor, Laon and Cythna, Rosalind and Helen, Prometheus Unbound, Œdipus Tyrannus, Witch of Atlas, Adonais, Epipsychidion,* and twenty other poems.

moonlight appears in *The Assassins, The Colosseum, Queen Mab, Alastor, Laon and Cythna, Rosalind and Helen, Peter Bell the Third, Prometheus Unbound, Œdipus Tyrannus, The Witch of Atlas, Adonais, Epipsychidion, The Cenci, Hellas,* and fifty-three other poems.

In these early novels, too, Shelley displays a fondness for compound words, especially words including *thunder* and *night,* as, for example: thunder-clouds, thunder-peals, thunder-bolt, thunder-blast; night-raven, night-rolling, night-tempest, night-storm, night-stars, night-bird; tempest-cloud, mountain-rill, mountain-tops, pine-trees, pine-groves, storm-fiend's, star-beams, midnight-tempest. No extraordinary amount of acumen is necessary to connect Shelley's imagery with Rousseau's and that of the Gothic romancers upon whose works the author of *St. Irvyne* had fed. Yet there is reason to believe that Shelley would have loved the wild scenery of nature with an ardent love even though he had never read one description of it in any book.

APPENDIX D

Elizabeth Hitchener's Letters to Shelley

From the British Museum MSS.

A "mystery woman"—now the "sister of the soul" of one of the greatest poets (and most fickle lovers) England ever produced, —and in a moment "an ugly, hermaphroditical beast of a woman," a "brown Demon" to whom the poet reluctantly doled out a pension—this *has been* the Miss Elizabeth Hitchener of Shelleyan biography. And in the absence of any other evidence than that of these amazingly-contradictory references in Shelley's letters, she has seemed likely to remain a mystery to the end. The poet's biographers, not usually prone to attach any blame to Shelley, have yet in the face of this strange metamorphosis of opinion, and with his naïveté in mind, inclined to pity Miss Hitchener and hold Shelley chiefly responsible for the rift in the lute which ended in her withdrawal from the company of Shelley, his wife, and sister-in-law, after less than five months' residence with them, in December 1812.

From the evidence now, by the courtesy of the British Museum, first made available to Shelley students, it becomes possible however, for the first time to reconstruct the personality of this school-mistress-reformer and would-be-poetess—to whose mind Shelley was so strongly attracted in the summer solstice of 1811 that he poured out his reasonings to her weekly, in impassioned polemics; and to whom subsequently he was drawn with ardor of another kind so that the Sussex schoolmistress became for the nonce the "other soul" for which his soul was seeking, and without whom his own could not be complete. Result: a rash invitation to Miss Hitchener to abandon her school and join the Shelley household, already complicated by the presence of an extra member, Shelley's sister-in-law, the redoubtable Eliza

Westbrook—an invitation as rashly accepted, and whose consequences are described in a letter of Harriet Shelley to Catherine Nugent, November 14, 1812:

"The lady I have often mentioned to you, of the name of Hitchener, has to our very great happiness left us. We were entirely deceived in her character as to her republicanism, and in short everything else which she pretended to be. We were not long in finding out our great disappointment in her. As to any noble disinterested views, it is utterly impossible for a selfish character to feel them. She built all her hopes on being able to separate me from my dearly loved Percy, and had the artfulness to say that Percy was really in love with her, and [that it] was only his being married that could keep her within bounds.—It was a long time ere we could possibly get her away, till at last Percy said he would give her £100 *per annum*. And now, thank God, she has left us never more to return."

If I were asked to state what I believe chiefly drew Elizabeth Hitchener to Shelley, I should answer without hesitation: his prospects. Living at Cuckfield, in Sussex, she knew perfectly well how affluent the Shelley family was. Very early in her correspondence with Shelley (see letter V) she solicits him for pecuniary aid for her friend and teacher, Miss Adams. When she leaves the Shelleys, in 1812, she does so only after a pension of £100 *per annum* has been guaranteed to her. Shelley was gullible, and the scheming schoolmistress knew it. Playing up, therefore, to his interests in republicanism and in metaphysical discussion she made her letters the means of gaining his confidence and affection.

No one, or so it seems to me, can read her letter (No. XII) to Shelley, with its fulsome rhapsodies over her affection and grave concern for Harriet Shelley, whom she had never seen and who, if we accept Harriet's report of Miss Hitchener's statements, checkmated her by marrying Shelley, without feeling that she was insincere, hypocritical, and, in a limited way, cunning. Her springes set to catch the wealthy Sussex woodcock are scarce hidden by her phrases; there is the glint of steel under these leaves. And one quite naturally wonders that Shelley should have been so easily entrapped. But entrapped he

was, not only in this case but in many another later. In the belief of Trelawny, the only friends of Shelley "who loved and did not rob" him were "Jeff" Hogg and Edward Williams.

Rarely, Shelley rebelled at this exploitation; but more commonly he either seems to have been unaware of it or, if aware, still bound by his charitable philosophy to yield assistance wherever and whenever it was needed. Two occasions of the former attitude come to mind—on being compelled to pay Miss Hitchener her stipend (1812), and on being reproached by Godwin with remissness in not forwarding another loan (1816). A saint could hardly have resisted the impulse to wrath at these times.

Letters of Elizabeth Hitchener to Percy Bysshe Shelley, from Brit. Mus. Addit. MSS. 37496, as follows.

LETTER I. folio 5, 6

Hurst June

Dear Sir

Thanks to your kind attention I have received Locke & am highly delighted with what I have hitherto read, tho' that is very little the first book of four chaptr. only, yet I hope my mind, which I now perceive was a chaos of disjointed ideas, will become the seat of order & harmony I FEEL as if I had never *thought* before, imagination has been the active, the leading faculty of my mind, how could *you* forbear from smiling at my DORMANT *ideas*, I am satisfied I never had neither "*innate ideas*" nor "*innate principles*" tho' of the former you convinc'd me & of the latter Locke. . . . *Self-love* you see prompts me eagerly to accept the opportunity you offer me of improving my mind by a correspondence with you, tho' you cannot surely suppose me so *conceited* as to attempt making you a proselyte to my faith, have I not rather reason to *tremble* for *my own;* but tho' I presume not to *argue* I love to *discuss*, and I so rarely meet with any one possessing the requisites for intellectual pleasures, that if *you* can spare the time, mine cannot be more advantageously nor more agreeably employ'd. . . . It seems to me you know me better that I do myself, yet, surely we differ? You say your God *is Truth.* I should say *mine* is the God *of truth,* I am so truly happy to find Locke saying we *possess faculties*, to *discover God, I hope therefore in time* to be able to give a *reason* rather than a *feeling* for

my *belief*, yet would it not be worthy of *your candor & philanthropy* to assist in this *anxious inquiry* what true delight would it bestow on numbers to be certain that the Being they love & adore is not the phantom of their own imagination, but a *really existing* Deity, to be as certain of this as of any thing their senses convince them of, following the chain of thought your conversation gave rise to, I change immaterial for *material*, the God I serve, *commands* to *use*, the faculties he bestows, & I shall indeed be convinced that if the Christian Religion cannot stand the test of inquiry but is safe only among the *immoral* & the *frivolous* it comes not from the Being I worship & whatever Priests may say to the contrary he has bid Mankind to search him out; but I run on as if to convince you I love writing rather than reasoning.——

I met Capt. P—— on Thursday, he told me he had the books & would shortly send them, may I not tell you I am much obliged to you

You ask me if we differ *widely* in opinion, I *think not*. I believe our theory the *same* only that I have *decided* how to make mine practical, thus I would say of my *politics*, *practical political virtue in degenerate times*, my opinion as to religion is that it should be subservient to virtue

If worth & merit ever claim'd a tear
Then may'st thou justly pay that tribute here
For one whom no mean selfish views confin'd
He liv'd for others, lov'd all Human Kind
His sphere was humble & his mind untaught
But with the milk of Human-Kindness fraught
Nature taught

Here lieth

By art untaught, virtue to him made Known
In others h..ppiness to find his own

LETTER II, ff. 10, 11

Hurst June 14th

Dear Sir

You tell me since you have been a decided votary of reason you have never felt happiness, & you ask me to comment upon it, your own arguments furnish me with an answer, viz "that reason sanctions an aberration from

reason, when that aberration is productive of higher morality" these are not *exactly* your own words, you do not affirm it so positively; have I therefore carried your meaning *too far?* I hope not, since reason *ought* to *yield to virtue*, (*if not to religion*) & I know we have but one opinion as to the *fundamental principle* of virtue that it is the *business of life* to add all in our power to the happiness of others, must not then the children of virtue seek *to be happy* THEMSELVES lest THEY GIVE PAIN to those who in *others happiness* find their own? When you tell me the *christian religion* militates against virtue, you stagger me; but the subject is *too important* to be hastily considered, when I am *fully convinc'd* your opinion is right, instantly will I reject my own, for what wars against virtue wars against my religion, *indeed I* am not *competent to judge* of the *christian religion*, because I am as yet *too inexperienc'd* as to HUMAN NATURE, I find so many in the world, & many who have ceased to exist, whose opinions coincide with my own & who *thought themselves christians* that I still think I must be one; but to day I met with this sentiment of Lyttleton "the man who hates another for not being a christian is himself not one." I cannot *yet* say *I am not* a *christian*, tho' believe me the fears or rewards of hereafter have no power over me, I think the happiness of others may be injur'd if I tread not *lightly* and *cautiously* on what they consider *sacred*. I have found also many excellent passages in the sacred writings. I have understood them & found them adapted to *improve my* nature, what therefore has appear'd *hard to understand* & which *my feeling* has revolted at, I have imagin'd equally excellent with what I valued, only that my understanding was limited, that *I saw only a part* from not knowing its *adaptation* to the *nature of others*, that *mercy* with me *weakly degenerated into crime* because it *lost sight* of JUSTICE, I do not consider myself either virtuous or religious because my feelings prompt me to be humane; but I find the *christian religion* dictating *humility* & *meekness*, virtues difficult for me to practice, because *uncongenial* with *my nature*, for tho' not *selfish* I am SELF-WILLED & to the *christian religion* I have long endeavored to *bend this stubborn nature*, perhaps you will tell me virtue dictates this as well as christianity, I did not know myself so well as when I embrac'd religion to assist virtue, *religion* has certainly made me look more into *my own heart*, & not LIKE IT SO WELL, this will you admit as an apology, for my caution in not hastily *rejecting* it; but I sacrifice it to virtue, when I renounce it, *not to reason*, for my reason, if really I have any, allows me to

retain feeling as far as it interferes not with the happiness of others, nor does virtue *allow* reason to immolate passion but to subjugate it to her, I am conscious without *feeling*, *life* to me would be *perfect misery*, virtue therefore *bids* me *sweeten* the bitter, bitter cup & tells reason to guide my hand; is not the human face justly call'd a mirror, dare I allow mine then to *reflect pain* instead of *pleasure*, naturally gloomy & *prone to melancholy*, it is a duty with me to be cheerful, & had I not already wearied you with my egotism, I could prove to you that reason wholly governs my religion & I *voluntarily renounce* all the gloomy part of the doctrine; perhaps *selfishness governs* me in wishing to increase the sum of human happiness by *adding my own;* but observe if *all Mankind thought* with *me* misery must seek some other abode, & *where* would *poor* happiness be if *all thought* with *you*, this point surely *you will yield*, & *acknowledge self-indulgence*, to the degree I have already nam'd; *a virtue*. . . . My example must convince you I love prolixity.—You reason almost *too clearly* for me on the subject of Deity; but *the feeling* has taken *deep root*, & I am sure you cannot be surpris'd when I say, if I reject on *one side*, I receive on *the other*, & you you are corresponding with *two* Miss Hitcheners, do allow one sometimes to introduce the other, tho' her presence serve no other purpose than to exercise *your forbearance*.——

LETTER III f. 19

[The following postscript heads this letter—Ed.]

With what sincere pleasure do I feel dispos'd to level you to my companion as well——

As I feeling dispos'd to treat you with all the freedom of a more matured friendship & quickly reduce you to a companion.

My dear Friend

Our friendship is too young [to?] heve (error for *have?*) you other than you are my dear friend I should feel our friendship too young to warrant the freedom I am dispos'd to treat you with; but as I know you consider life too short to trifle it on form, I shall wave [*sic*] the time that should elapse, & instantly reduce you to a Companion, pardon me if I level *too fast*, I have no other friend from whom I can seek improvement, no other friend who can understand me, I wish therefore often to chat

with you, to tell you my thoughts as they arise & not waiting the formality of a mere answer to your Ltrs. which in the literal sense would be a vain attempt, you must observe I never *answer* them; my answers serve as mere messengers for yours & so far they are I value them, will you indulge my familiar & try [?] & allow me to chat at all seasons; I have just been reading Locke & am not pleas'd with his affirmation of a Deity tho' this you had prepar'd me to meet; yet I had hop'd to have found some clue to reason on, the passage I allude to is this " " in this same chapt. on Identity & diversity, I have been much diverted with the Bishop of Worcester's curious argument of the I think *I* could argue with such a Bp., & his *bodily* resurrection is surely of all weak ideas the weakest, could he not see Christians must gulp now to swallow; he surely wish'd to choak them, Locke's consciousness of existence is my one idea of it, agrees with the idea I have long had of it, yet imagination I fear has created *my idea*, it is not warranted by scripture, I therefore have it not from *report* my idea of *soul* & *body* is distinct, the latter I perceive by my senses, consciousness of existence the former, which I have imagined would exist from now to eternity but this hereafter yet now if the soul can exist, without lose the consciousness of having existed *here*, to me it is the same as annihilation, & if the organization of body be necessary to continue the same consciousness of existence how from reason can we have a resurrection of body: the more I think on this the more I fear the idea which has been the chasm of my life, viz. *consciousness of existence from now to eternity*, is the fancy of my imagination for it does not appear to be warranted by either reason or christianity.

Letter IV. ff. 43, 44

Hurst Oct. 11th

My dear Friend

Would I could communicate to you a pleasure equal to that your Ltr. of this Mor^n. convey'd to me, for whom, who knew the value of your friendship & correspondence & had once shared it, could sustain the deprivation without the most painful regret, & upon its renewal must feel a happiness such as is mine at present, never more may it know an interruption, till Death shall *here* at least arrest its course, willingly *I* never would forego it, but should I in your opinion seem wanting, as *once* I *have*, remember *human nature* is *fallible*, be then my Friend, point out my error, & if I

amend it not, then condemn me, time was I had not yet yielded to the world the society of a Friend more to me than all that world; but the good opinion of that world *given* not *sought*, had begun to deprive me of that freedom which had ever been my glory, I who had delighted in trampling absurd customs to emancipate others as well as myself, suddenly forsook myself & voluntarily became a slave, yet having done so, I deserv'd to have forfeited your Friendship, this perhaps made me feel the loss of it the more, you could not have forfeited mine, I had too much confidence in you, not to conclude you could give very sufficient reasons for acting as you did; I see too that the world on which we close our eyes at Night & that on which we ope them on the Mor[n.] are not *the same*, thus changing circumstances govern, has not Locke defin'd our power to be a *preference of action* rather than a *voluntary act*, thus may a person do to-day what yesterday they had not thought of doing, thus when last I saw you, I have no doubt but you fully intended the pursuit you nam'd; but this must have been *secondary*, circumstances might compel you to yield this & hasten your marriage, *here then was no equivocation;* & as to *marrying* that was due to M[rs.] Shelley, *with you* she might have borne the "world's dread laugh," but I know you could not *risk* her being depriv'd of your sympathy under it; by doing as you have, you have defended her against an evil which she might not have known how to sustain *alone;* but may this in no shape *ever be her lot*, may your life ever protect her to say how sincerely I wish you both every happiness does not convey half my feeling for it, with your sentiments. I hope to see realized such a Union as the children of the world would tell me never existed but in my own imagination, yet such as it cannot fail to prove when united from proper motives; but such marriages *are rare*, the multitude that are not prompted by baser inducements are guided by vanity which disguising itself in a never ending variety of ways they become consciously its victims.—With the greatest & sincerest pleasure should I accept your invitation if in my power, but situated as I am it is not possible, tho' at some future period I anticipate accepting it, & this pleasure in anticipation will beguile many a heavy duty of its pain; I long to be introduced to *your Harriet* will she ever permit me to call her so, she shall have a Sister's affection; for are you not the Brother of my soul; *see!* I have profited by *your instructions*, & levelled you with as much, (nay perhaps more,) facility than you can wish; but in all our discussions I cannot so easily outstrip you, the little reason I possess I am indebted to you for, but

that creeps along slowly & heavily, without the renewal of your friendship I fear would have stagnated, for "thoughts shut up, want air, & spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun. Rude thought runs wild in contemplation's field; converse the message breaks it to the bit of due restraint. 'Tis conflict kind that strikes out latent truth, but found, is sought, thoughts disentangle passing o'er the lip." Thus thinking I esteem myself peculiarly happy in possessing a Friend who can "set my mind abroach," would for your sake my friendship equalled the exchange, for is not equality a necessary ingredient in friendship, & here, I only am the gainer, for what can I communicate, oh how does self-love steal into all our feelings; but having thus long gratified self at the expense of your patience I will only add my most anxious wishes for your happiness & tho' least in power in sincerity none can surpass

Your sincere friend
E. Hitchener

[Addressed:]
Mr. P. B. Shelley
Miss Dancer's
Coney Street
York

Letter V. ff. 39,40

Hurst Oct. 23

Return'd from Cuckfield & all my family retir'd, I take up my pen to answer your Ltr. my dear Friend with such a pleasure as surely nothing less than a soul can feel, at this moment I think I could *reason* myself into the belief of one, if *your reason* could embrace it; but this subject I must wave [*sic*] for the present & hasten to answer that part of your Ltr. in which you wish me to share your fortune, this is an unparaleled [*sic*] instance of generosity, to say how much I admire it is impossible, or the gratification I feel in possessing the friendship of one who can so act, you have given me in your friendship a gift the world could not purchase &, made me *rich* indeed, you have given me in sharing the pleasures of your mind an inexaustible [*sic*] store of delight & left me nothing now to wish for; you tell me individuality in this offer of independence is banish'd, & that you procure it for the advantage of society; my dearest friend you

deceive yourself, see me more such as I *really am*, could you see the *time I trifle* you would alter your opinion, already I possess more than I properly use, how then can I allow you to give me leisure knowing myself unworthy of it, & as to society that would be *doubly unjust*, money in your hands is to them a blessing, nor do I deny that it also is in mine, how do our souls in this assimiliate; I have for years endeavor'd to *gain money*, thinking I knew the *use of it*, this motive I have never nam'd to any one before, for whom but *you* could understand me, I should have been laugh'd at as *mad*, or suspected of hypocrisy, have I not reason then to value your friendship, for what delight can surpass this congeniality of soul which I had despair'd of ever meeting with; & I see in such a friend one who will strengthen every virtuous principle; your money is devoted to the good of others, so is all that I acquire, thus is *society* receiving more than if we both drew from the same source; here is no *false sentiment* of honor, & to convince you there is not, when you come into possession of all your fortune I will tax your friendship for the Mother of my soul, the dear woman who educated me, oh how I long to introduce you to each other, she taught me truth, "if any love of virtue glow in me" I first caught that love from her, me alone of all her pupils did she love as her child, she will say I first loved her; but why did I love her then, adore & venerate her now, because she was worthy, let stoicism deny sympathy & congeniality of soul, my first feelings towards that dear woman *convince me of the contrary*, when first I heard her speak, I listen'd with a delight I never tasted before, & after spending a few hours parted from her with agony of soul I was not then *ten*, how could I then love her from reason; but reason has shown me from that time to this, to love her & virtue was the same; she has kept a school seven & thirty years, but having *too much virtue* for the age has ever been an object of persecution, she is still compelled to continue it, & I have long sigh'd to offer her an asylum, this was my principal motive for engaging in a School; but till I am independant [*sic*] of my Parents, I durst not, even then I shall incur their displeasure, at least my Mother's, but I can bear that in a just cause, my Mother condemns her because she did not treat me as she had done, & for *allowing* a *girl* to have an *opinion*, nor does she pardon the affection I must ever have for her, & to which my Mother claims a right, surely it does not lessen my love for one because I love the other more, I allow much is due to my Mother for the school she selected in which reason not accident directed her, nay I know not as to loving more, I only know my affection for

both is of a different nature; but as I foresee Miss Adams will not suffer me to do for her what I wish, this gratification, should her life continue which I tremble frequently for, shall be transferr'd to you; I am singularly happy, for tho' not in possession of any thing I can *gratify you, prove* to *her virtue is beloved*, this will fill her with delight, & in thus gratifying friends, do *justice* to *society*, what a happy combination is here. I have not seen her since I first saw you, tho' she is not a stranger to your tract; but exclaim'd ——, *what a Shelley an Atheist!* How eagerly do I anticipate the pleasure I shall give her when I describe you to her, you can understand her delight when she finds how ador'd virtue has so sincere a worshipper; unfortunately I am seldom allow'd to see her, & her *eyes* are in such a state I forbear writing, did I not love her very much I could not practice this forbearance; but I now hope soon to see her; she is so circumstanc'd with a Sister, who is the *opposite of her*, that she is not more at liberty as to me than I am to her, we could not have lived together; tho' she may not be induced to accept independance, [*sic*] still the delight she will feel in the offer is such that I wish her to have what is due to her rather than to me, & if she will not *yield to you*, I can when she is thus importun'd, perhaps persuade her to reside with me, that will seem less after your offer; now have I given light to thoughts which have hitherto been secluded in my own bosom, I use no reserve, but all you see wrong point out to me, I am certain had I not known you the world would in a few years have spoiled me. I have said I long to introduce you & Miss Adams to each other, for I think our sentiments are much the same that what gives me pleasure will afford you the same; but I intreat [*sic*] you always to point out the slightest error that you see, for as I shall write to you with all the freedom of *thought*, that *has not thought*, is this intelligible, rather I should say I shall oftener communicate *perception* than *reflection*, thus committing myself, I do not *demand too much* from *you*, selfishly forgetting your time is too valuable for me to engross so much as this would take; even now tho' so lately I enjoy'd your society yet do I feel as if I had more rather than less to say, I fear my friendship is selfish, for I wish to ask unnumbered questions, how did you get to London it rain'd at Cuckfield, did you stop at Camberwel, what was propos'd & thus could I run on; but *you* will write I know & as you have promis'd me without reserve, why then should I ask questions, only that trifles, as you might regard them, are interesting. I conjecture you will get to York on Sunday Night, this will reach there

on that day or Monday; but impatient as I shall be to hear yet I know but just return'd your time may be engag'd, that you have your abode to change &c. nor have I M^rs. Shelley's leave to engage any of your time, can she generously permit I long to see her & ask her this adieu

My dearest friend
ever yours E. H.

LETTER VI. ff. 46, 47

Hurst Nov. 12th.

Your Letr. my dear Friend seems to have absorbed in horror every faculty I possess, there needed not this to make me shudder at *Human-nature*, it has too often frozen my heart's blood, & prompted me to forswear my kindred with Mankind, & more than any other cause acted I think upon my feelings, to accept a religion which promis'd a purer nature, & told me that that self-esteem which would wrap me round in self, had its origin in that same human-nature, thus finding pride, I tremble at being human, & have clung to a religion which promises in the hour of temptation more than *human strength*, the crimes of my fellow-beings have induced me to seek communion with *perhaps* imaginary ones, yet of the ecstatic idea of the society of "just men made perfect" & a Being more holy than the *human*-mind can conceive, affords the heart such real bliss, that my feeling knows not how to forego what my reason is not ready to adopt. Severely & frequently was my heart rent by human-nature before I could think of giving it up, nor could aught but experience make me renounce it, judge then of the indescribable delight I have received in contemplating *you* & *him* (whom I will forbear naming lest disgust should supersede pity) as characters that would *yet* redeem it in my eyes, & prove my idea of virtue to be, not an empty name; but alas I am again disappointed, my soul is sick, & my *returning pride* is humbled to the dust, too well I see he mistook the *love of virtue* for the *practice of it*, splitting on that self-deluding rock which thousands have before, esteeming themselves virtuous because they admire virtue; yet do I pity him, for what must be his feelings when he reflects, he has by his *own conduct*, forfeited no common friend, no every-day friendship, a few more years will point to him his loss, & with the bitterest regret convince him "a world in purchase of a friend is gain," oh how could he be so blind to his own happiness, what gratification could

equal your esteem; as to you my dearest friend tho' my heart bleeds in sympathy with yours, & I, (knowing you as I do), defy the Annals of Time to produce a severer disappointment, yet must I rejoice in your escape from his society, who, I fear knows too well "how to make wrong appear the better reason" had he not one drop of humanity, yet surely if he had, he would have spared your heart such anguish; *you* do indeed rise above human nature, to pardon & seek to reclaim him is worthy of my idea of you, in you I fear no disappointment, I see you rise with trial, & I feel something like *gratitude* for the happiness you give me, you may (to *see its value*), estimate it by the pain he has given you, I feel this contrast most forcibly, & should have thought such a stimulus as giving you pleasure would have prompted him to have acted virtuously; our enemies by *shewing* us *human-nature* sufficiently *embitter life*, but for those we most love to do it exceeds all curses, conscious guilt excepted . . . experience of Mankind is of all schools the severest, its ingenuous pupils purchase their knowledge with tears of blood, (here ignorance is indeed bliss), like every other knowledge you *early* obtain it, how vapid will love become if you thus exhaust it, but this comfort at least you may draw, misery can inflict no sharper pang than you have now suffered; had you seen me as I read your Ltr., so far from reading fast, I seem'd almost depriv'd of breath & sight, & after having read a few lines, could not for a length of time finish it. You have very much oblig'd me by writing, I watched Saturday's, Sunday's & today's Post with more anxiety than I can describe, & but for your attention should have experienced the greatest uneasiness to day, the uncertainty of my Ltr. reaching you, & that you may be ill, alternately occupy my mind, your quick reply generally, has spoil'd me, like a child too much indulg'd I become impatient. —The Capt. tells me the Duk. of Norfolk has made you again some proposals, & he tells me also he believes they have not made you a Ward of Chancery, say if you think they have. Before I close this, I hint a suspicion that our friends would willingly lessen us in each other's opinion, I give them credit for good motives, I have the highest respect for them; it is all useless, I judge for myself; I should keep this suspicion to myself but that I will not from false delicasy [*sic*] risk your good opinion, & would therefore influence you to be upon your gard [*sic*]; but assured that they are really our friends, let this rather increase than diminish our esteem for them, perhaps my mind has caught at it, without design from them, because prizing your friendship, I am jealously alive to what may injure it, & this

suspicion must be sacred. I hope to receive an answer to my last Ltr. ere this reaches you, that I may know your opinion on our writing, but as I have before said, if we write or not, my friendship can never change, but binds me

Ever yours,
My dearest friend,
E. Hitchener

[Addressed on f. 47b:]
Mr. P. B. Shelley
Mr. D. Crosthwaites
Town-Head
Keswick
Cumberland

LETTER VII. ff. 50,51

Hurst Nov. 15.

Would that I knew how to communicate comfort to you my dearest friend at this moment of trial, a trial few can experience, yet all who have allowed it to be the severest pang human-nature can inflict, what are bodily diseases, tortures, wants, compared with the anguish of the mind, *the soul* rather, for this capability of feeling misery, so distinct from the body is surely a strong *evidence of a soul*, a high sense of pleasure & pain is as necessary to our existence as rain & sun-shine to vegetable life, but nothing beyond this seems necessary to existence *here*; *exquisite happiness* & *acute misery* must have their abode in a sense beyond the ordinary five, & the sense or senses beyond, I think belong distinctly to the soul, & on the side of reason the *only* evidence of a soul *is this imagination?* Let not my *fancy* I beseech thee my dearest friend run away with my reason, on *your reason I rely*, this reliance must prove the value of the benefit your Harriet's liberal mind allows me, for as I have before said, tho' my friendship for you can never end but with the consciousness of existence, yet the superior advantages arising from it must have been yielded had our intercourse ceased, *selfishness* wish'd, powerfully crav'd a continuance, but I should have blush'd at myself could I have risk'd disquiet to another by indulging myself; but your Harriet is no longer formidable, I must have loved what you love; but I foresee I shall love her for her own worth, & shall hope to prove myself worthy of

hers, she will forgive my seeming illiberality when she has liv'd as long in the World as I have; but may her destiny exclude from her, the narrow & prejudiced of Mankind, such as too often have stung me to the soul, & prompted me to steel my feelings with indifference against the arrows of disappointment, & to endeavor to sacrifice on the Altar of Virtue that sensibility which brought pain to myself & no happiness to others, the world severely & very early taught me, that my soul was fraught with sentiments visionary to them, they pronounced me romantic, eccentric & conceited, & compelled me to live without sympathy for I seem'd created to awaken in them, only surprise, vacancy, & stupidity; yet is this sympathy the *charm of life*, a balance which outweighs its evils, a sacred gift which amply compensates the ills of life, its sweetest solace, mysterious cement of the soul, soother of life, oh lovely sympathy I owe thee much & the few months I have drank of thy reanimating cup atones for the blank of years I had endur'd; stoics may call our friendship selfish I contradict them not, but self consistently with virtue, *must be* indulg'd when it militates not against the happiness of others, but virtue commands us not only to preserve life but to contribute all in our power to its happiness, for virtue no more allows us to exterminate the finest feelings of life, than life itself; but again must I thank your Harriet, for had she been among the prejudiced, I must have again abstracted my feelings from the World, again have been sensible of existence for Mankind only; & having tasted known what it really *is to live*, should have bitterly felt the change; existence *entombed* in the world must languish for a more peaceful grave, & I should have long'd for the time when I should *be* no more; but what is here connectedly give then my love to her, that already we feel a reciprocity for that I long to see her, & that I anticipate a Sister's affection for her, I long to see, to know, & to love her.—You tell me my dear friend to write, yet what can I say that can sooth [*sic*] the anguish of your feelings was it not enough to disappoint you in him, but that he must choose so cruel a method to convince you of his baseness, cruel Man, who can sooth [*sic*] the wounds he has made, no my dearest friend I can suffer with you & can judge of your sufferings but time only can soften them, for very few are form'd for friendship, yet how are its sacred sympathies hacknied [*sic*], as if friends grew on every bough of the tree of life, when experience daily proves it is the rarest fruit beneath the skies, once I dreamt I had a friend; but the world stole her, I still admire the brilliancy of her mind, & often regret that I

cannot love her, in the warmth of youthful fancy my heart began to expand towards her, but she nipt the openning [*sic*] blossom, my heart bled then; but oh if years had ripen'd our friendship, what would then have [been] my agony, I have lived two dreary years since, & now new life opens to my view, I see & meet a being in every way form'd for friendship, your loss must then have fallen heavier, for tho' life be dreary for the time wasted on one so undeserving must have been severe[ly] regretted, & believe my friend tho' life's way be dreary yet here & there new roads open to the view, little did I imagine when first I saw you, & now I see the spot, I am in the room endeared to me by this remembrance, little did I then foresee the cheering path before me, I had learn'd to abstract my feelings from Mankind, I was devoting my life to Mankind but abstracting my feelings from them, our mutual friends at Cuckfield had drawn me a little more to the World, they kept me lingering on human-nature, & but for the Capt. I had never known you; thus will new views open on your path, not that they can annihiliate [*sic*] remembrances past events, but the mind dwells on the future rather than the past, bear up then my friend waste not regrets on him who has proved himself unworthy your friendship, deserving sacred yet when I say bear up I see the struggle almost beyond nature write still your griefs, I would not that my friend

[the letter ends here at bottom of f. 51, v., the next sheet evidently having been lost]

Letter VIII. f. 67

Hurst Dec. 17th

My dear Madam

I had purpos'd to write this even[g], to your Percy but as he depriv'd me of your other Ltr., it is fair retaliation to delay towards him, but as this delay must, notwithstanding all my vanity, rather reward than punish, I will devise some other mode, if he serve me so again. You have made me laugh at your water excursion; but it had made me serious too, *I* cannot *spare* you & am tremblingly alive to danger, pray then be not either of you so hazardous again

[the letter ends in the middle of its only page, & has neither address nor signature]

Letter IX. ff. 68,69

Hurst Dec. 19th

My dearest friend

The postman is now in my house waiting to take this, & you would perhaps be better pleas'd to wait a day longer than to receive this apology for my *promis'd* Ltr., yet I can bear any trial better than suspense, & it is doing your friendship an injustice to suppose you are not equally anxious; the Capt. was with me, (come to fetch Emma) when your Ltrs. were brought me, he had just inform'd me of the proposals made to you, *I spoke* as *I felt* upon the subject, *that feeling you* & I *fear you only* can *know*, the Capt. was silent whilst I spoke, *of them*, but the glow of admiration illumin'd his fine countenance when I spoke of *you*, notwithstanding the world strives hard to make him as wise as its children I think they *never* can, for he certainly *glories* in you, he regrets to me that you treat him with a half confidence, he has a warm & generous heart, & must then my dearest friend be excus'd this regret, surely I cannot be deceiv'd in him, yet you know best & I am certain could give me very satisfactory reasons for withholding communication from him; I have told myself you see he is *too open*, & tho' from principle determin'd to keep your confidence, the *cunning* would *unknown* to himself, draw all they wish'd from him.—I am glad these proposals were made you, they *prove* you to the world, not that I wish to see you prov'd to establish you in my opinion, the *first conversation* I had with you *secur'd that forever*, nor can any thing now shake it; but I am delighted in shewing to the world, that a being such as my imagination had often conceiv'd, is *not ideal*, they can have *no perception* of virtue, consistent virtue, without seeing it embodied, they have often silenced me by the *mortifying question*. Can you point out to me any Man, who is what you call truly virtuous? Now do I defy them, thou my dearest friend art a living example of my idea of a truly virtuous Man, complex as it is, it is [word torn out] completed; but time flies, I [? page f. 69 r. has been mended here] [mus]t, [mended here too; only the crossing of a final *t* appears] write to you & M^rs. S. short[ly?] I have been very much engag'd this week, the children of this Island, form the principal *business* engaged in

this week, they employ almost all its inhabitants, & take away my ten o'clock even[g].

Adieu

Ever yours

E. H.

They will at Cuckfield *never learn from me* as to Hogg; more of this when I write again, thanks & love to M[rs]. S. for her Ltr.; the Post is the *only tyrant* I obey, he gratifies me too highly not to yield him an implicit & willing homage.

Adieu.

[Addressed in center of last leaf f. 69 v.:]

M[r]. Percy B. Shelley
Chestnut Hill
Keswick
Cumberland

LETTER X. f. 70.

Hurst Dec. 20th

My dear Madam

Tho' in my ltr. to your Percy you have already read my opinion on the subject you wrote of to me, yet I cannot write to you & be silent upon it, to say I am well acquainted with your feelings, & sympathize with you, must be unnecessary, we must on this subject feel & think alike; this last act is a master-stroke of villainy, *this* no sophistry can veil even to himself, its evil cannot be disguis'd, base malignant villain, he seems created for no other purpose than to destroy Percy's happiness, & tyger [*sic*] like he has fix'd his fangs on him & nothing will induce the savage to let go his hold; with you I rejoice that he shews us what he is; but that he is so long deceiv'd Percy is *no astonishment to me*, *extremes* my dear Madam *meet*, time only proves them opposites, the most virtuous, & the most vicious man agree on one grand point, *impos'd* restraints, both alike reject the *common conduct* of *general society*, the one from *principle* the other from *profligacy*, thus the virtuous man *must be* deceiv'd & be the prey of the vicious, the *theory* of both the same, tho' the vicious [d?]eserve all that they see is repugnant to that virtue which they perceive but will not practice besides how can a Man suspect another when his own heart is free from guile, a virtuous

Man *cannot, durst not* by cold caution, black suspicion & narrowing mistrust, sour that milk of human-kindness which nourishes his virtue, nor will he shut up the best charities of his nature, lest *self* should be injur'd; the vicious my dear Madam can carry only *one fear* to the virtuous, the fear of their stinging them out of their amiabilities, this is what they gaurd [*sic*] against with the utmost vigilance, the vigilance of the virtuous Man is to gaurd [*sic*] against himself with a decided will that not hourly injuries nor daily impositions shall have any *power* over his nature, it is thus he defies the vicious, they cannot *really* injure him, he stands naked among them, the prey of the vilest, *the scoff of the worldly*, but *secure in virtue*, all their attempts fail, *unharmed, unpolluted*, no wound, no scratch, no spot, the slightest blemish they have not the power to make

[the letter ends here, half-way down f. 70. v.
without signature; and bears no address.]

Letter XI. ff. 73, 74.

Hurst Jan^{y} 1st *1812*

My dearest Madam

Tho' I have written to your Percy which is indirectly writing to you, yet I cannot suffer the day to pass by without beginning too this year with *you*, a year which ere its close, I anticipate with impatient delight, will have brought us to each other, can this day ever pass unheeded by, surely not, ever must it revolve to me associated with thee & thy Percy. You will probably smile & think I should have made a most excellent catholic, since I am so prone to *dedication* & *associations*, indeed these are the *fascinations* to the young, & I rejoice that I was not born among catholics, or *circumstances* which *ruin* thousands might equally have ruined me. The sheet I have sent off is scribbled full & yet I have pass'd over in silence that Calvert with whom I am much pleas'd & am highly dispos'd to admire, I hope either you or Percy will tell me more of him, really estimable characters, sooth [*sic*] the mind, they lighten the black human-*nature* daily shews us, & refresh the wearied contemplater, who sickening with disgust might but for them be tempted to revolt from his *kind*.—The scrawl I sent away this Mor^{n} was dispatch'd in such haste that if it prove unintelligible I should not be surpris'd, it is well for me the *reciprocity* of my friends gives comprehension to my language; this Mor^{n} my patience was

tried more than common, by one of these poor creatures of our sex, who having no resources in themselves cannot exist one hour without the assistance of those *unfortunate* beings who live within their reach, this unlucky distance alas is mine, & I am at times pestered with these *living dolls*, I bear with them, with the remote hope of influencing them, & because I think people who live in the same neighborhood should be sociable with all, were I to seclude myself, because I fancy myself superior in mind, would it not be equally wrong with the Dutchess [*sic*] who secludes herself on account of her rank, nay worse for the society of a Dutchesse [*sic*] merely *as such* minds *all* should have easy access; *now* I have at least convinc'd you of my conceit, but allow my candor to apologize that I may not lose your esteem, for my dear Madam tho' this superiority be fanciful it will no more warrant my withdrawing myself than if real, but my self-love is at times severely tried, as was the case this Mor^{n}, are my ideas on this subject agreeable to *yours*, yet as the *world* goes I may mislead you as to my ideas, I do not mean a general acquaintance with all that move within the magic circle of fashion or *the set* of a *town* or *village*, but to soften piques & asperities, & write as much as possible all around you, to belong to no particular party, to blend all together, & as far as in your power do away those distinctions which separate one human-being from another, there is no person so insignificant but has this influence to a certain degree, particularly in a village as small as the one I reside in

[thus the letter ends, in the middle of f. 74 r.,
without signature or address]

Letter XII. ff. 112, 113.

Hurst

I will not now my dearest friend take your time by telling you how much my dear Harriet's illness distresses me; but only request you to send me by every post, you have, an account of her, two lines will at such a moment content me, ah if only the heartenlivening words "my dear Harriet is better," there needed not this illness to convince me how necessary her existence is to my happiness, live oh live dearest Sister of my mind & soul, live for thy Husband, thy sister, thy Friend, not one dearest Harriet can spare thee, ah the anticipated bliss we all promise ourselves, oh let it not be thus frustrated, think of thy Percy, thy Eliza, thy Portia, & if the wish

to live can preserve life, oh disappoint them not, without thee what a blank would this world be to us, a wilderness indeed, where our *all* of happiness would be the sympathy of mourning the loss of her who was to each their richest treasure, to each individual thou art indeed a blessing, & formest unitedly a bliss an envious world cannot bear to see, & which they exert & will continue to exert all their maliciousness to destroy, well may they say they cannot understand it, disinterested friendship is indeed unintelligible to them, & a friendship free from all worldly *influence* & *prejudice*, may well astonish them, romantic indeed it must appear among a set of beings who acknowledge no principle of action divested of self-interest, they say it is unaccountable & better so than when they attempt to account for it, for judging by their own feelings, they say every thing but the truth, & truth being beyond their comprehension, how can we give those ideas, who want perception, I fear all our attempts will not be able to convince them; but as you my friends are not to be influenced by all they can say, rely on it we shall some day all live together, your confidence in me is unshaken, despight [*sic*] malice & envy, mine in you no one can remove of this you will be convinc'd when we meet & I relate to you the abominable falsehoods asserted, & the insinations [*sic*] against you, with which they would separate us, I *judge for myself*, because I am persuaded my judgment was given me for that purpose; I am told, I cannot know you, but those who say it, know not the springs which open instantly the human heart & mind to the inspection of others, *I do know you*, & far better than those who say I know you not, & equally do I know my beloved Harriet, your account of her conduct spoke a volume but volumes of her have I read since, in [ ] of her actions, & I am as well convinc'd as if I had liv'd with her for years, that a more exalted soul never was confin'd in a human frame, ah me my Harriet bear for our sakes still longer that confinement, I am older than thee many years, cheat me not then of my claim to explore for thee those unknown scenes which human footsteps ne'er have trod, surely the right is mine to welcome rather than be welcomed by thee there let me but hear you are better be thou but well, all our other wishes fade before this, all difficulties as to them I do not despair of overcoming; I hope to write again to night, yet not to night for till my Harriet's health is restor'd all other subjects must be foreign to my pen, meet we will if possible at mids., & rest assur'd I am as firmly one of thy circle as if in person with ye, your writing to my Father is an act worthy of you

my friend, did he but know you he would confide in you; but when I tell you how shamefully you have been represented to him, you will pardon his opposition, & respect him for it.

[then f. 113 v. is crossed, thus:]

No my Harriet nothing shall induce me to desert thee, desert not then I intreat thee, her, who loves thee with the sincerest love. Percy I intreat thee write by every post a line will do for my Harriet needeth now all thy time oh tell me she is better.

[and f. 112 is crossed thus:]

My dearest friends believe me immoveably & unalterably thine whilst time shall last thro' all changes of being still for ever thine

Portia

APPENDIX E

Shelley's Indebtedness, in *The Address to the Irish People*, to John Philpot Curran

The Society of United Irishmen at Dublin, to the Volunteers of Ireland (quoted by Curran. *Speeches.* 137–8).

"—we therefore wish for catholic emancipation without any modification, but still we consider this necessary enfranchisement as merely the portal to the temple of national freedom."

"our beloved principle—takes in every individual of the Irish nation, casts an equal eye over the whole island, embraces all that think, and feels for all that suffer: the catholic cause is subordinate to our cause, and included in it; for, as united Irishmen, we adhere to no sect, but to society—to no cause, but Christianity, —to no party, but the whole people. In the sincerity of our souls do we desire catholic emancipation: but were it obtained tomorrow, tomorrow would we go on as we do today, in the pursuit of that reform, which would still be wanting to ratify their liberties as well as our own."

Address to the Irish People.

"I look upon Catholic Emancipation and the restoration of the liberties and happiness of Ireland—as great and important events.—But if all ended here, it would give me little pleasure.—I regard then the accomplishment of these things as the road to a greater reform."

"this emancipation . . . shall comprehend every individual of whatever nation or principles, that shall fold in its embrace all that think and all that feel; the Catholic cause is subordinate, and its success preparatory to this great cause, which adheres to no sect but society, to no cause but that of universal happiness, to no party but the people."

"I desire Catholic Emancipation, but I desire not to stop here; and I hope there are few who . . . will not concur with me in desiring a complete, a lasting, and a happy amendment. That all steps . . . taken . . . can only be subordinate and pre-

Trial of the Printers of the Morning Chronicle.

(Quoted by Curran. *Speeches.* 160–3.)

"We view with concern the frequency of wars. We are persuaded that the interests of the poor can never be promoted by accession of territory, when bought at the expense of their labour and blood."

"We, who are only the people, but who pay for wars with our substance and our blood, will not cease to tell Kings, or governments, that to them alone wars are profitable. . . . If they continue to make us fight and kill one another in uniform, we will continue to write and speak, until nations shall be cured of this folly."

"We think it a deplorable case when the poor must support a corruption which is calculated to oppress them; when the labourer must give his money to afford the means of preventing him having a voice in its disposal; when the lower classes may say,—We give you our money, for which we have toiled and sweat, and which would save our families from cold and hunger; but we think it more hard that there is nobody whom we have delegated, to see that it is paratory to the great and lasting one which shall bring about the peace, the harmony, and the happiness of Ireland, England, Europe, the World."

"Is war necessary to your happiness and safety? The interests of the poor gain nothing from the wealth or extension of a nation's boundaries, . . . The poor purchase . . . this wealth at the expense of their blood and labour and happiness and virtue."

"The advocates for the happiness and liberty of the great mass of the people, who pay for war with their lives and labour, ought never to cease writing and speaking until nations see, as they must feel, the folly of fighting and killing each other in uniform for nothing at all."

"It is horrible that the lower classes must waste their lives and liberty to furnish means for their oppressors to oppress them yet more terribly."

"It is horrible that the poor must give in taxes what would save them and their families from hunger and cold; it is still more horrible that they should do this to furnish further means of their own abjectness and misery. But what words can express the enormity of the abuse that prevents them from choosing representa-

not improperly and wickedly spent; we have none to watch over our interests; the rich only are represented."

tives with authority to inquire into the manners in which their lives and labour, their happiness and innocence, are expended."

APPENDIX F

Shelley's Notes in His Copies of Bacon, Xenophon, Herodotus, Dante, *Reliquiæ Sacræ Carolinæ*, etc.

1. Shelley's Notes in His Copies of Bacon's *Works*

From the Miriam E. Stark Collection, the Library, University of Texas; Courtesy of Miss Fannie E. Ratchford, Librarian.

Title Page:

The/Works/of/Francis Bacon/Baron of Verulam,/Viscount St. Alban,/and/Lord High Chancellor of England./In Five volumes/ vol. I, IV, V . . . /London:/Printed for J. Rivington and Sons; L. Davis; T. Payne; B. White; T. Davies; W. Davis; T. Cadell; G. Nichol; W. Otridge; H. Gardner; and T. Evans./MDCCLXXVIII.

SHELLEY'S NOTES IN VOL. I.

The Advancement of learning p. 3.

"1st. part. The Excellency of Learning.

2nd. part. The present state of Learning.—The discredit of knowledge from ignorance.—From divines.—Explained."

p. 5. "Knowledge confirms religion.—Discredit of knowledge from politicians."

p. 6. "Refuted."

p. 9. "Knowledge not prejudicial to the reverence due the laws.—Discredit of knowledge from learned men."

p. 10. "Poverty of the learned no just discredit to knowledge."

p. 11. "Discredit to knowledge from the manners of the learned. —Disinterestedness of learned men."

p. 12. "Deficiencies in the manners of learned men."

p. 13. "Trencher philosophers.—Dedication & Patrons.—Application of learned men to men of fortune."

p. 14. "Errors & varieties in Study.—Three varieties in studies.—Fantastical learning. Contentious learning. Delicate learning.—Revival of ancient learning."

p. 15. "Oratory: the abuse of it.—Its use.—contentious learning."

p. 16. "False mode of reasoning among schoolmen.—Fantastical learning.—Imposture and credulity.—Their detriment to History."

p. 18. "To art & opinion.—Of authorities.—Love and Antiquity & novelty.—Proneness to Theory."

p. 20. "Narrowness of the views of the learned.—False views.—Peculiar bias of the Learned."

p. 21. "End rather critical than inquiring.—They mistake the end of learning."

p. 22. "Difference between work of power and wisdom."

p. 23. "Contemplations preferred to actions.—impediment given by God to the advancement of learning.—Learning of Moses.—The Philosophy of the Book of Job."

p. 24. "Wisdom of Solomon.—Learning of J. C. (Jesus Christ).—Learning of ancient fathers."

p. 25. "Reformation and revival of learning contemporary.—The service Learning renders to Religion.—Honour rendered by the Pagans to the Learned."

p. 26. "The utility of learning.—The conjunction of learning in the Prince, with felicity in the people.—Illustrated by the success of Domitian."

p. 27. "Nerva.—Trajan.—Adrian."

p. 28. "Antoninus Pius.—Commodus & Marcus Aurelius.—The Learning of Queen Elizabeth."

p. 29. "Efficacy of learning towards martial prowess.—Illustrated by Alexander."

p. 31. "And Julius Cæsar."

p. 32. "And Xenophon."
p. 33. "Beneficial influence of Learning upon private learning."
p. 34. "The Power of knowledge.—Learning giveth Fortune and advancement."
p. 35. "The delight of learning.—Endurance of Knowledge."
p. 37. "The acts that have been performed by the advancement of Learning."
p. 38. "What the acts are.—1st the places of learning, 2nd Books of Learning, 3rd Learned men."
p. 39. "Defects in the first Act considered."
p. 42. "History, Poesy & Philosophy.—A History of learning wanting.—His idea of it."
p. 44. "Civil History."
p. 46. "Deficiencies in Civil History."
p. 49. "History of Providence."
p. 50. "Poesy.—Serveth to magnanimity: morality and delection."
p. 52. "The twofold knowledge of man.—Philosophy.—Philosophia prima & Universal Science."
p. 53. "His meaning touching it."
p. 54. "Natural religion.—miracles therefore are no additional arguments to prove the existence of God, but merely works to show the 'true Simon Pure.' "
p. 55. "Natural Philosophy."
p. 56. "Philosophia Prima & Metaphysics, two distinct things.—metaphysics."
p. 58. "If by forms is meant elements."
p. 62. "Other modes may give motion: What other mode direction."
p. 70. "Cosmetic.—athletic."
p. 71. "Arts of pleasure.—Original of the soul.—Divination."
p. 72. "Fascination.—Reason and will.—Truth & virtue."
p. 73. "Rational philosophy.—Inventions.—In science."
p. 76. "In speech.—Preparation."
p. 77. "Suggestion.—Judgment."

p. 78. "By syllogism.—Analysis.—Elenches."
p. 79. "Fallacies in the mind of men."
p. 81. "Memory.—Tradition."
p. 82. "Grammar."
p. 83. "Cyphers.—method of tradition."
p. 84. "Aphorisms."
p. 86. "Rhetoric."
p. 89. "Education."
p. 91. "Morals."
p. 92. "The nature of good.—Particulars & general utility."
p. 94. "Good active."
p. 95. "Good passive."
p. 96. "Duty."
p. 99. "Silly knowledge."
p. 101. "The affections."
p. 102. "Those points that operate on the will.—customs & habits.—Its efficacy.—precepts for the exercises of the mind.—Endeavour."
p. 103. "Axiom concerning discipline.—concerning resistance.—influence of studies."
p. 104. "Discipline of the mind. choice of virtue.—charity."
p. 105. "Relation between the good of the body & the mind."
p. 106. "Civil knowledge.—Conversation on wisdom behaviour."
p. 107. "Charity is the spirit and spring of it."
p. 110. "Examples in modern times stand in lieu of ancient fables.—*sopere sibi.*"
p. 112. "Knowledge of men.—Physiognomy in a general sense."
p. 114. "Knowledge of the world.—to know oneself a chief precept."
p. 115. "The demeanor.—to hide defects or enhance good qualities.—Deepest truth yet guide not yourself by example an artful mind gains by boasting: a simple one makes itself ridiculous."
p. 116. "How common a mode among the sons of men.—Versatile ingenuousness."

p. 117. "*Fatis accede deisque.*—Constancy of purpose.—Dissimulation & Frankness."
p. 118. "The right balancing of ends.—Pursuit of Fortune.—Self discipline.—money.—reputation Honour."
p. 119. "No labour is vain.—Two strings to your bow."
p. 121. "Government.—Lawes."
p. 123. "Divinity."
p. 124. "Human reason in religion."
p. 125. Revelation.
p. 129. "Faith.—Law.—Service."
p. 130. "Government."

VOL. IV.

"*De Augmentis.*" cap. IV.
p. 89. "Of what was it that this by executing consular power.—omitted in the English."
p. 91. "Believes astrology."
p. 93. "So long as it is not assumed that what ever has no foundation in experience is inconsistent with physical reasons."

VOL. V.

"*De Sapientia Veterum.*"
p. 463. "The opposite remark has been made by naturalists."

2. Shelley's Notes in His Copies of Xenophon's *Works*

Courtesy of George Winter, Esq., Bookseller, 52 Charing Cross Road, London.

(Vols. IV, V, and VIII only of Shelley's *Xenophon*). Title page as follows:—

XENOPHONTIS
QUAE EXSTANT
OPERA,

GRAECE & LATINE,
EX EDITIONIBUS
SCHNEIDERI ET ZEUNEII.
ACCEDIT
INDEX LATINUS.

TOM. IV (V, VIII).

EDINBURGI:
E PRELO ACADEMICO.
IMPENSIS GUGLIELMI LAING.

MDCCCXI

. . . . . .

Page 22. opposite ἔφασαν ἶεναι τοῦ πρόσω υπώπτευον γαρ ἤδη ἐπὶ, a check mark; and underlining of ὑπώπτευον.

Page 23. line 4. ἐδαπάνων underlined; faint straight line in margin at left by ἐπορευόμεν, ἵνα, εἴ τι δέοιτο (which word is underlined) ὠφελοίην αὐτὸν.

Page 26. lines 7–8. straight line down left margin, by ὅπλα καὶ τὰ σκευοφόρα, εστρατοπεδεύσαντο παρὰ Κλεάρχῳ and lines 12–13.

Page 37. line 4. underlining of ὥρμουν in line 4: πόριον δ' ἦν το χωρίον, και ὥρμουν αὐτόθι.

Page 46. line 10. straight line in left margin probably to indicate underlining of 'απεσπᾶτο in this line: πολὺ γὰρ ἀπεσπᾶτο φευγευσα, τοῖς μὲν ποσὶ.

Page 47. same mark probably for same reason at right of line 6 in which ἐπεσιτίσαντο is underlined; line being ἔμειναν ἡμέρας τρεῖς, καὶ ἐπεσιτίσαντο.

line 15. ἐπώλουν underlined in line reading: ποίοῦντες, εἰσβαξαλ-ῶνα ἧγον και ἐπώλουν.

Page 48. line 2. ἐπέλιπε underlined in line reading στράτευμα ὁ οἶτος ἐπέλιπε, και πριάσθαι οὐκ ἦν.

line 8. διεγιγνοντο underlined at end sentence.

Both corrections are called to notice by checks in left margin, also.

Page 75. *απεκμίνατο* underlined (line 5) in sentence ending, paragraph, line 6. Also check in margin *ὑπέλάσας* underlined (line 15) in sentence beginning *Ἰδὼν δε αὐτὸν.*

Page 76. *ἀπειχέτην* underlined, line 13, in sentence beginning *ταῦτα δε εἰπὼν.*

Page 78. *ἐξήχθη* underlined, line 8, and *συνεσπειραμένην* underlined, line 9, and both checked in left margin.

ἡγοῦντο underlined, line 14.

Page 81. *σπασαμενον* underlined, line 8, and *ἐφόρει* line 9, and both checked in margin at right.

This ends the Shelley annotations in this volume, but on the first leaf inside the back cover is a pencil drawing of the perennial tree which Shelley was always sketching. It is very closely akin to that in the *My Swift Spirit* MS., Bodleian Library.

There are no annotations of any sort in Vol. V.

VOL. VIII

Page 2. straight line down left margin opposite passage, lines 14–15: *οὐτοί τε γὰρ ὑπολαμζανουσιν.οὐ τοὺς ὄρνιθας* running over to

Page 3, and concluding with *οὕτως ἐνόμιζεν*, the first three lines on this page being marked by straight line in margin at right.

Page 63. correction by underlining *νῦν* and placing *νουν* in right hand margin at end of line 12.

Page 208. check in margin at left and entire cancellation with pencil of lines 7–8 reading *ἡ πόλις ὅπως ποτ' ἐπὶ τὸχεῖρον ἔκλινεν.*

Ἔγω μὲν οἶμαι, ἔφη ὁ Σωκράτης

On fly-leaf next following last page (373) of text appears at top:

Sophists bought from him to sell to others 46

And the following obscure Greek note:

in pencil

το αυτδ μεν τερι τουται
επαιξει αγυ[ι]α σιτονδα ζων

-{350}-

Two fly-leaves later, this at top, in ink:
Definition of Madness 239.

. . . . . .

3. Shelley's Notes in His Copies of Herodotus' *Works*

Courtesy of George Winter, Esq., London.

Title page

HERODOTUS
GRAECE & LATINE
ACCEDUNT
ANNOTATIONES SELECTAE
NECNON
INDEX LATINUS,
EX EDITIONIBUS
WESSELINGII ET REIZII
TOM. I (II, III, IV, V, VI, VII)

EDINBURGI
IMPENSIS GULIELMI LAING

MDCCCVI

On the second fly-leaf of Vol. I appear the following notes:

Solon & Crœsus—50
X βαλανηφαγοι Γυδρις 96
Crœsus & his Son—128
Darius the Institutor of
Royal Government among
the Medes—*interesting*—153
The subjection of Lydia 222
to effeminacy

An instance contrary to
the received opinion of the
Power of legislation * to change
the manners of an extensive 223
nation
The same customs (as?) the 243
(on?)
Naissarer practised by the
Lejeians

On the last fly-leaf of the volume appear:

ἐωθοτα
ἐῤῥῐζωμένην

[And six undecipherable Greek words]

96

VOL. II

On the first fly-leaf (verso) appear:

Pyramido— 13
There were elder
Poets than Homer
30
Might not the discovery
of the characters which
Herodotus has here translated
into Greek, lead to the key of
the Egyptian hiero
gliphics?— 129
Curious reasoning about
Homers story of Helen
148
Story of the Architect
who stole the treasures of
Rampsenitus 150

[* perhaps legislators.]

Last fly-leaf:

Rhodopis the courtezan Charapus
Sappho Esop. 175

VOL. III

First fly-leaf (verso):

Characteristic anecdote of
Sparta. 161
The Devotion of Zopyrus 164
Horrible vaticinations in Scythia 248
Zalmoris, the Thracian God 280

Second fly-leaf:

New instance * of the power of Custom
a speech of Darius 19–20
Story of Lycophion [?] Son
[Difficult script.]
of Periander Tyrant of
Corinth 32
Heroism in Prexaspes 72
stones [?] the Persian democrat 84
9540 Eubori [?] interests [?]
of silver
4680 of gold, the annual
tribute of the empire of Darius
Sesopagists [?] of India 102

On page 84 there is a line drawn in pencil opposite the six lines of the speech beginning: Ανδρες στασιωται . . . and ending: ἐναγωνιεῦμαι.

On page 88, opposite lines beginning (εν) θαῦτα ὁ Δαρείου and ending βροντὴ ἐγένετο Shelley entered in margin in pencil:

How does
S's groom
manige [*sic*]
this

[* Difficult chirography here.]

VOL. IV

Second fly-leaf:

The wisdom of a child 175
The preferableness of republicanism to monarchy 206
Speech in favour of liberty by Sosicles of Corinth 223

VOL. V

Second fly-leaf:

Casts [*sic*] in Sparta as in India & ancient Egypt 64
A mysterious conception 75
Instances of three particular providences driving a man mad 73
Battle of Marathon 111
Self sacrifice of two Spartans 306

On page 83 of this vol. Shelley has drawn a pencilled line from the end of line beginning *την Πυθίην . . .* to *ἔχων, ἐνέπρησε.*

On page 189 he has corrected in the margin by an Ξ the erroneous spelling in the line adjoining of *Χέρζης* (i. e. Xerxes).

VOL. VI

Second fly-leaf:

Leonidas & the battle of Thermopylae 84 [?]

At page 25 Shelley corrects the erroneous spelling *δεῶν*, by inserting *θ* in margin at left of line reading *δεῶν, διετέλεον ἔοντες* etc. He also underlined the *δ* of *δεῶν*, showing that the *θ* was a correction of that spelling.

At page 60 he corrects the erroneous spelling of τούτω as πούτω in the line reading τῷ δὲ σφαγιασθέντι πούτω etc. by underlining the π and writing τ in the left margin.

VOL. VII

Second fly-leaf:

Wonderful escape of Hegesistratus	52
Horrible revenge of Amestris	143

At page 14 he corrects spelling of ἐπελθοντος to ἐπελθοντες by inserting ε in left margin and underlining ο in that word.

4. Shelley's Notes in His Copies of Dante's *Works*

OPERE
DI DANTE
ALLIGHIERI
Col Comento del M.R.P. Pompeo Venturi
Della Compagnia di Gesù.
DIVISE IN CINQUE TOMI.
TOMO PRIMO.

and title-page as follows:

LA
DIVINA COMMEDIA
DI DANTE
ALIGHIERI
TRATTA DA QUELLA,
Che pubblicarono gli Accademici della Crusca
l'Anno MDXCV.
Col Comento del M.R.P. Pompeo Venturi
della Compagnia di Gesù.
DIVISA IN TRE TOMI.
TOMO PRIMO.
CHE CONTIENE L'INFERNO.

[Shelley's indorsement in pencil:]
5 o'clock

MDCCXCIII

DALLE STAMPE DI PIETRO QU. GIO: GATTI
CON LICENZA DE SUPERIORI.

Page 19, lines 1–7 incl.; 10–12 incl.; 22–24; 20, lines 25–27 incl.; 38–40 incl.; 47–49;	of Canto I are included in marginal pencilled brackets.
28, lines 1–6 incl.; line 18 (Ch'alcir dovea; etc.) 29, lines 52–57 incl.; line 84 ("Dall'ampio loco," etc.) *pg. 30* 31, lines 127–130 incl.	of Canto II ditto.
36, lines 1–9 incl.; 15–27 incl.; 37, lines 28–69 incl.; 38, lines 82–93 incl. and special check at "Gridando, quai a voi, anime prave": (line 84) 38, lines 96–105 incl.; 39, lines 112–127; lines 130–136 incl.	of Canto III ditto.
43, lines 1–9 incl., line 18 checked; 44, lines 25–27 incl., lines 40–42; and line 51 checked; 45, line 84 checked ("Sembianza avevan" etc.) 46, line 108 checked; lines 112–114 incl.; line 117 checked; 47, lines 148–151 incl.;	of Canto IV ditto.
54, lines 70–109 incl.; 55, lines 110–142 incl.; and 117 checked ("A lagrimar mi fanno" etc.);	of Canto V ditto.

Page 61, lines 1–12 incl.;
62, lines 34–36 incl.;
63, lines 94–99 incl., and 100–102 incl.;
64, lines 123–124 incl., and check at end of line 125, which ends canto.
} of Canto VI ditto.

68, lines 21–24 incl.;
69, lines 64–66 incl.;
70, lines 73–96 incl.;
} of Canto VII ditto.

75, lines 12–13 incl.;
76, lines 14–17 incl. & 49–55 incl.;
77, lines 56–57 incl. and 70–77 incl.; and 90–93 incl.;
} of Canto VIII ditto.

84, lines 60–63 incl.; 64–72 incl.; 73–84 incl.; 85–90 incl.;
85, lines 100–103 incl.; 112–117 incl.;
} of Canto IX ditto.

Page 88. (cf. Notes to Canto IX. *Inf.*) In left margin "No" is written in pencil in margin opposite "essendo manifesto . . . parentesi e inferito";

Page 91, lines 22–27 incl.; lines 34–36 incl.; lines 55–58 incl.;
Page 92, lines 59–60 incl.; 64–72 incl.; (straight line and check preceding): 78–81 incl. (by differentiation of this last marginal note, opp. 78–81, in emphasis of stroke of pencil and in shape—straight line instead of bracket. I surmise it to have made special impression upon Shelley.) lines 82–93 incl.;
Page 93, lines 110–111 incl.; (straight line and check after) 122–124 incl.
} of Canto X ditto.

Page 100. (I believe the check following the line 115, but in left margin, to indicate only that Shelley had finished reading this Canto.) } of Canto XI ditto.

Page 106, lines 40–45 incl.; 60–62 incl.; } of Canto
107, lines 63–64 incl.; 85–90 incl.; } XII ditto.

113, lines 1–4 incl.;
114, lines 5–7 incl.; 10–15 incl.; 31–39 incl.; 40–43 incl.;
115, lines 58–61 incl.; } of Canto XIII
116, lines 90–92 incl.; 93–99 incl.; 100–114 incl.; } ditto.
117, interrogation point at end, line 141 ("Ch'ha le mie frondi" etc.)

122, lines 19–24 incl.; 28–30 incl.; 37–43 incl.; 46–48 incl.;
123, lines 49–51 (in one bracket); 49–60 incl. (in a larger bracket outside smaller); 62–65 incl.; } of Canto XIV ditto.
124, lines 91–93 incl.; check at line 97: "Una montagna" etc. lines 112–114 incl.;

130, lines 18–19 incl.; 27–28 incl.; } of Canto XV ditto.

140, lines 73–75 incl.; 82–84 incl.;
141, lines 118–120 incl.; } of Canto XVI ditto.

148, lines 70–78 incl.; 85–89 incl.;
149, lines 127–129 incl.; 135–136 incl.; } of Canto XVII ditto.

157, lines 112–114 incl. of Canto XVIII ditto.
162, lines 25–33 incl.;
163, lines 52–54 incl.; 55–57 incl.; 58–84 incl.; 86–91 incl. and in margin at right Shelley has written a word which looks like "Repreation" and may be "Reparation"; "Resurrection"; } of Canto XIX ditto.
164, lines 92–94;

Page 170, lines 6–9 incl.; 25–30 incl.; 31–36 incl.; 37–45 incl.; and in left margin at brackets inclosing 25–30 Shelley has written "Smithfield" in pencil.
171, lines 48–51 incl.; and 86–87 incl.;
172, lines 106–108 incl.; 118–120 incl.; 124–126 incl.;
} of Canto XX ditto.

179, lines 40–43 incl.; and after bracket "Castruccio" in pencil.
lines 50–51 incl.;
180, lines 85–93 incl.;
185, check at end of last phrase of the Argument of Canto XXII ("in fine raccontando l'astuzia usuta da quello spirito nell' ingannar tutti i Demonj.")
} of Canto XXI ditto.

On the inside of the front cover of the second volume appear the only Shelley notes in the volume:

Io miro i crespi e gli biondi capelli.
[tr.: "I wonder at the fair flowing locks"] p. 198.

La bella stella che'l tempo misura.
[tr.: "The fair star which measures time"] p. 200

Guido, vorrei, che tu, e Lappo, ed io.
[tr.: "Guido, I shall see that you & Lappo and I] p. 220.

On the inside of the front cover of the third volume appear:

Voi, che intendo il terzo ciel movete.
[tr.: "Ye who move toward the third heaven"] p. 40
Amor, che nella mente mi ragioza. p. 79

Negli occhi porta la mia donna amore
[tr.: "In her eyes my lady bears love"] p. 245

Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare.
[tr.: "So gentle and so honourable appears"] p. 260

Gli occhi dolenti per pietà del core.
[tr.: "The eyes sad for pity of heart"] p. 264

Dati peregrini, che pensosi andate
[tr.: "Strange pilgrims who walk pensively"] p. 276

Page 18, lines 7–8 cancelled throughout ("sciente del volgare . . . non conosce") in ink.
Page 58, check in margin at left of passage "Cielo è diafano . . . suoi movitori." } *Convito*

Page 126, lines: "E tocca tal, ch'e' morto, e va per terra.
Chi difinisce: Uomo è legno animato?
Prima dice non vero" } *Convito*
Page 140, slight check in left margin opposite passage beginning: "Certo manifesto essere dee," etc. Check is directly to left of *essere dee.*

Page 227, straight line down right margin opposite

Morte villana, e di pieta nimica:
Di dolor madre antica,
Giudicio incontastible, gravoso;
Poich' hai data materia al cor doglioso.

Page 228, straight line down left margin opp.

"e tuttochè is fossi alla compagnia di molti, quanto alla vista, l'andare mi dispiacea; sicche quasi li sospiri non potevano disfogar l'angoscia"— } *Vita Nuova*

Page 229, straight line down right margin opposite:

"Dico, che quand' ella appariva . . .
. . . echi allora m'avesse"

Page 240, straight line down left margin opposite:

"Ed is rispondendole . . . Se tu mi dicessi vero."

Page 241, straight line down right margin opp.:

"Che, s'is allora non perdessi ardire,
Farei, parlando, innamorar la gente."

Page 245, straight line down right margin at ends of lines:

"Quel, ch'ella par, quando un poco sorride,
Non si può dicer, ne tenere a mente;
Si e nuovo miracolo, e gentile."

} *Vita Nuova*

5. Shelley's Notes in his copy of *Reliquiæ Sacræ Carolinæ*, 1651

Courtesy of J. Law, Esq., Bookseller, Southampton Row, London.

Reliquiae Sacrae/Carolinae./or the/Works/of that/Great Monarch/and/ Glorious Martyr/Kind Charles the I./Collected together,/and digested in order,/according to their Severall Subjects,/Civil and Sacred./——/ The Contents appear in the next ensuing Pages./——/2 King [s] 23. 25. And like unto him there was no/King before him, that turned to the Lord with/all his heart, &c/ Heb. 11.4. Being dead he yet speaketh./——/(design)/Hague,/Printed by Samuell Browne, 1651./ p. 71.

From his Majesties Message of the 19 of May, of 1643, in pursuance of the former.

[i. e. "the disbanding of all forces, and His returne to the Parliament"] Oxford.

[Brackets at right margin enclosing:]

That the heavy judgments of God, Plague, Pestilence, and Famine, will be the inevitable attendants of this unnaturall Contention; And that in a short time, there will be so general a habit of uncharitableness and cruelty contracted throughout the Kingdome, that even peace it selfe will not restore His people to their old temper and security.

p. 72. [ditto, enclosing:]

And He requires them as they will answer to God, to Himself, and all the World, that they will no longer suffer their fellow subjects to welter in each others blood;

p. 83. [ditto, enclosing:]

His Majesty thinks not fit now to answer those [from His Majesties Message of January seventeenth, 1645, for an answer to His former Messages, Oxford.] aspersions which are returned as arguments for (His not admittance to *Westminster* for a personall Treaty, because it would inforce a style not suitable*) to His end, it being the peace of those miserable Kingdoms:

p. 86. [ditto enclosing:]

His assistance in it, seems an Argument altogether as strange as the other, as always urging that there should be no physick, because the party is sick: (from His Majesties Message of January 24, 1645. for Answer to His former Message, and concerning their Reasons against a Personall Treaty. Oxford.)

p. 93. [correction of month in:]

Given at the Court at Oxford, the 26 day of December 1645.

[to read:]

Given at the Court at Oxford, the 26 day of Feb^{y}. 1645.

[from His Majesties Message for an Answer to His last. Feb. 26, 1645. Oxford.]

p. 126. [correction of:]

Will wait on his Majesty with same the resolutions for peace

[to read:]

Will wait on his Majesty with some of the resolutions for peace

[from His Majesties Message of December 6, 1647, for an Answer to his last from Carisbrook-Castle.]

[* Suitable last word on pg. 83; rest on 84.]

p. 130. [brackets enclosing:]

But withall remember, that it is the definition, not names of things which make them rightly known.

[from His Majesties Message of August 10, 1648. With His Answer to the Votes for a Treaty at the Isle of Wight. From Carisbrook Castle.]

p. 152. [brackets enclosing:]

for faction is the Mother of Ruine: and it is the humour of those who are of this Weathercock-like disposition to love nothing but mutabilities, neither will that please them but onely *pro tempore*,

[from His Majestic Declaration, concerning the Treaty, and His dislike of the Armies proceedings, delivered by His Majesty to one of His Servants at His departure from the Ile of Wight, commanded to be published for satisfaction of all His Subjects, Anno 1648.]

[bound up with the preceding vol. is

ΕΙΚΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ./———/The/Pourtraicture/of/His Sacred/MAJESTIE/in/His Solitudes/and/Sufferings./Together with His MAJESTIES Praiers/delivered to Doctor Juxon immediately/before His Death/. Also His Majesties REASONS, Against the pre-/tended Jurisdiction of the high Court of/Justice, which he intended to deliver/in Writing on Munday January 22, 1648./——/ROM. 8./More then Conquerour &c./Bona agere, & mala pati, Reguim est./——/——/MDC.XLIX.

p. 6. [brackets enclosing:]

For, those were prone to create in him great confidence of undertakings, and this was like enough to betray him to great errours, and many Enemies; whereof he could not but contract good store, while moving in so high a spheare {and with so vigorous a lustre, he must need, [as the sun] raise many envious exhalations, which condensed by a popular Odium, were capable to cast a cloud upon the brightest merit and integrity.}

[from Upon the Earle of Straffords death]

p. 18. [marginal line at left:]

But, as it is no strange thing for the Sea, to rage when strong winds blow upon it, so neither for multitudes to become insolent, when they have Men of some reputation for parts and piety to set them on.

p. 20. [outside marginal line at left:]

a lie

[which was Shelley's comment on:]

Some suspected and affirmed that I meditated a Warre (when I went from Whitehall, only to redeem My Person and Conscience from Violence) God Knowes I did not then thinke of a Warre.

p. 20. [marginal line enclosing:]

I was resolved to bear much, and did so, but I did not think My self bound to prostitute the Majesty of my place and Person, the safety of my Wife and Children to those.

p. 21. [marginal line at right enclosing:]

Onely I believe the just Avenger of all disorders, will in time make those men, and that City, see their sin in the glasse of their punishment! 'Tis more than an even-lay that they may one day see themselves punished by that way they offended.

[all of above from Upon the Insolency of the Tumults,]

p. 31. [marginal line at right, and below Shelley writes:]

How beautiful the language
of Liberty even in a King's ——*

6. Shelley's Note in his copy of Godwin's *Antonio,* 1st ed., 1801:

Courtesy of Mr. Winter

On page 44 of Godwin's Antonio, Act III, speech of Henry beginning: Thou fillst my soul—he corrects the word "prisoner" to "pioneer" in margin.

[* indecipherable word.]

APPENDIX G

Shelley's Alterations in the Bodleian MS. of Edward Williams' Play, *The Promise*. *Bodleian Library*

The draft, which contains only Acts II, IV, and V, of Edward Williams' play, *The Promise*, has long been known to have been submitted to Shelley for criticism. But no note has been made as to the kind of criticism given in Shelley's own handwriting in the MS. With different ink from that which Williams had used, and in the well-known Shelley hand appear the following corrections, the pp. referred to being those of the Bodleian MSS.:

[of Act II. Scene I.]

p. 8. cancellation of lines 10–13 of page, or 34–37 of Sc. I:

> The houses are depopulated all;
> While every street is fill'd with warriors armed,
> On whose mail'd breasts a flaming cross is borne,
> In emblem of their holy prophets death.

lines which immediately follow

> Kindle their wrath, that rises with the cry.

The correction is in the ink used by Shelley for his other corrections, and may be understood at once as the sort of passage he would strike out, both because of a certain flatness and because of the religious sentiment therein expressed.

p. 10. correction of second line of page, or 80 of Sc. I:

> Such captives will will grace thy victory!

"Such" being struck out and "The" written in above it. Unless the first "will" is read as "well" the line still presents difficulty. There is reason for the latter in the absence of a dot above the supposed "i" in

"will"; but the formation of the letters is practically identical with the second "will" which *is* dotted.

p. 10. correction of line 8 of pg. or line 86 of scene I. in Williams' hand but in the ink of Shelley's corrections, and possibly at the latter's suggestion, of

Of Britain's Prince, lion-hearted Richard

to:

Of Britain's warrior, lion-hearted Richard,

the metrics of the line thus being brought into proper shape. The cancellation is in Shelley's ink; the word "warrior" in Williams' hand and his ink. Shelley probably struck out the word and left it to Williams to find a better one to suit the metrical scheme, or suggested a word which Williams wrote in in his own hand.

Sc. II. p. 10. cancellation of "morrow," in first line of scene, in Shelley's ink:

Ada[lita]. Good morrow, Sirs.

and substitution, in Williams' hand and ink, of "morning":

Ada. Good morning, Sirs.

p. 11. cancellation and substitution both Shelley's, in lines 5 and 6 of page, lines 10–11 of Sc. II.

More than the pageant-loving priests the pomp
And mummery of the rites he calls religion

to read:

More than procession-loving priests, the pomp
And pageantry of rites miscalled *religion.*

p. 12. cancellation Shelley's, in line 6 of page, but line 36 of Sc. II:

But religion is methinks a gentle maid

to read:

religion is methinks a gentle maid

p. 12. cancellation Shelley's, substitutions in Williams' ink, lines 20–21 of page, or lines 50–51 of Sc. II:

But time will resolve if they do speak him true.
[*] The sun mounts fast—and gentle lady, now,

to read:

Time will resolve if they do speak him true.
The sun mounts fast—and gentle lady, now.

p. 13. addition Shelley's, line 16 of page, but line 72 of Sc. II:

Will clothe him in ruder ones, exchanging

to read:

Will clothe himself in ruder ones, exchanging

p. 13. cancellation of entire line 23 of page, line 79 of Sc. II:

Only by proxy receiving them from mine.

p. 13. on this page also running diagonally appear the initials "P. B. S." in the well-known hand, and in Shelley's ink, probably written while Shelley pondered the corrections of line 73 of Sc. II, at the end of which the initials begin. Above the initials appears in the same ink and hand, inverted, the initial, "S," twice repeated.

p. 14. cancellation and substitution Shelley's, line 5 of page, line 86 of Sc. II:

Might decorate the royal Saladin;

to read:

Might well become the royal Saladin;

p. 14. cancellations and substitutions Shelley's, lines 12–13 of page, 93–94 of Sc. II:

To me, lady, a talisman 'twill prove,
Inspiring virtue, while it shields from harm.

to read:

*illegible word; possibly "As."

lady, 'twill prove a talisman to me
Inspiring valour, while it shields from harm.

p. 14. cancellation and substitution Shelley's, line 15 of page, line 96 of Sc. II:

And may the God you serve shower on you all

to read:

And may the God you serve shed on you all

p. 14. cancellation and substitutions in Achmed's speech Shelley's, lines 16, 17, 18 of page; 97, 98, 99 of Sc. II:

Ach.—As abundantly as favors,
Gentleness, and benevolence from you—
Lady farewell

to read:

Ach.—As abundantly as you
Have showered on us your Kindnesses. Adeu. [*sic*]

The alterations went through an intermediary stage in which Williams wrote, and Shelley cancelled, "On us" to begin the third line of the first form of the above; and Shelley wrote, and then cancelled in favor of "Adeu" [*sic*] Williams' word, "Farewell."

p. 14. cancellation Shelley's, Adalita's next line (19 of page, 100 of Sc. II):

May heav'n preserve you, Sirs.

p. 15. cancellation of whole line in Williams' ink, but last half also cancelled in Shelley's, and changed form written in Williams' hand and ink, but possibly at Shelley's suggestion (line 17 of page, but 120 of Sc. II):

Long may you live in health and fortune's smiles.

to read:

Tor [ello] 'Tis I to thank—for you have done me grace.

p. 16. line 3 of page, but 130 of Sc. II. Shelley's hand, a reiteration

for emphasis and to indicate aroused suspicion in Torello, of Saladin's line 128 of this scene: "That some day you may see our merchandize"; the reiteration being preceded by the words "repeat this line" in Williams' handwriting, which is corrected by a line at the left with line 128, preceding, as follows:

Repeat this line That some day you may see our merchandize.

p. 16. cancellation Shelley's, line 9 of page, but 136 of Sc. II:

Better call them Kings—spies of what or whom.

the punctuation of which line Shelley, before deciding to cancel the line, had improved by the introduction of an exclamation point after "Kings," and an interrogation point after "whom."

p. 16. Scene III of the act. Alteration Shelley's, of first scene direction, as follows:

A Library in Torello's House.

to read:

A Room in Torello's House.

p. 16. on the reverse of this page appears the following, in Shelley's hand:

presence like rose leaves fading these charms
Your [flatteries] nourishes [dropping every one] these [charms]
[And withering on the] [Your presence nourishes with sorrow fading]
And dropping one by one And dropping one by one with sorrow's blight

which is followed by this, in Williams' hand:—

May calm this grief—enough to freeze my heart.

p. 17a. line 7. Shelley cancellation and substitution:

The Knights and ladies must to horse.

to read:

The trumpet summons us to horse.

p. 17a. line 9, Shelley cancellation and substitution, the first substitution having been later traced *over* in other ink:

Ada. O stand still, thou heaven-pacing planet

to read:

Ada. O stand thou still, swift heaven-pacing planet

p. 17a. line 10, Shelley cancellation and substitution, the substitution afterward crossed out in later ink, by another person, in all probability:

And let all Nature pause, till Reason take

to read:

And let all Nature pause, till Truth resume

p. 17a. line 13, Shelley's pencilled corrections, traced in by another:

That now so gorgeous mirror on their helms;

to read:

That now so bright art mirrored on their helms;

p. 17a. line 17, Shelley's pencilled correction, traced in by another:

To stay my lord for vain words avail not

to read:

To stay my lord for my vain words avail not

p. 17b. lines 1–2 of page, but an indeterminate line of the scene, as page 17a of the MS. is but half a page; the upper part having been cut away and many lines—a dozen, perhaps, by that disappearing. Shelley cancellation and substitution in second line, Williams' cancellation and substitution in the first line:
line 1:

Ada. Pardon, dear lord, it is the privilege
Of grief to be bold; else happy
'Twould make me mad.—

to read:

Ada. Pardon, dear lord, it is grief's privilege
to vent itself in boldness; [indeed else]
Twould make me mad.—

["else" and "indeed" first written by S., then cancelled.]

p. 17b. line 3 of page, Shelley cancellation and substitution in line:

Adalita, I had hoped

to read:

I had hoped, Adalita

p. 17b. line 4, Shelley cancellation and substitution:

You to have better borne our separation.

to read:

You would have better borne our separation,

p. 17b. line 7, Shelley cancellation:

As the flowers bear the loss of summer, flourishing.

to read:

As flowers loss of summer, flourishing

p. 17b. lines 9–10, Shelley cancellations and substitutions:

Then wither on the stem away—these leaves
Of beauty that you praise dropping every one—

to read:

Then wither on the stem away—these charms
You flatter, vanish, fading on the stem

but not content with the change, Shelley cancelled everything after:

Then wither on the stem away,—these charms

p. 17b. line 11, Shelley's cancellation of "Adalita"; Williams' cancellation of rest of Torello's line:

Nay, Adalita, calm this grief.

p. 17b. line 12, Williams' cancellation of "My heart" and substitution of "And [+ indecipherable word]" and "storms"; Shelley's cancellation of "that" and introduction of "ever [+ indecipherable word—"height?"]," in line:

My heart is troubled, Sir, with that ruffle

p. 17b. line 13, Shelley cancellation and substitution in line:

Its gentle current, and a helmless skiff.

to read:

Its peaceful current, and a helmless skiff

p. 17b. line 14, Shelley cancelled whole line:

Faced by the tide of overwhelming sorrow.

at the end of which is Shelley's note:

Put in

which seems to indicate that some material, which I cannot find in the MSS., was to be inserted here.

p. 17b. line 17, Shelley cancellation and substitution in line:

Lists not to the wretched mariner's cry

to read:

Listens not to the wretched mariner's cry

p. 17b. line 18, Shelley changes a small letter to a capital in the line:

Whom it threatens to devour—oh! yet stay!

to read:

Whom it threatens to devour—Oh! yet stay!

p. 17b. line 19, Shelley changes end punctuation from period to dash.

p. 17b. line 20, Shelley cancellation of "I'll" to "will" and of "will," and cancellation of "go" in the line:

I'll be very patient—go—go at once—

so that it at first read:

I will be very patient—go at once—

and in that form is at least metrically correct.

p. 17b. line 21, Shelley cancellation of line:

Leave me—and see how firmly thy Adalita

to read:

Leave me—and see how firm thy Adalita

p. 17b. line 23, Shelley at first altered "Separation" to "Parting" and afterwards cancelled the whole line:

Separation from those we love, is death.

On the reverse of page 17a, at the end of the cancelled line on 17b appears, in Shelley's hand, the line, afterwards also cancelled:

'Tis death to lose what forms a part of life.

p. 17b. line 25, Shelley cancellations and substitutions in line:

And the world becomes but as a grave

to read:

And this great world becomes but one dark tomb

after substitution, first, of "tomb" for "grave," then cancelled, and "vault" written, which was afterwards cancelled and "tomb" again written and left uncancelled. On 17a at the end of the line on 17b appears this form of the line, neatly written out in Shelley's hand:

And the wide world becomes but as a tomb

which line also was established after some changes. Shelley at first ended the line with "cemetery"; which was cancelled and "tomb" written at the right of that word, and "dark" written above the cancelled word; but "dark" was cancelled thereafter, and the line left in its present form.

p. 17b. line 26, Shelley cancellations and substitutions in line:

In which, shrouded in grief we lie pale forms

to read, after cancellation of all words after "which," above:

In which our lost and homeless spirits wander.

On page 17a at the end of this line is another copy of this new line, neatly written out in Shelley's hand.

p. 17b. (reverse of page) Shelley addition of a last line to an insert for Adalita's speech, p. 18; the Shelley line being:

I will not hope to stay you good my lord

p. 18. line 3, Shelley cancellation and insertions in line:

To the hugging in idleness our pleasures

to read:

In hugging here in idleness our pleasures.

Shelley did not cancel "To" but wrote "In" below it and certainly intended the cancellation of the other preposition.

p. 18. line 8, Shelley cancellation and substitutions; and Williams' cancellation of "put forth" and substitution of "embark" in the line:

Love! It is for heav'n I put forth upon

to read:

Love! 'tis for heav'n that I embark upon

p. 18. Shelley's cancellation of lines 11–15 after word "Kneeling":

Ada. (Kneeling) Ye guardian Angles [*sic*] of us poor creatures
Ye spirits that hover round and guard our souls,
Protect his mortal life, and when from earth
'Tis summoned (e'en as on earth) O! let mine
Bear it company!—(rising)—now good, my dearest lord,

On the reverse of page 17b, as previously noted, there appears a last line in Shelley's hand and in his ink, which, by the bye, is of a light

brown color distinct from that Williams had used in his MSS. The insert to which this last line was added is in an ink which if not Shelley's is so much like it as to demand a specialist to prove it otherwise. But the pen used for writing the insert is of a finer point than that used by Shelley for the rest of his changes and substitutions and for the copy in his hand of the *Epithalamium* on the reverse of page 59. The handwriting is neither that of the MSS. proper nor is it as large as most of the rest of Shelley's script in the MS. But its character is more characteristically Shelley's than Williams'; and the quality of the verse, the presence of such well known Shelleyan words as "wreathe," "brows," etc. incline me to believe that the whole of the insert is Shelley's. Perhaps the handwriting itself may some day be proved not to be his; I believe it will be difficult to disprove Shelley's authorship of the lines themselves, which might have been dictated:

O God of battles from thy throne put forth
Thine arm, and wreathe their brows with victory,
Bend thou the spirit of their stubborn foes,
And let their triumph add unto thy glory,
O God of battles guard his mortal life,
Or if from earth ye summon it, let mine
Ev'n as on earth hence bear it company.

The form of the insert is arrived at gradually; in line 1 by the cancellation of "look forth" in favor of "put forth"; in line 2, by the cancellation of the word "easy" which was at first written between "with" and "victory"; and the prefixing to line 2 of "Thine arm" to suit the new form of line 1;

p. 19b. line 18, Shelley cancellations and substitutions in line:

Will be a shrine where men again shall Kneel,

to read:

Will be a shrine where all mankind shall worship,—

p. 19b. line 24, Shelley corrections of punctuation, by substituting dashes for the commas in the original line:

What term will be my life, eternally,

to read:

That term will be my life—eternally—

p. 19b. line 25, Shelley cancellation and substitution in line:

The sacred promise on my heart is graved

to read:

The sacred promise on my heart is graven

p. 20. line 3, Shelley cancellations and substitutions in line:

Then stop these tears that but encourage grief

to read:

Then stop these tears that do but feed your grief

which form is reached by cancelling, first, the words "but encourage" and writing "add" above, followed by a word difficult to make out—perhaps *bit*[*ter?*] *or bit*[*terness?*] *whose first* three letters only appear. Both "add" and "bit" were then cancelled, and the final emendation written in which appears above.

p. 20. line 7, Shelley insertion of "full" after "my" in the line:

From my heart, which, else, would fill to bursting.

to read:

From my full heart, which, else, would fill to bursting.

p. 20. line 8, Shelley cancelled the whole line:

And the cup too full needs must overflow.

p. 20. lines 14–16, Shelley cancellations and substitutions in the lines:

From injury or suspicion:—but, as
Man cannot calculate his destiny;
Or direct the fate assigned him, I would,

to read:

From injury or suspicion:—but, as Man
Can not ov[?] calculate his destiny
Or wrestle with his fate assigned, I would,

in which the second line has not been completely corrected. Whether Shelley meant to write "or" or "ov[erthrow]," or some other phrase after "not" it is impossible to say, for his work on the line was not finished.

p. 20. line 23, Shelley cancellations and substitutions in line:

On my part the accidents of flood and field

to read:

The storm[y?] accidents of flood and field

by the following changes: "On my part" first cancelled; then "thousand" written above a ∧ placed between "the" and "accidents"; "thousand" then cancelled and "many" [?] written at the right of it; "many" then cancelled and "storm" written at the right of the cancelled word; which leaves us two possible alternatives: to decide that Shelley intended, as conjectured above, to insert "storm" in the place indicated by the ∧; and that he failed to finish the word, or that, still possibly, he may have intended some such reading as:

The accidents of storm [and] flood and field;

but this latter solution seems unlikely.

p. 20. line 24, Shelley cancellation and substitution in line:

The thousand chances pestilence—or war,

to read:

The many chances pestilence—or war

p. 20. line 25, Shelley cancellations and substitutions in line:

In their train may bring will oft surround me.

to read:

Do succor in their train will oft surround me

by the following changes: "In their train" cancelled; "may" cancelled, and "will" written above it; "will" cancelled and "Do" written at the left of it; "bring" cancelled and "succor" written above it; mark ∧ inserted after "bring," and "in their train" written above and slightly to the right of it.

p. 20. line 26, Shelley cancellations and substitutions in line:

Such perils I must encounter; so I wish

to read:

Such perils all encounter—thus I wish

p. 20. line 27, Shelley cancelled whole line:

(This cloud before us we cannot penetrate)

p. 20. line 32, Shelley corrected Williams' spelling of "penance" which the latter had written "pennance."

p. 20b. Somewhat below the middle of the page are written two speeches which appear to follow the speech of Torello with which the ¾ sheet of page 19b ends; and in these speeches the following changes were made by Shelley:

p. 20b. line 3, Shelley cancellation and substitution in line:

The gem, It bears, that oft in sport you've likened

to read:

The gem it bears that oft in sport you've likened

after some intermediate alterations in which Shelley cancelled "The," and wrote "A"; which he then cancelled and wrote "The."

p. 20b. line 8, Shelley cancellations and substitutions in line:

The flame of love concentered in this ring

to read:

The flame of love concentered in this stone

after an intermediate substitution of "gem" for "ring"; "gem" then being cancelled and "stone" written in its stead.

p. 20b. line 9, Shelley alteration of order of phrases in line

To the holy sepulchre shall light me

to read:

Shall light me to the holy sepulchre.

p. 22. lines 17–18, Shelleyan cancellation and substitution in lines:

The camp dear Sister, hath not
Quick messengers for love-conveying errands

[Williams having previously altered "Ready" to "Quick"] to read:

Be patient—think you Sister that the Camp
Hath messengers for love-conveying errands.

p. 23. lines 4–9, Shelley cancellations of lines 4, 5, and 9; and of "of most" in line 8; and (possibly) addition of "that" to line 7; the original draft reading:

And better far methinks that studied sonnets
Tickling Love's ear with their mellifluous rhymes.
Ada. Oh! were it traced with poison I would prize it;
So it but assured me of his health, a most
Precious medicine to my soul 'twould prove

to read:

Ada. Oh! were it traced with poison I would prize it;
So that it but assured me of his health.

This is the second alteration in Act IV. to bear in the margin of the opposite page, which is page 22b at the end of the lines on page 23, a number (in this case 2), and the mark X in Shelley's *hand* and *ink*, which leads me to believe that Shelley was responsible for the changes made. The first of these numeral notations is on page 21b. opposite

the cancelled lines 12–16 of page 22 (possibly cancellation of lines 1–22).

p. 23. line 23, Shelleyan writing of "Pry'thee" at end of line. On page 22b at the end of line 24 of page 23 appears "Sister" in Shelley's hand.

p. 27. line 10. Possibly Shelley's correction of line:

To thaw despair—I wander—come, come, come!—

to read:

To thaw despair—I wander—save me—Brother.

[The following additional changes made by Shelley in the MS. have been conveyed to me by my friend Mr. R. H. Hill, of the Bodleian Library, who thus enabled me to complete this section.]

Act. 4, Sc. 2; f. 28, l. 178: "but they upon rejoicing pinion borne."

Act. 4, Sc. 3; f. 32, l. 300: "Like worldly freinds [*sic*] insulting her with scoffs." "her" added above, over pencilling.

Act. 5, Sc. 2; f. 50: "But of the soul—and mine has lost her chain." This is over a pencilled line.

Act. 5, Sc. 2; about l. 230: "How art thou called and thy country—whither?" The last four words are altered to "what is thy country?"—apparently over Shelley's pencilled writing.

Act. 5, Sc. 2; f. 51, l. 244: "But that it were impossible." "that" written over pencilling.

Act. 5, Sc. 2; f. 51, l. 264: "For grief and gladness . . ." "grief" altered to "sorrow."

Act. 5, Sc. 3; f. 54, l. 338: "I am resolved. . . ." "resolved" altered to "resigned."

Act. 5, Sc. 3; f. 55: "Love, my lord, acknowledges . . ." "acknowledges" altered to "owns," beside a pencilled "owns" of Shelley's.

APPENDIX H

Additional Unpublished Shelley Letters, Bills, etc., from the Shelley-Brookes Correspondence.

Courtesy of Walter T. Spencer, Esq., Bookseller, 27 New Oxford Street, London.

[endorsed on back:]
18 Nov. Shelley Esq[r].

2	1	
Tea / Rolls	——	3
Paid Washing		17.10
10 d	10	
Milk	Letters	1.8
2/	1/6	
Oysters	Pudding	3.6
Canales		10
3	1	
Almonds /	Lamb /	4
7[d]	5[d]	
Bread	Beer	1.
	6[d]	
Sugar ½	Cash	1.8
Plaster		2
		£1/13/6
		3. 5. 6½
		£4. 19. 0½

Geneve le 5. Aout. 1816. B. P. £125.—

A dix jours de datte payer par cette première de change a l'ordre de Messieurs H. Hentsch &c. la somme de Cent Vingt cinq Sterlings, valeur reçue compotant que passerer sans aucun autre avis de:

Messrs. Brookes & Son
25 Chancery Lane Percy Bysshe Shelley.
London 200

London Septr. 29, 1817.

Two months after date I promise to pay to Billing Esq. or order, ninety pounds with interest from this day for value received.

Payable at Messrs.
Brookes & Co. 25
£90.0.0. Chancery Lane Full.
15.9.

[Endorsed on reverse:] John Billing [and others]

Jan. 24, 1817.
[not in Shelley's hand]

Nine months after date pay to me or order Twenty pounds fifteen shillings & 6d. Value Received

Wm. Harvey

[crossed in S's hand:]

Percy Bysshe Shelley
payable at Messrs.
Brookes & Co.
Chancery Lane.

London, Oct. 24, 1817. [in Godwin's hand:]

Two months after date, pay to my order thirty six pounds 10/10 for value recd.

W. Godwin

[crossed in S's hand:]

Accepted
Percy B. Shelley
payable at
Messrs. Brookes & Co.
25 Chancery Lane.

London, Jan. 24, 1817.

[in same hand as Harvey note above:]

Six months after date pay to me or order Twenty pounds twelve shillings & 6d. Value Received.

Wm. Harvey.

[crossed in S's hand:]

Percy Bysshe Shelley
payable at
Messrs. Brookes & Co.
Chancery Lane.

Marlow April 23, 1817.

Six months after date I promise to pay Mr. R. Madocks or order forty-three pounds, 7.3½ value recieved [*sic*]

Messrs. Brookes & Co.
Bankers
Chancery Lane.

[crossed:] Percy Bysshe Shelley.

London Decr. 26, 1817.

Messrs. Brookes & Co.

25 Chancery Lane

Pay Mr. T. Hookham Junr. or bearer Thirty Pounds on account of P. B. Shelley Esqr.

£ 30.0.0.

T. L. Peacock.

[address sheet only of letter to:]

Messrs. Brookes & C

Bankers

Chancery Lane

London

[postmark:]

PISA

[and]

F P O

DE. 24

1821

[acct. as follows, not in Shelley's hand:]

To P— Shelley Esqr.— London March 10th 18.

An Abstract of Bills —

To Publicans Bills —	£3 . . 9 . . 1
— Grocers Bill —	0 . . 19 . . 4
— Pastry Bill —	0 . . 4 . . 4
— Oilmans Bill —	2 . . 7 . . 6
— Green Grocer Bill —	3 . . 5 . . 1
— Washing Bill —	1 . . 9 . . 2
— Porters Bill —	0 . . 12 . . 3
— Cheesemonger —	2 . . 19 . . 2
— Bakers Bill —	2 . . 5 . . 11
— Coals —	1 . . 13 . . 0
— Fishmonger —	2 . . 5 . . 6
— Butchers Bill —	3 . . 6 . . 3
— Stationer Bill —	0 . . 3 . . 2

– Doctor Bill —		0..17..6
		£24..17..3
	Apartments	16..5..0
		41..2..3
March 10th By Cash on Acct.		
. . . . .		10
	F. B. Godwin	£31 2 3

[endorsed on other side by Shelley:]
London March 11, 1818.
Messrs. Brookes & Co. Bankers
25 Chancery Lane

[no date]	Mr. Cox or bearer	£50	full
London July 30, 1818.	G. Furnival Esq. or bearer	£13/15	full

October 10, 1816.
5. Abbey Church Yard
Bath

Gentlemen

Be so good as to send me Thirty Pounds by return of Post. addressed as above. I have the honor to be

Gentlemen
Your obed. H. Sert.
Percy Bysshe Shelley

£30.0.0.

[addressed outside:]
Messrs. Brookes & Dixon
Bankers
Chancery Lane
1/10 London

[postmarked:]
Bath
10 Oct. 10
1816.

Albion House, Great Marlow
Bucks. April 21, 1817.

Gentlemen

Be so good as to send me by return of Post, Thirty Pounds.

Your very obed. Sert.
Percy Bysshe Shelley

[addressed outside:]
Messrs. Brookes & Co.,
25 Chancery Lane
London

[postmarked:]
Marlow
22 Ap. 22
1817.

Great Marlow, Jan. 1, 1818.

Gentlemen

Be so good as to send my Fifty Pounds—which place to my account.—

Gentlemen
Your obedient Servant
Percy Bysshe Shelley

£50.0.0.

[addressed outside:]
Messrs. Brookes & Co.
Bankers
London.

[postmarked:]
Marlow
2 Ja. 2
1818.

Gentlemen

Three bills drawn by me upon Mr. Horatio Smith, I request you

will be so good as to pay when presented. They are each for fifty Pounds.

I have t[he] honour to be
Gentlemen
Your most obed. Sert.
Percy Bysshe Shelley

Bagni di Lucca
July 25, 1818.

[addressed outside:]
Messrs. Brookes & Co.
Chancery Lane
London
Angleterre

[postmarked:] Lucca
[and:] F P O
AU. 11
1818

Naples Feb^ry. 26, 1819.

Gentlemen,

You would oblige me by remitting a letter of credit for Four Hundred Pounds to me addressed to the care of Messrs. Torlonia at Rome, in every respect similar to the last

I have the honour to be
Gentlemen,
Your obedient hum Sert.
Percy Bysshe Shelley

£400.0.0.

N. B.

Oblige me by adjoining the exact state of my present account with you—

[add. outside:]
Messrs. Brookes & Co.
Bankers
Chancery Lane
London
Inghilterra

[postmarked:]
NAP. 1819.
2 MAR.
F. P. O.
MR. 20
1819

Gentlemen

I have drawn a bill for One Hundred Pounds on Messrs. Torlonia & Co. of this city, which you will have the goodness to honour & place to my account.

I have the honour to be
Gentlemen
Your obedient humb Sert.
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Rome, April 4, 1819

[add. outside:]
Messrs. Brookes & Co
Bankers
25 Chancery Lane
London
Inghilterre

[postmarked:]
ROMA
[and:]
F. P. O.
AP 24
1819

Gentlemen £100.0.0.

Be so good as to send me *One Hundred Pounds* in those Notes of Herries & Co. which have a general circulation in Italy. I should wish to have it in the form of four notes of £25 each.

Your obedient Servant
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Leghorn, August 25, 1819.

If you address to me
Presso at Sig.r Giovanni Gisborne,
Livorno
I shall receive them in safety.

[addressed outside:]
Messrs. Brookes & Co.
Bankers
Chancery Lane
London
Inghilterre

[postmarked:]
LIVORNO
[and]
F. O. P.
SE. 14
1819.

Gentlemen

I have drawn a bill on Messrs. Webb & Co. of Leghorn on you, for two hundred pounds, which you will please to honour & place to my account.

I wrote some time since requesting that you would forward me £100 in Messrs. Herries's circular notes, but have not yet received an answer. If any accident should have happened to my letter, you will be so good as to consider this as an order to that effect. If it has not I shall probably hear from you by next post.

Gentlemen, I have the honour to be
Your very obedient St.
Percy Bysshe Shelley

Florence, Sept. 23, 1819.

[add. out.:]
Messrs. Brookes & Co.
Bankers
Chancery Lane
London

[postmarked]
FIRENZE
[and:]
F P O
OC. 9
1818

Florence, Oct. 30. 1819.

Gentlemen.

I have this moment received a letter from Mr. Peacock who gives me to understand that I have drawn on you instead of on Messrs. Coutts for some, but what portion, he does not say of the £400 credit I received from you in April. Should this have been the case it must have arisen from some informality which occurred respecting a bill of 175, & perhaps also one of £50, which were drawn from Livorno instead of Rome, & *on that ground* alone, the former protested by Messrs. Coutts. I drew a new bill to indemnify the holder of the former, of the same amount, to which I think possible, (but having no memorandum, cannot speak with certainty) that your names might have been attached.—

The funds therefore on which I counted, or such a portion of them as make up together with that in your hands, what I know I have not drawn for, remain at Messrs. Coutts—I beg you immediately to withdraw them, & send them together with the remainder of my money, to me at Florence in the simplest form & the most expeditious manner, & this letter shall be yours & their authority for complying with my request. And, I should be indebted to you for the politeness so of doing it without delay, this misunderstanding having exposed me, as you will readily conjecture, to great inconvenience.—I inclose a note to Messrs. Coutts.

Trusting that at all events you will be so obliging as to pay immediate attention to the subject of this letter, & that you will immediately place my funds at my command

I have the honour to remain,
Gentlemen, Your very obed. Ser.
Percy Bysshe Shelley

[on opp. leaf in hand not Shelley's:]

£47.	18.	5	Balance of Acct.
50			Pd. Coutts & Co.
97.	18.	5	

on acct. of Florence B——

[endorsed outside in S's hand:]

Messrs. Brookes & Co.
Bankers
Chancery Lane
Angleterre London

3/10
[postmarked:]
FIRENZE
[and:]
F P O
No—13
1819

Gentlemen

I observe one of the articles in my account is a bill of £100 drawn on Torlonia at Rome.—In April I received from you a credit for £400

—I drew on this credit, & as I believe on Messrs. Coutts. Whilst at Rome £175 & when at Leghorn, the remaining £225; £50 of which though drawn by me on Messrs. Coutts was most inaccurately paid by you (this £50, is now sent to me by Messrs. Coutts, & if the other £100 had also been sent I should have conceived that they had both been paid by you instead of them through a common mistake, I drew no other bills at Rome, nor have I received the £100 mentioned in your account.—

May I trouble you to send me the earliest & most circumstantial explanation of this affair, as if there should be any forgery in the business, it will be necessary to take the most immediate steps.

Gentlemen, Your very obedient Sert.
Percy Bysshe Shelley

Florence, Dec. 7, 1819.

[add. outside:]
Messrs. Brookes & Co.
Bankers
Chancery Lane
Angleterre London

FIRENZE
1/11
[postmark:]
F P O
De 22
1819

Gentlemen

I authorize you to pay into the hands of H. Smith Esq[r]. who will present you with this letter, two hundred & fifty pounds, the amount of my income due on the 25th. of March—

I remain. Gentlemen
Your very obliged Sert.
Percy Bysshe Shelley

FLORENCE JAN 17, 1820.

[enclosed in this is receipt signed by Horatio Smith for £249/8/2 recd. 28 Mar. 1820 from Brookes]

[add. outside:]
Messrs. Brookes & Co.
Bankers
Chancery Lane

[signature from letter:]

Percy Bysshe Shelley
26 Marchmont Street.
Brunswick Square.

London June 24—1816.

Messrs. Brookes & Co.
25 Chancery Lane.

Pay Mr. Hookham or bearer Thirty Pounds on account of P. B. Shelley Esqr.

£30.0.0. T. L. Peacock.

[this and the four following documents are in Peacock's hand]

London March 25, 1816.

Messieurs Brookes & Co.
25 Chancery Lane

Pay—Mr. Maddocks or bearer Thirty Pounds on account of P. B. Shelley Esqr.

£30.0.0. T. L. Peacock.

Received July 8th 1816 of Messrs. Brookes & Co.
the sum of Five Pounds on account of P. B. Shelley Esq[r].

£5.0.0. T. L. Peacock.

Marlow. June 24, 1817.

Messrs. Brookes & Co. 25 Chancery Lane.

Pay Mr. Hookham or bearer Thirty Pounds on account of P. B. Shelley Esqr.

£30.0.0. T. L. Peacock.

London September 29, 1817.

Messrs. Brookes & Co.

25 Chancery Lane

Pay Mr. T. Hookham or bearer Thirty Pounds on account of P. B. Shelley Esqr.

£30.0.0. T. L. Peacock.

[undated]

Pay Mr. I. W. Godwin or bearer Thirty One Pounds 2s. 3d.

£31.2.3 Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Great Marlow July 15, 1818.

Twenty one days after date pay Mr. W. Badger on order Thirty Pounds for fixtures on Mr. Tylecote's House. Full.

[endorsed on reverse:]

Wildsmith Badger

Gt Marlow

[and other signatures]

APPENDIX I

The Source of *Œdipus Tyrannus*, from the *Examiner*.

A NEW CATECHISM
for the use of the

NATIVES OF HAMPSHIRE;
Necessary to be had in all sties.

"Grundibat graviter pecus suillum."
Claudius; Annalium 15, apud Diomedem.

By the Late Professor Porson.

Q. What is your name?—A. Hog or Swine.

Did God make you a hog?—No! God made me man in his own image; the Right *Honourable* Sublime and Beautiful made me a Swine.

How did he make you a swine?—By muttering uncouth words and dark spells: he is a dealer in the black art.

Who feeds you?—Our drivers, the only *real men* in the County.

How many hogs are you in all?—Seven or eight millions.

How many drivers?—Two or three hundred thousand.

With what do they feed you?—Generally with husks, swill, draft, malt-grains; now and then with a few potatoes; and when they have too much butter-milk for themselves, they spare us some.

What are your occupations?—To be yoked to the plough; to do all hard work; for which purpose we still, as you see, retain enough of our original form, speech, and reason, to carry our drivers on our shoulders, or draw them in carriages.

Are your drivers independent of each other?—No; our immediate drivers are driven by a smaller number; and that number by a still smaller; and so on, till at last you come to the Chief Hog Driver.

Has your chief driver any marks of his office?—A brass helmet on his head, and an iron poker in his hand.

By what title does he wear his helmet?—*In contempt of the choice of the hogs.*

Do the drivers wear badges of distinction?—Many; some have particular frocks and slops; others garters below the knee; some have a red rag across their jacket, and some carry sticks and poles.

How do they look in their trappings?—*Like a sow on a side-saddle.*

What is the use of that iron ring in your snout?—To hinder us from rooting in our driver's garden.

What is the use of that wooden yoke on your neck?—To keep us from breaking through our driver's fences; but both ring and yoke are principally intended to diminish our strength and spirits, and to prevent our resistance, if at any time we fancy we have too little victuals or too much whipping.

What is the use of those whips and cudgels that some of your drivers bear?—To beat us when we grunt too loud for the slumbers of the upper driver.

Do your drivers ever meet to transact business?—Yes; formerly their meetings continued only *three* weeks, but of late they have been prolonged to *seven.*

What do they do at these meetings?—They sell us.

You seem to be too lean to be very profitable?—The greatest profit to our drivers lies in our work; besides, most of them agree at the meeting, that *we enjoy an unexampled degree* of fatness, plumpness, and sleekness, and that methods should be taken rather to starve than pamper us, lest we should grow fat and kick.

Where do they meet?—In a rotten house. The nominal president is the *chief hog driver,* otherwise called Father of the Hogs; but the true president, alias *the Stepfather* of the Hogs, is the governor of the *sub-meeting.* Every thing is done by the latter and attributed to the

former. The latter raises and lowers the price of pork at his pleasure.

Truly the gentleman seems *to have brought his hogs to a fair market.* But you mentioned the sub-meeting?—Yes; there is also an *upper-meeting.*

Are the members of it skilful in pork?—They are born (or created) skilful in all branches of *butchery.*

Of whom consists the sub-meeting?—Of middle drivers chosen by us, and sent on behalf of the poor herd of swine; to take care that they be not starved to death, but only kept as lean as possible; to see that no undue cruelty is used, but only that they be whipped within an inch of their lives.

Do you choose and send agents that can make no better terms for you than these?—We did not choose and send them.

Why you said even now that they were chosen and sent by you?—They are chosen and not chosen.

A paradox!—Try to explain.—You know that the *county of Hampshire* is parcelled out into farms, some over-stocked with hogs, and some almost empty. Some of these hogs have a bit of potato ground allowed them by their drivers, and others have none. Now, only the potatoed hogs are entitled to nominate an agent for the meeting. Every farm sends one agent, and consequently all the agents may be sent by a very few hogs.

Where the herd is small, the driver will make himself agent by threatening to starve you, or will otherwise win you to his purpose; but how do they manage you when you are numerous?—They praise our beauty, good sense, good-nature, gentleness, and great superiority to all other hogs; they kiss the old sows and the young pigs; they give us our belly full of new beer, till we are as *drunk as David's sow,* and wallow in the mire. In this condition they make us choose them, while we really know nothing at all of the matter.

Do they promise beforehand to take care of you?—Yes; and forget to perform it afterwards.

But you choose another agent when one has betrayed you?—Very

often we cannot. Nay one of the drivers the other day told the hogs on his farm, that he had bought them, and would sell them.

What is the advantage of being an agent?—Some court the office merely for the honour, but all the knowing ones are hired by the govenors to say that none of them are hired, and that they are all chosen by the *free sense of the swinish multitude.*

How many are hired?—A majority.

How much is reckoned decent wages?—Nothing under the price of several hundred hogs.

Do they ever graciously condescend to inform you of their resolutions?—They write copies of them and send them about.

Gratis of course?—No; but they will let us have a copy for a few dozens of potatoes.

The resolutions however are easy to read?—Scarcely one of us in twenty can read at all, for we are told by our drivers that we ought to be ignorant.

Are they sincere in this?—Very sincere; for they are constantly rewarded in proportion to their own ignorance. But alas! if we could read, it would be nothing, for the resolutions are not written in English.

No; they are written I know in *Hog Latin*, but that I took for granted you understand.—Shameful aspersion on the hogs! the most inarticulate grunting of our tribe is sense and harmony compared to such jargon.

Do not your drivers then appoint interpreters for you?—Yes; that they would call in their own case *buying a pig in a poke.*

What are the interpreters called?—The Black Letter Sisterhood.

Why do they give the office to women?—Because they have a fluent tongue and a knack at scolding.

How are they dressed?—In *gowns and false hair.*

What are the principal orders?—Three; *Writers*, *Talkers*, and *Hearers;* which last, are likewise called *Deciders.*

What is their general business?—To discuss the mutual quarrels of the hogs, and to punish affronts to any or all of the drivers.

How can one hog affront all the drivers?—*By speaking the truth.*

What is the truth?—What is that to you?

If two hogs quarrel, how do they apply to the sisterhood?—Each hog goes separately to a *writer*.

What does the *writer?*—She goes to a *talker*.

What does the *talker?*—She goes to a *hearer* or *decider*.

What does the *hearer* decide?—What she pleases.

If a hog is decided to be in the right, what is the consequence?—He is *almost* ruined.

If in the wrong?—He is *quite* ruined.

What is the true reason of this practice?—The ease and interest of the *sisterhood*. If it were otherwise, they would have more work and less wages.

What is the pretended reason?—That they are afraid we should never have done quarreling if they could easily settle our disputes.

That is, they pull out your tusks that you may not bite each other. Is not this reason mockery as well as oppression?—No; they tell us that what has been done ought to be done again.

Do none of the drivers take compassion on you, when they see you thus "grunt and sweat under a weary life?"—Several agents in the sub-meeting have proposed schemes for our relief, but have always been overpowered by a great majority.

Could that majority give any reasons for their behaviour?—Nine.

Name the first.—They said for their parts they were very well contented as they were.

The second?—They believed the present system of hog-driving would last out their time.

The third?—The chief hog-driver had published an advertisement against giving the hogs any relief.

The fourth?—The hogs were very desirous to have some relief.

The fifth?—The hogs were in perfect tranquillity at present.

The sixth?—The hogs were in a violent ferment at present.

The seventh?—The hogs were too good to need relief.

The eighth?—The hogs were too bad to deserve relief.

The ninth?—If they gave us what was right, they could not help giving us what was wrong.

How do you look when you hear such a mass of lies and nonsense?—We *stare like stuck pigs.*

But you are vastly superior in numbers and strength, how are you kept quiet under such complicated injuries?—By force and by art.

By what art?—By sowing the seeds of discord among us.

Whom do they employ to sow the seeds of discord?—The *ministers of peace.*

How do these ministers execute their commission?—They tell the simpler hogs that their brethren mean to cut the throats of their drivers, and then to turn drivers themselves.

How do these hogs treat the obnoxious swine?—They burn down their sties and eat up their meal and potatoes.

Have the *ministers of peace,* as you call them, any other employment?—Yes; they tell us from time to time that unless we believe all that they say, and do all that our drivers bid us, we shall infallibly go to the devil.

Do they themselves believe what they teach you? (Hog shakes his head.) Why do you hesitate? Do they themselves believe what they teach you?—They believe—that it is for their own interest that we should believe it.

How are the peace-makers rewarded?—With our potatoes.

What, with all?—Ten per cent only.

Then you have still ninety left in the hundred?—No; we have only forty left.

What becomes of the odd fifty?—The drivers take them, partly as a small recompense for their trouble in protecting us, and partly to make money of them for the prosecution of law suits with the neighbouring farmers.

Do they not reserve for their own use ten times as many as they want?—They eat till they are full, and pelt each other with the remainder.

You talk very sensibly for a hog; whence had you your information?—From a learned pig.

Are there many learned pigs in Hampshire?—Many, and the number daily increases.

What say they of the treatment which you suffer?—That it is shameful, and ought instantly to be redressed.

What do the drivers say to these pigs?—That the devil is in them.

It is a devil of their own conjuring; but what do the drivers do to these pigs?—They knock them down.

Do all the learned pigs make the same complaint?—All; for the instant a pig defends the contrary opinion, he resumes his old form, and becomes a *real man master and tormentor general of innocent animals.*

Are there any other methods of recovering the human shape?—None, but a promise to treat the herd we have left with exemplary severity.

Who disenchants you?—The governor of the sub-meeting must always consent, but the ceremonies of transformation vary.

Give me an instance of a ceremony.—The hog that is going to be disenchanted grovels before the *chief driver*, who holds an iron skewer over him, and gives him a smart blow on the shoulder in token of former subjection and future submission. Immediately he starts up, like the devil from Ithuriel's spear, in his proper shape, and ever after goes about with a *nick name.* He then beats his hogs without mercy; and when they implore his compassion and beg him to recollect that he was once their *fellow-swine*, he denies that ever he was a hog.

What are the rights of a hog?—To be whipt and bled by men.

What are the duties of a man?—To whip and bleed hogs.

Do they ever whip and bleed you to death?—Not always; the common method is to bleed us by intervals.

How many ounces do they take at a time?—That depends upon the state of the patient. As soon as he faints, they bind up the wound; but they open his veins afresh when he has a little recovered his loss; hence comes the proverb *to bleed like a pig.*

What is the liberty of a hog?—To choose between half starving and whole starving.

What is the property of a hog?—A wooden trough, food and drink just enough to keep in life; and a truss of musty straw, on which ten or a dozen of us pig together.

What dish is most delicious to a driver's palate?—A hog's pudding.

What music is sweetest to a driver's ear?—Our shrieks in bleeding.

What is a driver's favourite diversion?—To set his dogs upon us.

What is the general wish of the hogs at present?—*To save their bacon.*

Chorus of Hogs.—*Amen.*

APPENDIX J

Garnett MS. (2 pp. folio on opp. sides of one sheet water-marked "Benedetto") of *Triumph of Life.* 11. 27—

before me rose
her head
the before me sunk
x
The night, before me rose the day, the deep
Was [at my feet & Heaven] before me fled
[Arose me spread]
before me rose
night rose day
The [day,] behind me [sunk] the [night,] the deep
Was at my feet, & Heaven above my head
[And then, a soft &]
[And It was the year the season]
[And as]
charmed
Gazing awhile, my [energy] (or weary?) senses grew
[Into the glour] scene which I contemplated
Part of
[And a soft extasy] [and madness now]
[swift and clear as h]
[suddenly madly] (?)
And [as Heaven changed methought I] knew
[Gazing & absorbed]
[That nor the series]
[neither anew (?) the series of]
[music]
That [neither] as the birds & waves made melody
bright along

And [as] the clouds [ever] the horizon flew
fini
Nothing of what
tree, & [lis]
Under the self same [chestnut, and] heard as then
[seeth]
The birds the [ocean the the fountains drown]
fountains & the [sea converse]
Ocean as they talk
[The music to each other and the when]
still
[(I)n music through the calm enamoured air]
hold [sweet]
[When] sweet talke
[Converse] in music through the enamoured air;
And see these clouds oer the horizon rolled—
or
[And as I looked, methought out of their woven]
[an Indian river]
[And] White (?) And white vapours from their moving turets (*sic*)
[shone]
Like
[And as the rose likes]
And from the sun and from a
[Swift as flashlights from an Indian lake]
Balanced on
[On rapid] wings of crimson snow & gold,
Out of them
[Clouds from] the clouds [(?)]
incessantly & ever
invisible blast
Rose on the [rising wind,] and soon outsped
rising wind
[The wind a (rose?)]

(?) clouds move upon the rising wind
[Rose on the] rising wind
Th
[Which now their moving turrets] The
the
[Which on the]
rise invisible [blast]
[Which gusts upon] the [rising wind,] & swift as
[Outspeed the wind, like ministring] spirits
[wind] their way
Outspeed the blast that win[ning] upon (?) them [silent]
their [calm way]
[Through the deep ether borne]

APPENDIX K

Bill for Shelley's and Williams' Coffins
(*Brit. Mus. Addit. MSS. 35, 251. f. 12*)

The underwritten being requested by the Tuscan Government to receive at Leghorn, the bodies of the late Percy Bysshe Shelley & —— Williams Esq.$^{rs.}$ who were lately unfortunately drowned on the Coast, & to inter them in the English burial ground. He accordingly, in conjunction with Edward Trelawney Esq.$^{r.}$ (an intimate friend of the deceased) made the necessary preparations for the interment of the same;—But in consequence of subsequent orders, most unexpectedly arriving from Florence, countermanding the former,—all that they had done—was now no longer of any use, for the purposes, for which they were intended,—& consequently new arrangements were to be made, in order to effect what the Government had finally consented to. —viz.—the burning of the bodies—on the ground where they had been buried,—to the no small prejudice of the Heirs of the deceased. —This declaration, the underwritten deems it necessary to make for the justification of himself—as well as of his Colleague,—for the amount of the several following accounts, notwithstanding every exertion they could make for their diminution.—(Thomas Hall Chaplain to the B.^{h} Factory at Leghorn—)

Cremoni for making the leaden Coffin for the late P. B. Shelley
[*sic*] Esq^{r} deducting £168.60 ..... £220
Mancini—for making the walnut coffin, deducting £13.6.8 .. [£]20
ditto—for making two cases of walnut covered wth black silk velvet ded. [£]5 ..... [£]75
[315]

(This document reveals the hitherto-unknown fact that it was at first intended to bury Shelley's and Williams' remains in coffin in the Protestant Cemetery at Leghorn.)

.... [315]

Ment. Cacci for making two copper—[p?]lates—& for having the same engraved ded. [£]1 ..... [£]43

Nella, the Black-Smith,—for making an iron machine for the purpose of burning the bodies—£60—deducting £5 .... [£]55

£413

Receiv'd this 28th of Aug.st 1822, in Leghorn—of Edward Trelawney. Esq.r the amount in full of the several above mentioned acc.—viz. four hundred & thirteen Tuscan livres in Silver——

by me——

Leghorn—
Aug.st 28, 1822
£413.00—

APPENDIX L

Two Unpublished Descriptions of Shelley

I. TRELAWNY'S DESCRIPTION OF SHELLEY, FROM THE WILLIAMS-TRELAWNY NOTEBOOK

Pforzheimer Collection

Whilst Shelley was at Lorenza—in the bey of Spatzia [*sic*] a few days before his death . . . In the middle of the night, all the inmates of his house were alarmed by a violent shriek—Mrs. Shelley & Williams rushed from their rooms to see the cause of it—and found Shelley in the dining room with a candle in his hand—leaning against the wall with his eyes open, but evidently unconsious [*sic*] of every thing around him—he said "are you satisfied" . . . they then watched him till his faculties became unintranced—and he said—I have followed from my room the embodied or shadowy image of myself—which had lured him to the hall—& then said—"Shelley are you satisfied"—

Their [*sic*] is a story something similar to this in Calderon, which Shelley alludes to in his Witch of Atlas.

Shelley almost alone—of authors was the least pretending and jealous—the gold mine from which he extracted his ideas was to [*sic*] deep & rich to fear exaustion [*sic*]—he cared not who came—they had no Cerberus to deal with—all were welcome to take as much—as they could carry away—Translation was as painful a labour to him—as composition so ancxious [*sic*] was he—to do entire justice to the original—and who has surpassed him in them—look at his ode to Mercury his Translations from the Greek—the May day scene from Foust [*sic*].

. . . Yet in original composition or translation—he could never—come up to his ideas—his manuscripts are so interlined & erased—as scarcely to be legible—even Prose he said cost him as much labour as the best of his Lyrical Poetry— It is not to be supposed he was proof against the neglect and contumely of the world—yet time taught him to endure and the slander of Reviews—penetrated not his brest [*sic*] Byron told me—nothing would annoy him for more than 48 hours—but Shelley—was indifferent to the most virulent abuse of his works—if the peace of those he loved was not invaded by personal slandors [*sic*] he said one day—on the subject

> "The shriek of the world's carrion jays
> Their censure, their wonder or their praise
> I care not for"—

One day as he was looking over some books in the reading room at Florence—his eye caught a review—the quarterly on one of his works—he suddenly interrupted the stillness of the society by bursting out—into a violent and long continued paroxcism [*sic*] of laughter—the people stared & little thought the Poet—was—laughing at the—abuse of his own works—& character . . .

Yet he was deeply affected at hearing of the unsparing ferocity with which his young Poet friend—Keates [*sic*]—was treated in the same Review—he wrote to Southey—the author of the article or if not the writer as an influential person in this work—he pointed out to him in a temperate yet forcible appeal to both his head and heart if he had one—the cruelty as well as injustice of it—he spoke of the youth of the Author of Endymion—the exceeding delicacy—of his consumptive constitution—the probity & worth of his character—the arduousness of the task he had undertaken—he showed that if his plumage was not yet full and strong enough to bear him up—aloft—undazled [*sic*] by the sun—yet he had done enough to show he justly achieved to a loftier flight superior to the [?] wallowing herd of writers—he desired Southey to read—for he could not believe he had, "The Ode to Pan"—in the Endymion in proof that he Shelley—was not biassed [*sic*] by partiality in—saying Keates [*sic*] merited not—the

harsh severity—which had been heaped upon him in the review with the anticipated hope of crushing him—in the cradle of his genius, instead of by criticising him—according to his deserts—that the overwhelming, sweeping, unmesured [*sic*] sensure [*sic*] on him & his poem —could only be considered as a type of the reviewer's venom, hate, not as literary criticism on his works—and much more to the same effect—Southey ['s] reply—was—like himself—equivocating bullying lying—& cowardly . . .

Leigh Hunt's—Poetry Shelley could not endure—he said it might be—begot in lawful wedlock—as it was venisomly (venomously?) monotinous [*sic*]—a passionless abortion—that was no power brought into the world—with pain though like child birth & torture—then it expired—not having the germs of life—it could not live—of his Translations he said—they looked—as if they were word by word extracted from Lexicons—some of his tales—in the indicator [*sic*] he thought pretty—he spoke in praise of his early devotion & sacrifice to—liberal politics—and he thought he was a good man—and would have been better—if he had kept himself aloof from the jackalls of Literature—who by making him their Lyon [*sic*]—instead of providing him with prey—preyed on him.

2. P. B. SHELLEY

(written down by J. Mitford,[1] in Brit. Mus. Add. MSS. 32, 574, f. 19–21)

Mr. H[ookha]m remembered him when young. He has a probably unique copy of the Tracts he printed at Oxford, on Atheism, which occasioned his expulsion from the university.

[1] Apparently John Mitford, who in 1826 contributed an article on Byron in Greece to Hone's *Every Day* Book, i. 487–8, which has apparently eluded Byron's biographers.

P. B. Shelley's Sisters went to School at Clapham with a Miss Westbrook. Sh. used to call on them, and he saw this girl Soon after he fell ill in Poland St. & she used to call & sit with him.

Miss W. a daughter of an Hotelkeeper . . . she was pretty & respectable. Sh. married her, & they lived 5 or 6 years together, apparently very happy; had 2 or 3 children. still straightened much in pecuniary matters. & Mr. H——m lent them money. He died £60 in Hookham's (?) debt. As to this latter he seemed to have had great difficulty in raising suffit. to live on.

P. Sh. an intimate during this time with Mr. Hookham of Bond St. used to live at his House when in London, take long country walks with him, borrow money, etc.

They got acquainted with Godwin & his Daughters. & the *second* Mrs. Shelley died of a Cancer in the Brain after great Sufferings—she died in Chester Square L—— Godwin then lived on —— Snow-Hill. ascending, a corner House half way up to the left now shut up. (supposed in Char. Cross with a figure of Osiris over the door.) He was much taken with Miss Godwin. He came up from Besly in Sussex with his Wife and children. stopt at Hookham's while in Town. . . . one morning he got up at 3 o'clock, left, & went to Godwins, & ran off (with) Miss G. to Dover & so abroad . . . after some dys. His wife wrote to Mr. Hookham to know what had become of him—she never saw him again—. He lived with Miss G. but not in wedlock.

His Wife was left destitute. Her own family forsook her . . . driven to distress, she lost her virtue & was kept & then on the Town. —and in 2 years or so, she *drowned herself in the Serpentine.*

Mr. Hookham says, Shelley felt this very severely to the last. During the time she lived with Shelley, a Mr. Hog [*sic*] an Author, a very fat, corpulent man, now alive, tried to seduce her, but in vain.

A curious anecdote is told in Lady Blessington's Memoirs, of an adventure of Shelley in Wales, where he describes, a Night attack on his House and Pistols fired and his being shot at, & a Mr. L. (Leeson) threatening to murder his wife, & *ravish her* (or his?) *sister.*

How he fled with his wife to Dublin, & I saw both Shelleys, and Mrs. Shelleys Letters on this subject, the latter from Dublin, (to which they fled immediately)—to Mr. H.[m], describing the same. It is very circumstantially told.

Mr. Hookham showd me the *original* Letters from which this narrative is taken in Ly. Blessingtons Memoirs [edited by] J. M. Madden[1]

Mr. Hookham has a considerable number of Shelleys Letters. He lent them to Ly. Blessington, & *she copied them.* At her death, Mr. Madden got hold of them, & told H. he meant to publish them. H. remonstrated & forbade the Publication. But they appeared in the Memoirs, only the style altered from the *first* Person to the *third.*

The second Mrs. Shelley died in Chester Square, of a *Cancer* in the Brain—a very, very painful death it was, he says.

What became of the Children of the first wife, he does not seem accurately to know.

The present Sir B. [error for *Timothy*] Shelley he describes as a pleasant gentlemanly Person.

Hookham says, there was nothing wrong in the character of the erstwhile Miss Westbrook, nor deficient; (he had commenced teaching her Latin) but he was fascinated by the attraction of Miss Godwin & Old Godwin permitted them to live together, *more divino;* but as soon as the first wife died, he forced them in [to] *vinculo matrimonio.* I met the 2nd Mrs. Shelley at Mr. Rogers's—a pleasing, lively & genteel Manner. I remember Rogers put into her hand Croley's Poem & directed her to read the Preface on the . . .* of Traill, & . . .* with new People . . .* & as she hurried over it, he *jibed her.*

The letters I have seen of her,[2] in Mr. H. ['s] Possession, are sensible, affectionate, & very well written. In one she gives a detailed acct. of the attack made at Night, on their Cottage in Wales.

[1] ed. 1855. The contents of the letters are summarized by Lady Blessington.
* hiatus in MS.
[2] Harriet.

APPENDIX M

Account of William Godwin and Shelley, by Francis Place

(B. M. Add. MSS. 35, 145, 30–36 et passim)

Mr. William Godwin sought my acquaintance in the year 1810, and I readily formed a friendship with him. I had never heard any thing alleged against his moral character. I had heard much in his praise and I had benefited [*sic*] in no small degree by his writings. I was therefore pleased to have him for a friend. Godwin had however a design of no small moment to him in seeking my acquaintance and he accomplished his purpose, beyond what could have been his most sanguine expectations. It was however of no permanent use to him, highly pernicious as it was to several others.

I soon found that he was uncomfortably circumstanced in . . . his pecuniary concerns and needed my advice and assistance. Both of these I was willing he should have to the full extent of my capability. I made some inquiries respecting the state of his affairs, and as I went on inquiring saw as I supposed a probability of extricating him from his difficulties and placing him in comparatively easy circumstances. I had been engaged in several similar concerns, had been servicable [*sic*] in all of them, and singularly successful in some of them. I had been instrumental not only in saving several families from absolute ruin but I had succeeded in reestablishing others in such a way as to enable them to flourish. I did not always, escape, harmless from these interferences, in the affairs of others, I occasionally lost money and in some cases rather large sums.

Mr. Godwin's affairs brought me acquainted with a Mr. Elton Hamond, whose father had been a wholesale Tea-dealer in the City

of London, and had at his decease left a considerable property to his two sons and two daughters.

Mr. Hamond was tall and well formed, the contour of his face was very like the imaginary portraits of Jesus Christ as painted by eminent artists, but somewhat thinner and rather longer, or it had the appearance of greater length, perhaps, from its being thinner. His features were regular and handsome, his countenance was mild, placid, benevolent, yet somewhat sorrowful. Had an accurate portrait been taken of him, it might have stood for a more perfect head of Christ according to the ideal notion of [the] artist than any portrait I have ever seen on canvas, or any head I have ever seen in real life.

Mr. Hamond started in life with enthusiastical notions of the capability and desires of mankind to become, virtuous and happy, To [and of] their rapid improvement he hoped to devote himself. He persuaded himself that he should be able to correct their vices and prevent them [from] committing crimes. He set about their reformation; with uncommon ardour. How little he was able to accomplish need not be told. He consumed his time and expended his money in the vain pursuit of a phantom, which was perpetually misleading him, [and he consumed his substance] and wearied and weakened his intellectual powers before his experience had shown him how hopeless his pursuit was. He was at length compelled to conclude that the progress of mankind towards a state of virtuous benevolence was an almost imperceptible movement, despaired, and in his despair, shot himself. He was emphatically my friend, and I loved him with great sincerity to the moment of his death.

With this good man I associated another friend Mr. John Lambert, a shrewd clever man of business who had been for some time eagerly desirous to make acquaintance with Mr. Godwin and we all three, set ourselves vigorously to work to extricate him from his difficulties.

An account was shewn to us and books were brought forward to verify the account. Such a case was shewn as induced us to conclude that if 3000 £ could be raised [The] Mr. Godwin would not only be placed in a state of comparative ease but that the business carried on by

his wife would when disembarrassed, repay the loan. And to this hour I am satisfied it might and ought to have been so notwithstanding the accounts laid before us were not correct accounts, and did not contain a true statement but had been fabricated to induce us to procure the money.

Mr. Hamond advanced 500 £ Mr. Lambert 250 £ and I also advanced 250 £. The remaining 2000 £ were borrowed of several persons, principally in consequence of my exertions. But our efforts were useless. In a little time Godwin was as much embarrassed as ever, we had also embarrassed ourselves and been the means of risking the property of others without having done any permanent service to Mr. Godwin.

Mr. Godwin was [had been] at length obliged to repay some of the money we had caused, several to advance, [and] this he did, not from the proceeds of his business as he ought to have done but by inducing his own particular friends to increase amnt. of the sums they had advanced. Mr. Hamond who had spent his own fortune, and rather than distress Mr. Godwin had induced his sister to continue the loan of 500 £ she had advanced, was at last paid, and Mr. Lambert and I became so circumstanced as made it likely we should be losers to a large amount, unless we paid ourselves and left others to sustain a greater loss than they ought to bear. This we were not willing to do, and [we made] used great exertions to prevent as much as we could, any one from losing more than the inevitable circumstances of the case made it quite impossible for us to prevent. The result was, that not one of his creditors laid any blame upon either of us, but we were obliged to consent to become losers—I to the amount of 365 £, and Mr. Lambert of an equal sum. A Mr. Hume, a private friend of Mr. Godwin's & one or two others and Mr. Taylor of Norwich, with whom we were not connected lost considerable sums, and full [200£] £2500 were wholly wasted.

Mr. Percy Bisshe [*sic*] Shelley who came of age before these matters were closed gave several Post-Obit bonds, one of which was sent to me, without my having at all requested it, and on receiving it I gave Mr. Shelley notice that he might at any time redeem it on pay-

ment of the money I had advanced and simple interest. Mr. Godwin effected a very important point by means of these Post Obit bonds, since no one could afterwards sue him the debits being wholly transferred to Mr. Shelley. Godwin thus said he had paid these debts. Besides the Post Obit bonds given to his creditors, Godwin raised several thousands of pounds by similar bonds. Shelley's was a good life, his father was a very old man and the holders of the bonds neglected to insure Shelley's life, he went to Italy and one day on a pleasure excursion was drowned, near Naples.

After Shelley's death Godwin shuffled on for some time and then became a bankrupt.

[Of all the men I have ever known he was] as respected his own purposes Godwin was one of the most heartless, the most callous of men [I ever knew.] He was perfectly regardless of the mischief he [any one] might [have brought upon him, by his conduct,] bring upon anyone and quite as regardless of the feelings of [any one] others, when his own ends could be [answered] best and most promptly answered by inflicting unhappiness on [others] them, these matters annoyed him so little that I have sometimes doubted, whether they did not even afford him satisfaction, when they fell upon those who had not readily conformed to his wishes.

He was ingenious, plausible, argumentative, persuasive and persevering to an uncommon extent. He could easily turn any man to account who reposed the least confidence in him and he never failed so to do. But in all this he was unwise. With only a moderate share of prudence and honesty, half the efforts he made to procure money, and make enemies would have made him a flourishing man, had these effort [s] been directed as they ought to have been, and surrounded him with a multitude of friends.

In 1814 Mr. Hamond and I made a statement from his own accounts which proved that he had received in money from various friends, upwards of 400 £ a year [for] during each of the preceding *ten* years—and this account did not include,

1. much money he had borrowed of which we were not informed.

2. money received for his literary labours.
3. profits from the bookselling business carried on by his wife.
4. Debts which he owed more than were owing to him.

And that thus he must have expended full 1500 £ a year notwithstanding he had for the last 4 or 5 years paid no rent for the house he lived in which was worth 200 £ a year.

An active correspondence was carried on between us, but I made no copies of any of my letters until the close of our acquaintance, neither did I preserve more than a small portion of his. On hunting over my papers some time ago, I found a number of Mr. Godwin's notes to me principally relating to money matters. The [few] letters —(not all however, for I see they are defective) which passed at the close of our intimacy are appended. Being defective the story is not quite clear, and I have no means of making it clear, so it must remain as it is.

The last of these letters is one from Mr. Godwin dated 11 Sep. 1814. (Two more relating to the affairs of Mr. Marshall are appended) I believe I replied to it but I am not certain that I did. Mr. Godwin afterwards called upon me twice, and we had a long conversation each time, but my mind was so well made up to the necessity of ceasing to have any intercourse with him, that I resolutely refused to continue our acquaintance. I treated him kindly but I said [all] every thing which I thought ought to be said and here our intercourse ended.

[Yet] Mr. Godwin had however many good points, and no man could keep company with him without being benifited [*sic*]. This was the case with Mr. Hamond, Mr. Lambert and myself. Mr. Hamond almost adored him, and Mr. Lambert admired him excessively. But Godwin compelled us all three to give him up, as he had done many others. Had Godwin been placed in other circumstances, or had he had a prudent woman for a wife, [instead of the infernal devil to whom he was married,*] his good qualities would have preponderated, and he would have been a man of extensive influence as

* This cancellation is in blue pencil, and probably was not Place's correction.

well personally as by his writings, and would have lived in ease in comfort and been a happy man.

His conduct was matter of great regret to all three of us, we went on with him long after there was no ground for expecting we could do him any permanent service, and we only gave him up when we could no longer reputably continue to assist him.

In 1817, Mr. Godwin came to me with a Mr. Bovey respecting the pecuniary affairs of Mr. Marshall—both these gentlemen were well known to me, I entered into the matter and ultimately extricated Mr. Marshall from his difficulties. This affair led to some correspondence with Mr. Godwin, part of which, but not the whole has been preserved, and is appended.

EXCERPTS FROM THE GODWIN-PLACE CORRESPONDENCE WITH COMMENTS BY THE EDITOR OF THIS VOLUME

Place to Godwin, from Charing Cross, November 28, 1812. ff. 43 a, 43 b, 44 a. Excerpts from 43 b and 44 a.

"I promised to become security for you for 500 £ somewhat hastily, and on the plan being settled [I made] I will make good my promise, notwithstanding I am more and more confirmed in the opinion that it will not accomplish either of our wishes, all it will do, will be gaining of time, to try an experiment at a great loss. Unless indeed your young friend should be willing to advance a very large sum, and you should be reconciled to put so much of his property to hazard."

In letter from Godwin to Place Nov. 29, 1812 ff. 37 a, 37 b, G. tells P. that in the August succeeding if he has not then extricated himself from financial difficulties, he will "deliberate maturely, & either give up" his "concern altogether, or firmly call on" his "young friend to assist" him, "to the extent, whatever it is, that shall render his assistance effectual." *Was not this "young friend," Shelley?*

In a letter from Godwin to Place, from South End, Essex, Sep. 5, 1813. ff. 39 a, 39 b, 40 a, this excerpt from 39 b:

"I am afraid, after all, that the money to be raised on Shelley's security must be raised piecemeal; & the first moment I can spare when I come to town, I will spend with you, & we will endeavor to contrive how this 500 £ may be paid from Shelley as originally intended without a moment's unnecessary delay, & with the least injury to you."

And he pleads with Place (f. 40 a)

"Shall I be torn to pieces & destroyed, merely because I am not a young man, & because I employed my youth in endeavouring with my pen to promote the welfare of my species? May I not reasonably say, Come to my aid, all ye that love literature, & honest endeavours, & do not suffer me to perish, merely because I endeavoured well, & in part succeeded?"

Place to Godwin 2 September 1814 ff. 49 a, 49 b, 50 a. Excerpt, 49 a.

". . . you deceived me in what respected Shelley's money and played me a trick inducing me to go to Mr. Lambert upon a promise to pay me in which you not only failed, but as you afterwards told me, you knew at the time you could not keep your promise."

Godwin to Place 2 September 1814 (reply to the preceding) ff. 51 a, 51 b, 52 a & b. Excerpt from 52 b.

". . . I am overwhelmed with domestic calamities & with misfortune."

f. 60 is a notice from Josiah Wedgwood to Francis Place, sent from Etruria Augst. 29th 1815 calling Place's attention to the fact that Godwin had paid no part of principal or interest secured by a bond for £500 dated August 26, 1811, to which Place had been a signatory.

Place's reply was copied on the verso of f. 60, stating that he understood each signatory was responsible in his particular case for no more

than £100 of the £500, but that in such amt. he would hold himself ready to suffer the loss.

William Taylor of Norwich sent Place a memorandum from Norwich 16th Decr. 1824, ff. 67 a & b, 68 a, relative to the attempts of the Godwins in 1814 to extricate themselves from debt. The memo., Taylor says, is based on "some letters written in 1814 by Mrs. Godwin to" his "late wife." Taylor had lent Godwin £300 "some years before." Says Taylor:

"It had been told me that *Shelley* was paying off some of G[odwin]'s debts: this I hinted to the latter, but found that he wou'd [*sic*] by no means be party to any application to Shelley but left it to me to write to him: I did so, but no notice was taken of my Letter."

In a letter from Mrs. Godwin to Mrs. Taylor Dec. 10, 1814, Taylor found: "It has come to my knowledge within these 5 days, that the Friends (Mr. Place Mr. Lambert & a third Person who granted those Acceptances) have been consulting together on the proper steps to be taken for the occasion . . . These friends, it seems have come to the determination to call upon *that Person*" (Mr. Shelley) "for the accomplishment of there [*sic*] promises in consequence of which they for the last two years have renewed their Acceptances." She then states that a Party is found by Mr. Place, who is willing to accept Shelley's *Post-Obit* on the terms of 3 for 1. for £1000 payable on the death of his father. She proceeds then to inquire "whether Mr. Taylor would like to accept *such a mode* of Payment for his £300, for which I believe he has a Bond" and Charles Clairmont tells Taylor "that Mr. Place and Mr. Lambert both take *Post-Obits*, & that another is expected to do the same." . . . "It is proper that I should observe here [writes Taylor] that after a Time, upon my urging Payment, Mr. G. got Shelley to join him in a Bond to me, not payable until the decease of his father; but the Son died first & I know not whether he has left any Thing for me to claim upon, *after the Father's death;* by the same rule, what becomes of your Post-Obits?"

In a copy of his reply to Taylor, from London Dec. 31, 1824, f. 69 a & b, Place writes:

"Mrs. Godwin seems to have said what was not true. I never saw Shelley but once and did not like him. He never made me any promise to do any thing, and consequently I did not renew my acceptances in consequence of any such promise. I never formed any 'party willing' to accept Shelley's Post Obit for £1000' or for any other sum. £1000 were borrowed and I believe £1500 more on his Post Obits but I had nothing to do with these matters. I was told of the transactions by Mr. Godwin. The Post Obit from Shelley to me was a contrivance of Mr. Godwin's to escape from the responsibility of the debt to me. I had no hand in that transaction. The Post Obit was sent to me, and I immediately wrote to Shelley that I hoped Mr. G. would pay the money as he could, and that I would take it with simple interest, and would never require more at any time. No further intercourse [has] ever existed between me Mr. Godwin & Mr. Shelley.

Mrs. Godwin's [pretensions to] ignorance is [not] all pretension. She knew every thing that passed or was passing as long as I continued to call on her house, she was in fact a prime mover in the business.

[I conclude] I never expected to recieve [*sic*] the money [I had] which had been got out of me, and [felt] therefore feel no disappointment on that account at Shelley's death. I am not aware that he has left anything, no communication has ever been made to me."

APPENDIX N

BYRON AND SHELLEY ON THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET

From the New Monthly and London Magazine

EXCERPTED FROM *THE POLAR STAR* V.

(*July–October, 1830*)

By An Eye Witness [1]

Shelley. You must not let Hamlet pass.

Byron. Who can read this mournful play without the profoundest emotion? And yet what is it but a colossal enigma? We love Hamlet even as we love ourselves. Yet consider his character, and where is either goodness or greatness? He betrays Ophelia's gentlest love; he repulses her in a cruel manner; and when in the most touching way, she speaks to him, and returns his presents, he laughs her off like a man of the town. At her grave, at the new-made grave of Ophelia, his first love, whom his own unkindness had blasted in the very bud of her beauty, in the morn and liquid dew of her youth, what is the behaviour of Hamlet? A blank—worse than a blank; a few ranting lines, instead of true feeling, that prove him perfectly heartless. Then his behaviour in the grave, and his insult to Laertes, why the gentlest verdict one can give is insanity. But he seems by nature, and in his soberest moods, fiendlike in cruelty. His old companions, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, he murders without the least compunction; he desires them to be put to sudden death, "not shriving-time allowed." And the same diabolical refinement of revenge, when he finds the king at his prayers, induces him to wait for some more horrid time, "when he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage," to assassinate him, that "his soul may be as damned and black as hell, whereto he

[1] Possibly Thomas Medwin.

goes." Polonius, the father of Ophelia, he does actually kill; and for this does he lament or atone for what he has done, by any regret or remorse? "I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room."—"You shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby!" But suppose him heartless, though he is for ever lamenting, and complaining, and declaiming about the false-heartedness of every one else; Richard is heartless—Iago—Edmund. The tragic poet of course deals not in your good-boy characters. But neither is he, as Richard is, a hero, a man of mighty strength of mind. He is, according to his own admission, as "unlike Hercules" as possible. He does not, as a great and energetic mind does, exult under the greatness of a grand object. He is weak; so miserably weak as even to complain of his own weakness. He says,

> "The time is out of joint—O cruel spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right."

And yet he is always boasting and bragging of his own powers, and scorning every one else, and he swears he will sweep to his revenge, "with wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love." For revenge was his love. But in truth he loved it, Shelley, after your own heart, most platonically; for his heart is too faint to win it fairly, and he contents himself with laughing at himself, mocking his own conscious cowardice, and venting his spleen in names, instead of doing anything like a man. So irresolute is he, that he envies the players, he envies Fortinbras, Laertes, any one that can do any thing. Weak, irresolute, a talking sophist. Yet—O I am sick of this most lame and impotent hero!

Shelley. And yet we recognise in him something that we cannot but love and sympathise with, and a grandeur of tone which we instinctively reverence.

Byron. Then Ophelia, how gross are the scenes of her madness! She, too, seems as inconsistent and as false a character as her faithless lover. The graceful and gentle Ophelia changes somehow or other as shapes change in a dream, into an insane gypsy, singing no very

delicate songs. Laertes is a very braggadocio kind of fellow, and as for the rest of them, king, and queen, and Polonius:—why do we, through five long acts, interest ourselves in the fates and fortunes of such pitiful beings?

Shelley. But do you not admire the buried majesty of Denmark "revisiting the glimpses of the moon?"

"Alas! poor ghost!" said Byron, "I had forgot it, but the ghost is as whimsical a person as any of the others. It seems to come and go without any reason at all. Why should it make all that bustle in the cellerage when it cries out "Swear!" in echo to Hamlet? Why should it appear so unexpectedly and uselessly in that scene with his mother? But ask not why, seek not reason, or consistency, or art, in the wild rhapsodies of this uncultivated genius.

Shelley. Are you then so orthodox in any thing as to think Shakspeare a man of no art or thought—a prophet of poetry, possessed by a spirit unintelligible to himself?

Byron. My dear fellow, who can read this very play, and call Shakspeare a thoughtful artist? Let us rise a little higher, and consider the whole play, and the play as a whole. The story, the action, after the first prologue and preparation of this ghost, remain stagnant; all the rest is stationary, episodical, useless. What is Fortinbras to the usurpation of the king, or the revenge of Hamlet, or any part of the plot?—nor do Ophelia or Polonius conduce to the main of the story, or to the progress of the interest. Add *quantum suff.*, of courtiers, players, gravediggers, clowns, and such like stuff, ridiculous and incongruous, and out of all keeping with the high-heeled, tragic strut; useless, in truth, in relation to the play considered in itself; but I suppose poor Will found sufficient use and reason in the pence and praises of the gods of the galleries. And thus this will-o'the-wisp, this meteor of genius, leads us poor mortals, who would fain analyze his nature and detect his "airy purposes," a weary and a fruitless chase; while the simpler solution of the difficulty would be, that Shakspeare was a man of great genius but no art, and much preferred satisfying his hostess of the Mermaid with a good night's profit, to satisfying the

troublesome and inquisitive readers of future ages, which he dreamed not of.

Shelley. But what do you exactly mean by a great genius without art? Do you mean a man who throws out in his writings some odd passages of great beauty, but leaves the whole, as a whole, rude and unformed?

Byron. Take it that way, if you will.

Shelley. Well then, what do we mean by a beautiful passage or line? Is not a line, as well as your outspread heroics, or a tragedy, a whole, and only as a whole, beautiful in itself?—as, for instance, "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank." Now, examining this line, we perceive that all the parts are formed in relation to one another, and that it is consequently a whole. *Sleep,* we see, is a reduplication of the pure and gentle sound of *sweet;* and as the beginning of the former symphonizes with the beginning *s* of the latter, so also the *l* in *moonlight* prepares one for the *l* in *sleep,* and glides gently into it; and in the conclusion, one may perceive that the word *bank* is determined by the preceding words, and that the *b* which it begins with is but a deeper intonation of the two *p's* which come before it; *sleeps upon this slope,* would have been effeminate; *sleeps upon this rise,* would have been harsh and inharmonious.

Byron. Heavens! Do you imagine, my dear Shelley, that Shakspeare had any thing of the kind in his head when he struck off that pretty line? If any one had told him all this about your *p's* and *s's,* he would just have said, "Pish!"

Shelley. Well, be that as it may, are there not the coincidences, I suppose you would call them, that I showed in the line?

Byron. There are. But the beauty of the line does not lie in sounds and syllables, and such mechanical contrivances, but in the beautiful metaphor of the moonlight sleeping.

Shelley. Indeed, that also is very beautiful. In every single line, the poet must organize many simultaneous operations, both the meaning of the words and their emphatic arrangement, and then the flow

and melting together of their symphony; and the whole must also be united with the current of the rhyme.

Byron. Well, then, I'm glad I'm not a poet! It must be like making out one's expenses for a journey, I think, all this calculation!

Shelley. I don't say that a poet must necessarily be conscious of all this, no more than a lady is conscious of every graceful movement. But I do say that they all depend upon reason, in which they live and move, and have their being; and that he who brings them out into the light of distinct consciousness, besides satisfying an instinctive desire of his own nature, will be more secure and more commanding. But what makes this metaphor beautiful? To represent the tranquillity of moonlight is the object of the line; and the sleep is beautiful, because it gives a more intense and living form of the same idea; the rhyme beautifully falls in with this, and just lets the cadence of the emphasis dwell upon the sound and sense of the sweet word *sleep;* and the alliteration assimilates the rest of the line into one harmonious symmetry. This line, therefore, is it not altogether a work of art?

Byron. If it is, I don't see what this has to do with the discussion about Hamlet.

Shelley. Why, just this. You recollect, you said Shakspeare was a great genius with no art?

Byron. Yes.

Shelley. And that you meant by that, a man who would strike out two or three good lines, and purple patches of poetry in his work, but who leaves the whole unfinished?

Byron. Yes.

Shelley. And we afterwards agreed that every line, or part of a line, that was good, was made good by art only?

Byron. Well!

Shelley. Why, then, this is the conclusion, that a man of great genius, but little art, means only, one who is able to perceive in the small what his powers are not wide enough to comprehend in the greater.

Byron. Well, well—for heaven's sake, what does it signify

about the *words*, art, or genius? This does not explain Hamlet.

Shelley. Only that, if what I have said is true, and if Shakspeare is one of the most glorious names among mankind, and Hamlet one of his most famous plays, it is more than probable that he was not so blind as you would make him; and that there must be some point of view, if we could find it, some proper distance and happy light, in which the whole would appear a beautiful whole. I once attempted a kind of commentary upon this very play, and if you will allow me, I will read it to you.

Byron, though half provoked and half amused, with what he thought the mad and ridiculous speculations and imaginations of his friend, agreed—and Shelley read out his view of Hamlet—

"The character of Hamlet himself we must first endeavour to penetrate into, and if we can understand this central germ, we shall be better able to follow the poet in the conception and organization of his great work, and to see how every part is what it is necessarily, and bears in itself the reason of its existence and its form. The character of Hamlet, as I take it, represents the profound philosopher; or, rather, the errors to which a contemplative and ideal mind is liable: for of necessity the lessons of the tragic poet are like the demonstrations, *ex absurdo*, of Parmenides, since the mind's eye is so dull and blinded, so 'drunk-asleep,' to use Hamlet's words, as not by intuition to recognise the beauty of virtue, to prove it, as it were, by the clashing contradiction of the two opposite extremes: as, if a man derived a more sensible, or rather sensual, consciousness of health, which also is indeed a gift of the same Apollo who bestows upon us truth and beauty, from having been previously in sickness:—there is but one demonstration of the excellence of health, and that is disease.

"Purposing, therefore, to body forth a character so deeply, indeed, and pre-eminently tragic, but most hard to fix and bring down into the definite world of action, as it seemed to lie beyond it in the sphere of thought, silent and invisible, Shakspeare invented the sublime idea of the ghost; an outward and visible sign of the sudden apparitions of the mysterious world within us. The ghost of his father, clad in

complete steel, revisiting the glimpses of the moon, may be considered as a great purpose coming suddenly upon a meditative mind. All the outward circumstances and actual reality, of course, immediately become necessary as the laws and conditions of the visible world into which it is translated. Now Hamlet the father was a man of action: his character is finely realized for us in two admirable lines, where, describing the appearance of this buried majesty, Marcellus says—

> 'So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
> He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.'

But his son Hamlet, brooding over the remembrance of his father, has embarked upon a shoreless sea of melancholy. At the time when the play opens, he is about thirty years old, as we learn from the clown in the fifth act. He is by birth a German; and from indulging in the inactive habits of that deep-thinking nation, he has become "fat, and scant of breath," as the queen says. He has passed all his life at Wittenberg, famous in Shakspeare's time, as the college of Dr. Faustus; and we know that he had there been very much with the players. At the court, he still lived a recluse life, complaining of the excess of the times, and "walking for hours in the lobby" reading or meditating.

"The play opens with mysterious notes of preparation. We are far removed from all the stir of society, in the solitude of the open air and darkness; only distant noises from the palace come at intervals, making solitude more solitary; the soldiers of the watch begin talking mysteriously about the signs of the times, 'dreaming on things to come,' when the ghost appears. In the next scene, we come back into the pomp and pride of the world, and kings and courtiers: Hamlet is among them, but not of them. His very first words are most significant of his character, when he exclaims, 'Seems, madam! I know not seems.' Observe, too, when Horatio tells him of this wonderful appearance, how philosophical his questions are, as of a man trying to realise completely, in his own mind, the image of the thing. The mysterious contradiction between reality and ideality, one of the most

profound questions of ontology, is strongly shown in the beginning of this dialogue. 'My father! methinks I see my father!'—'O where, my Lord?' cries Horatio, starting in terror. 'In my mind's eye, Horatio.' To this subject Hamlet recurs again, in the conversation with his two good friends: 'There is,' says he, 'nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.' And again in another place, where Osric asks 'if he knows Laertes?' he replies, 'I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; for to know a man well were to know oneself.'

"In the next scene of the first act, Hamlet, in the midst of a long metaphysical speculation, in which he had forgot all time and place, is suddenly visited by the apparition. He breaks off in terror. When the ghost has faded from him, he is left overcome with his feelings, and with the weight of the commanded action. He confuses his external body with his inner self, as if he were nothing but a spirit; and when he says that he will raze out all that he learned from experience or from thought,

> 'And thy commandment all alone shall live
> Within the book and volume of my brain':

he takes out his real tablets and writes it down.

"The levity of his expressions afterwards is most true to nature; and the mysterious movements of the ghost make flesh and blood shudder to think upon the invisible world that is around us, and within us and whose purposes, and silent operations and recoilings, are to us most awfully unaccountable.

"But the great artist, between these two more intense scenes, has interposed a gentler shade, which not only relieves and alleviates the deeper interests of the tragedy, but brings out also many new views of Hamlet's character, and marks the moral of the whole more deeply. She was a beautiful young creature,

> 'Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting,'

but not the woman to fix or seriously engage the mighty mind of Hamlet; and thus he is here also perplexed with the difference between

mind and body; and she, like a dewdrop from a lion's main, is shaken to air.

"The next scenes are too insignificant to require any comment, excepting, perhaps, Hamlet's letter. Many have agreed with Polonius in thinking 'beautified' a vile phrase; but it is just of a piece with his signature—'while this machine is to him, Hamlet,'—and only shows in every thing his metaphysical turn of thought. 'My soul's idol' sounds ordinary, but Hamlet, I do not doubt, meant it more accurately.

"Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, as Goëthe well observes, are a brace of those half creatures, who taken single, would be nothing, and always take care to go in couples. How deplorable would the smiling but crooked-councilling Rosencrantz have been without the gilded and guileful Guildenstern! But here come men much more to Hamlet's taste—how heartily he welcomes them!—these are the players. The introduction of these players is one of the most admirable and artful inventions of any in all Shakspeare. They represent the whole body of literature, 'whose object is, and always has been,' as Hamlet with his usual profundity observes, 'to hold up the mirror to nature.' We have here an opportunity of learning something of Hamlet's taste, and we accordingly find him deeply delighted with the most lofty and imaginative poetry that ever swept over a theater in tragic pall. The verses themselves, as that most excellent critic Schlegel observes, are necessarily elevated two degrees above nature to modesty of nature, that they might stand out from the rest, as a play within a play. They seem like a thing seen through a magnifying glass; and are, indeed, one of the most extraordinary productions of wondrous Shaksperian art. Hamlet's soliloquy, which crowns and concludes the act, is not merely the casual product of a chance situation, but, like every work of Shakspeare's mind, contains or implies a profound view of some important question—in the present case the relative situations of the two loftiest divisions of human intellect—the poet's and the philosopher's. In his next soliloquy, the famous 'To be or not to be,' we may observe developed in a grand style, the peculiarity of Hamlet's mind, its tendency to idealize every thing; he quite forgets the reality

of the case, and impersonates in one all the ills that flesh is heir to—

'The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,' &c.,

"And this we must bear in mind against the scene at Ophelia's grave, for Hamlet was not selfish.

"After the play, he is much in the same state of uncertainty and vacillation in which the ghost left him; he recoils and swerves from action; and it is an instinctive feeling of this sort that makes him impatient even of the necessities of versification—any thing necessary he feels a disposition to resist or avoid.

'For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself, and now reigns here,
A very, very—peacock.'

" 'You might have rhymed,' says the man of just sense, Horatio. But there is the same lame and impotent conclusion in every thing he does. Soon after this, when he tries to lash himself into exertion, reminding himself of the ghostly time of night, and graves giving up their dead, and vaunting as extravagantly as falsely, 'Now could I drink hot blood,' &c. his considerations about killing his mother, and determinations *not* to do it, are but a bitter though unconscious mockery of himself, and just an antistrophe to his curious refinements on the murder of the King.

"There is a deep meaning signified in the next scene with his mother, where, in the midst of his declamation, gazing upon the picture, the reality suddenly comes. Always his profound meditations seem without beginning or end, while he wanders in a wilderness of thought, and enterprises of great moment, while he is declaiming with the player, or tracing the dust of imperial Cæsar to a bunghole, or flattering his own weakness with proving to himself the shallowness of all the actions and the actors of life, become 'sicklied o'er with this pale cast, and lose the name of action.' Whenever he does any thing, he seems astonished at himself, and calls it rashness.

'Rashly, and praised be rashness for it—'

as he tells his friend Horatio, he set about his deliverance from the false ambassadors. In the next lines he gives, in my opinion, the moral of the whole:—

'Let us know
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.'

" 'That is most certain,' Horatio replies.

"How different is Laertes. *His* father also has been murdered—but he at once collects the people, storms the palace, compels the king, at his peril, to account for the murder. Nothing, he cries, shall stop him, but 'my will, not all the world's.' His will he follows impetuously! he looks not to right or left, with 'considering too curiously.' But he errs on the other side. He raises the mob—he would, he says, of Hamlet, 'cut his throat in church.' He does kill him with a treacherous poisoned rapier. His thoughts are so fixed upon his end, that he sees not any thing between.

"Now such a rash gunpowder spark as this Laertes, Hamlet must at once have envied and despised. Well, they meet at the grave of Ophelia—for the simple young creature half by accident, and half on purpose, in her half-witted state, drowned herself. The simplicity of her girlish youthfulness, and the manner in which Hamlet had wooed her, became sufficiently evident in her ballads; her character was necessarily what it is—for in a play so full of thought, and the deepest interests of the soul, a more strong passion would have been a note, 'harsh, and of dissonant mood.'

"Hamlet, when he discovers her death, only says, 'What! the fair Ophelia!' But when this Laertes, who always so outran his thoughts with an excess of hair-brained action, leaps into the grave, and declaims with such an emphasis and phrase of sorrow,' Hamlet is thrown into a towering passion, and conscious of the weakness and vagueness of his own feelings on the occasion, he cries out, in the bitterness of his contempt, both for Laertes and himself,

—'Show me what thou'lt do!
Woul't weep, woul't fight, woul't fast, woul't tear
thyself,
Woul't drink up esel?—eat a crocodile?'

"'What falseness is all this sorrow of yours!—I could do just as much, come, what shall we do?—weep, or fast, or tear our hair, or drink vinegar, or eat crocodiles to make ourselves shed false tears! &c. But Hamlet is ever a perfect gentleman, and his apology to Laertes is one of those gentle mellowings and softenings of a strong outline which Shakspeare so well understood. With regard to his alleged cruelty, this appearance arose from his philosophical habit of seeing every thing as laws, or necessary consequences.'

"As Spinoza says of himself, '*humanas actiones non ridere, non lugere, neque detestari, sed intelligere*'—'neither to laugh at, or bewail or detest the actions of men; but to understand them.' He allowed the two false courtiers no shriving time, because it was necessary for his plot—if they should be heard, all would be found out—and he says, 'They come not near my conscience,' viewing it as a general and necessary case.

'"Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes,
between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites,'

"What noble lines! But we have passed a hundred admirable and significant groups and views; we have missed the clown and the gravedigger. In Shakspeare 'one may suck matter out of every thing, as a weasel sucks eggs,' as Jacques says. These clowns are very like their betters, they are not thinking of the thing they are about; but make themselves happy in the exercise of an endless ingenuity. Fortinbras shuts the scene. He surrounds the play as with a frame.

"It appears, therefore, that Hamlet is, in itself, a complete and reasonable whole, composed in an harmonious proportion of difference and similitude, into one expressive unity."

Shelley, as he finished, looked up, and found Lord Byron fast asleep.

APPENDIX O

TWO PROSE FRAGMENTS BY SHELLEY

I. Shelley MS. 2 pp. 4to.

Pforzheimer Collection

In addition, when you would distinguish a philosophical [disposition] nature from one which is not, [consider] observe—what 3—whether it be servile or liberal; for all things a narrow littleness of [soul spirit] soul is the most { inauspicious / adverse } to a mind aspiring to embrace that comprehensive circle of divine & human nature beyond which nothing exists. For how [large] small { the / [a] } space { which / [would] } human life occupy in an intellect accustomed to the magnificent spectacle afforded by the contemplation of all time and all existence. Small indeed replies he. Could such a one consider death as terrible? Surely not. A cowardly & illiberal disposition is incapable of participating in the doctrines of true philosophy? Assuredly. But { he who is / the modest } free spirited [& gold despising] a despiser of wealth, neither insolent nor cowardly, would surely neither be nor unjust? Surely not. And [in the consideration] thus [by it] you may [discover] distinguish a philosophical man from one that is not so by observing from early youth whether its disposition is just & { gentle, / [mild] } or savage desire; and what is to be found more intimately connected with wisdom than truth? Nothing. Can then the same nature [but] be at once philosophical & prone to falsehood! By no means. The true aspirant after knowledge ought from his earliest youth to affect entire truth.

Certainly whenever { the affections / [certain persons] } violently impel a person to a certain particular { course of life / [tendency] } we know that their strength is by so much the more remiss to any other tendency [in proportion as] their stream having been diverted into another channel. Certainly. { He / [Those] } who { s / ha[ve] } been impelled toward Knowledge & { a / [its] } Kindred discipline, seeks the [sens] pleasures of the soul [as within] as [it] they exists within itself, & omit the pursuit of bodily enjoyments; if indeed he be truly a philosopher & not a fictitious resemblance of that character. Of necessity it must be so. Such a person must be temperate, & in no manner a lover of money; [for those things] for those things for the sake of which others devote their whole [attention] powers at whatever expense to obtain wealth, he disregards; to [any to] him least of all mankind { could / [would] } there be any motive for accumulating wealth.

II. "Patriotism, Chivalry and Justice." Two quarto leaves (4 pp.) from a Note Book in the Autograph of Shelley (the top corner of one leaf is torn off). The Autograph consists of 90 lines. The watermark of the paper is 1806.

* ". . . These propensities themselves are comparatively impotent in cases where the imagination of pleasure to be given as well as to be received does not enter into the account. Let it not be objected that Patriotism and Chivalry and Sentimental love, have been the fountain of enormous mischief. They are cited only to establish the proposition that according to the elementary principles, man is capable of desiring and pursuing good for its own sake. . . . They will avoid inflicting pain, tho that pain should be attended with eventual benefit. They will seek to confer pleasure without calculating the mischief that may result. They benefit one at the expense of many. There is a principle in the human mind, which regulates the application of benevolence in its application as a principle of action.

"This is the principle of justice. It is thro this principle that men are impelled to distribute any means of pleasure which benevolence may suggest the communication of to others, in equal portions among an equal number of applicants. Justice as well as benevolence is an elementary law of human nature. If ten men are cast on a desert island they distribute whatever subsistence may remain to them into equal portions among themselves. If six of them conspire to deprive the remaining four of their share, their conduct is termed unjust. The existence of pain has been shewn to be such. Circumstance which the person and mind regards with dissatisfaction and of which it desires the cessation. It is equally according to its nature to desire that the advantages to be enjoyed by a limited number of persons should be enjoyed equally by all. This proposition is supported by the evidence of indisputable facts.

"Tell some ungarbled tale of a number of persons being made the victims of the enjoyments of one, and he who would appeal in favour of any system which might produce such an evil to the primary emotions of our nature, would have nothing to reply. Let two persons, equally strangers, make application for some benefit in the possession of the other to bestow, and he feels that they have equal claim. They are both sensitive beings: pleasure and pain affect them alike."

* "This precious Manuscript was given by Shelley's son, Sir Percy, to Dr. Garnett, in the early days of their acquaintanceship, before he became possessor (through Mary Shelley) of the further Shelley MSS., which realized £3,000 at the Sale of Dr. Garnett's Library in 1900." —Catalog issued by Tregaskis, London, whose text of the MS. I reprint.

APPENDIX P

Shelley's Cheques

From the Brookes-Shelley Correspondence

Courtesy of Mr. Walter Spencer

Endorsed at	*Payable to*	*Amount*
London, Dec. 23, 1815.	Mr. Clairmont	£3.0.0.
Egham, Dec. 23, 1815.	Mr. Paris or bearer	£18.0.0.
London, Dec. 26, 1815.	Joseph Hume, Esq. or bearer	£200.0.0.
Bishopgate, Dec. 28, 1815.	Mrs. Peacock or bearer	£30.0.0.
London, Jan. 5, 1816.	Mr. Crookson or bearer	£3.0.0.
London, Jan. 11, 1816.	John Billing Esqr. or bearer	£13.2.6.
London, Jan. 12, 1816.	Mr. Clairmont or bearer	£5.0.0.
London, Jan. 16, 1816.	Mr. Crump or bearer	£8.0.0.
London, Jan. 23, 1816.	Mr. Brown	£9.0.0.
London, Jan. 23, 1816.	Mr. Brown	£9.0.0.
London, Jan. 26, 1816.	Mrs. Furnival or bearer	£10.0.0.
Bishopgate, Jan. 27, 1816.	Mrs. Peacock or bearer	£10.0.0.
London, Jan. 28, 1816.	Mr. Clairmont or bearer	£3.0.0.
London, Feb. 5, 1816.	Mr. Brown or bearer	£20.0.0.
" Feb. 6, 1816.	Mr. Brown or bearer	£2.0.0.
" Feb. 9, 1816.	Self or bearer	£20.0.0.
" Feb. 9, 1816.	Mr. Clairmont or bearer	£5.0.0.
" Feb. 16, [18]16.	Self or bearer	£20.0.0.
" Feb. 20, 1816.	Mr. Clairmont or bearer	£10.6.0.
" March 1, 1816.	Mr. W. Cowyn or bearer	£9.13.6.
" March 11, 1816.	Self	£30.0.0.
" March 12, 1816.	Miss Clairmont or bearer	£20.0.0.
" March 18, 1816.	Miss Clairmont or bearer	£10.0.0.
" March 21, 1816.	Miss Clairmont or bearer	£11.0.0.
" March 22, 1816.	Mr. Bliss	£0.14.0.

Endorsed at	*Payable to*	*Amount*
London, March 26, 1816.	Mr. Romainis or bearer	£1.19.6.
" March 26, 1816.	Mrs. Clairmont or bearer	£6.0.0.
" March 29, 1816.	W. C. Knox or bearer	£25.0.0.
April 1, 1816.	Self	£30.0.0.
London, April 4, 1816.	Mr. Clairmont or bearer	£25.0.0.
" April 5, 1816.	Mr. Clairmont or bearer	£3.0.0.
" April 6, 1816.	Mr. Hayward or bearer	£13.5.6.
London, April 8, 1816.	Self	£11.0.0.
" April 9, 1816.	Mr. Clairmont or bearer	£2.0.0.
" April 11, 1816.	Mr. Clairmont or bearer	£5.0.0.
" April 11, 1816.	Self	£32.0.0.
" April 22, 1816.	Self	£11.0.0.
" April 24, 1816.	Mr. Harbottle or bearer	£14.14.6.
" April 29, 1816.	Mr. Clairmont or bearer	£10.0.0.
" April 29, 1816.	Self or bearer	£20.0.0.
" May 1, 1816.	Mr. Harbottle or bearer	£20.0.0.
" May 1, 1816.	Mr. Harbottle or bearer	£40.0.0.
" May 2, 1816.	Messrs. Austin & Company or bearer	£3.13.6.
" May 4[?] 1816.	Mr. Proach or bearer	£6.1.11½
Geneva, Aug. 2, 1816.	T. Peacock Esq.	£25.0.0.
London, Sept. 13, 1816.	Self	£5.0.0.
" Sept. 18, 1816.	Self	£45.0.0.
" Sept. 18, 1816.	Mr. [H]arbottle or bearer	£5.13.9½.
" Sept. 24, 1816.	Hayward Esq. or bearer	£45.0.0.
" Oct. 7, 1816.	Joseph Hume Esq. or bearer	£200.0.0.
Bath, Oct. 14, 1816.	Mr. Henry Bath	£20.0.0.
London, Dec. 9, 1816.	Leigh Hunt Esq. or bearer	£5.0.0.
" Dec. 12, 1816.	Mr. Smith or bearer	£50.0.0.
" Dec. 17, 1816.	Self	£45.0.0.
" Dec. 18, 1816.	Mr. Leigh Hunt or bearer	£50.0.0.
London, June 28, 1817.	Self	£50.0.0.
" June 28, 1817.	Mr. Carpenter or bearer	£5.0.0.
" Aug. 5, 1817.	Mr. Jones or bearer	£3.0.0.
" Sept. 25, 1817.	—Ollier Esq.	£5.0.0.

Endorsed at	*Payable to*	*Amount*
London, Sept. 29, 1817.	Mr. Carpenter or bearer	£5.0.0.
" Oct. 1, 1817.	W. Godwin Esq. or bearer	£120.0.0.
" Oct. 2, 1817.	Horatio Smith Esq.	£60.0.0.
London, Oct. 10, 1817.	Mr. Butt or bearer	£2.14.0.
" Oct. 10, 1817.	Messrs. Hookham or bearer	£2.0.0.
" Oct. 12, 1817.	Mr. Madocks or bearer	£2.0.0.
" Oct. 18, 1817.	Messrs. Ollier & Co., or bearer	£5.0.0.
" Oct. 23, 1817.	Mr. Carpenter or bearer	£5.0.0.
" Oct. 23, 1817.	Mr. Selby or bearer	£3.0.0.
" Nov. 3, 1817.	Mr. Carpenter or bearer	£5.0.0.
" Nov. 3, 1817.	Mr. G. Levick or bearer	£1.14.0.
" Nov. 4, 1817.	W. Godwin Esq. or bearer	£40.0.0.
" Nov. 7, 1817.	Mr. Ehu or bearer	£2.14.6.
" Nov. 8, 1817.	Mr. Carpenter or bearer	£10.0.0.
" Nov. 12, 1817.	Self or bearer	£3.0.0.
" Nov. 14, 1817.	Messrs. Fisher & Co.	£1.17.3.
" Nov. 15, 1817.	Mrs. Ford or bearer	£7.0.0.
" Nov. 19, 1817.	Mr. Ford or bearer	£3.0.0.
" Nov. 19, 1817.	Mrs. Ford or bearer	£5.0.0.
" Nov. 21, 1817.	Mr. Cox or bearer	£1.10.0.
" Nov. 23, 1817.	Mr. Walker	£5.0.0.
" Nov. 23, 1817.	Hookham Esq.	£5.0.0.
" Nov. 24, 1817.	Mr. Calvert or bearer	£1.11.6.
" Nov. 24, 1817.	Mr. [ ] or bearer	£5.5.0.
" Nov. 24, 1817.	Mr. Carpenter or bearer	£5.0.0.
" Nov. 25, 1817.	Leigh Hunt Esq. or bearer	£150.0.0.
" Dec. 1, 1817.	Messrs. Ollier or bearer	£10.0.0.
" Dec. 3, 1817.	Baxter Esq. or bearer	£7.0.0.
" Dec. 18, 1817.	Mr. Baxter or bearer	£15.0.0.
" Jan. 2, 1818.	Messrs. Lackington & Co.	£3.0.0.
" Jan. 5, 1817.	Robert Waithman Esq.	£5.0.0.
" Jan. 13, 1818.	W. Godwin Esq. or bearer	£40.0.0.
London, Jan. 14, 1818.	Mr. Tylecote or bearer	£63.0.0.
" Jan. 15, 1818.	Mr. Estes or bearer	£12.12.5.
" Jan. 15, 1818.	Messrs. Rolls & Company	£50.0.0.

Endorsed at	*Payable to*	*Amount*
London, Jan. 15, 1818.	Mr. Wallam or bearer	£17.17.0.
" Jan. 15, 1818.	— Wright Esq. or bearer	£13.8.0.
" Jan. 16, 1818.	Messrs. Ollier or bearer	£10·10.0.
" Jan. 16, 1818.	Messrs. Faulder or bearer	£30.0.0.
" Jan. 17, 1818.	Messrs. Ollier or bearer	£20.0.0.
" Jan. 22, 1818.	Miss Hewey or bearer	£2.11.0.
" Jan. 30, 1818.	Dr. Lambe or bearer	£10.10.0
" Jan. 30, 1818.	Mr. Clairmont or bearer	£15.0.0.
" Jan. 31, 1818.	Mr. Edwards or bearer	£10.11.6.
" Jan. 31, 1818.	T. P. Esq. or bearer	£5.0.0.
" Feb. 2, 1818.	Mr. Egg	£26.5.0.
" Feb. 2, 1818.	Self or bearer	£10.0.0.
" Feb. 4, 1818.	Messrs. Ollier or bearer	£10.0.0.
" Feb. 4, 1818.	C. P. or bearer	£10.0.0.
" Feb. 5, 1818.	H. H. or bearer	£3.5.11.
" Feb. 6, 1818.	Mr. H. or bearer	£10.0.0.
" Feb. 9, 1818.	C. P. or bearer	£10.0.0.
" Feb. 16, 1818.	Mr. Sutton or bearer	£5.12.0.
" Feb. 16, 1818.	Self	£10.0.0.
" Feb. 17, 1818.	Wright Esq. or bearer	£14.4.0.
" Feb. 21, 1818.	Mr. Sutton or bearer	£10.10.0.
" Feb. 21, 1818.	Messrs. Gilby & Company	£9.9.0.
" Feb. 21, 1818.	Self or bearer	£20.0.0.
" Feb. 22, 1818.	Mr. Call or bearer (uk?)	£7.1.0.
" Feb. 23, 1818.	Messrs. L(erk?)in & Beech or bearer	£32.0.0.
" Feb. 27, 1818.	Peacock Esq. or bearer	£20.0.0.
" Feb. 28, 1818.	T. S. Wright Esq. or bearer	£38.12.9.

APPENDIX Q

Documents Relating to Mary Shelley's Pencil Sketch of Shelley, from the Miriam E. Stark Collection. The Library, University of Texas, Austin, Texas.

1. A Note on Mrs. Shelley's Pencil Sketch of P. B. Shelley (1829)

By C. S. Middleton, author of *Shelley and His Writings*, 2 vols., 1858

In 1826 Mr. William Galignani projected a complete edition of the works of *Shelley*, as one of his firm's series of the English poets and applied to Mrs. Shelley who at that time, for some reason or other was averse (or perhaps was prevented from giving countenance) to the idea. The letter was accordingly allowed to languish for two or three years, when owing to the success of a single volume comprising the works of five other contemporary English poets, a further volume was planned to comprise Shelley along with Coleridge and Keats.

To this Mrs. Shelley consented, Leigh Hunt undertook to furnish a prefatory Memoir (considerable additions and corrections to which were made by the poet's widow herself) and an application was further made for a portrait of Shelley, there being at that time none available. After a second application on the part of the publisher Mrs. S. wrote enclosing a small pencil sketch which she had copied or adapted from a portrait in her possession (The "imperfect" one done by Miss Curran at Rome in 1819) and from this pencil sketch now in my possession the engraver, Mr. Wedgwood was constrained to compose a likeness of Shelley, afterwards minutely engraved to fit into a fanciful frontispiece design.

From the Miriam L. Stark Collection, The Library of the University of Texas

MARY SHELLEY'S PENCIL SKETCH OF SHELLEY

Which she prepared for Galignani's edition, Paris, 1829, of the *Poetical Works of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats.*

Is it any wonder that the portrait was, under the circumstances, not a success or that Mrs. Shelley, on receiving the volume containing it wrote indignantly to Hunt to say that it was a wretched caricature which she was afraid unless disavowed would be generally accepted as a portrait and copied and exaggerated especially in America.

This protest being forwarded to Mr. Galignani he wrote a letter of regret pointing out the engraver's difficulties and the fact that the likeness was on a very small scale and promising to correct it in a succeeding edition.

Mrs. Shelley's chief criticism of this first printed portrait of her husband was that it made his lips appear closed instead of slightly parted as in her sketch and so "gave them a thick appearance entirely out of character."

It cannot, I think, be denied that Mr. Wedgwood's swarthy, plump presentment, so Italian-like, bears little resemblance to the accepted notion of our poet's physiognomy.

C. S. M.
(C. S. Middleton)

2. Two Unpublished Letters of Mary Shelley to Galignani, the publisher of *The Collected Works of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats*, Paris, 1829.

33 Somerset St.
London

My Dear Sir:

I should have been glad to lend you a portrait of Shelley for the Paris edition of the Poems had I one to spare—but that which alone I possess—although imperfect—is far too precious to me to let it out of my hands——

Were your engraver in London I should not be disinclined to let him copy it here but as you say this is not possible I have made a little pencil sketch which I enclose in the hope that it will serve your pur-

pose—especially as you mention that the likeness is to be very small—

I am

Yours truly

M. W. Shelley

8 Jan. 1829

[Addressed on reverse]

Mr. W. Galignani

No. 18 Rue Vivienne

Paris

---

33 Somerset St.

London

Mrs. Shelley is sorry she troubled Mr. Galignani about the little engraved likeness of Shelley for the Paris edition of the Poems—but she could not help thinking it would have been better to have sent her a proof of Mr. Wedgwood's engraving—when she could have pointed out its defects as a likeness of her husband.

It may be that the small pencil sketch was deficient in artistic merit—but at least it bore—in her opinion a likeness to the original.

If the engraver will refer again to it he will perceive that in his copy he has closed the lips and so given them a thick appearance entirely out of character—

Mrs. S. mentions this detail particularly in order to prevent its probable repetition on a larger scale—

15 Jan. 1830

3. A Letter of H. Buxton Forman, the Shelley scholar, to J. B. Walton on the subject of the sketch.

46, Marlbourough Hill

St. John's Wood, N. W.

24 Nov. 1912

Dear Sir,

I am truly obliged to you for letting me examine your very fascinating and valuable Shelley relic. It effectually clears up a mystery

which I have long sought to fathom, i. e. the origin of the curious Wedgewood engraving—the first likeness of the poet in the Paris edition of 1829.

I return it with many thanks & am

Yours faithfully
H. Buxton Forman

J. B. Walton, Esq.

APPENDIX R

Three Letters of William Godwin, Hitherto Unpublished, Relating to Shelley's Efforts to Extricate Him from Indebtedness

DEAR SIR:

I had a letter a day or two ago from Shelley on the subject of what passed at Guildhall on the 18th ult, which it is necessary I should answer this day. It would give me great pleasure to see you before I take up the pen for that purpose. Could I find you at home at one o'clock? or, could you call on me any time this morning? How can it be contrived that we should meet?

Very truly yours
W. Godwin

Friday Morning,
Nov. 26, [1815] ten o'clock
[Addressed on reverse]:

Mr. Hayward

Skinner Street
Tuesday Morning
May 6, [1817]

DEAR SIR:

After a night's reflection, I cannot help differing from you as to what ought to be our next step. I think before we proceed a step further we ought to know something of the nature & value of the property. We may else get a property that is not worth a farthing; & then at best all the expenses of deeds &c, will be thrown away. Nor can I approve of your notion of taking the thing, though it may be worth little or nothing, because on Sir Timothy's death we may resist payment. I would not willingly buy a law-suit at the price of sixpence Shelley's idea also differs from yours, for he expresses

a desire of knowing the real value. And, if we beat down the price, we had better know this first.

I think therefore the next step should be, for you to obtain from Christie or his client a written authority for Shelley & friends to inspect the property, & a sight of the rent-roll.

Yours truly
W. Godwin

[Addressed on reverse]: [and endorsed]:
Mr. Hayward 6th May, 1817
From W. Godwin

Letter from Godwin to Shelley

Skinner Street
July 5, 1817

Dear Sir:

I think it is probable you may be applied to for the certificates before I see you. I have received a note to say that "when the certificates have been sent & compared with the statement, the draft of the deed shall be handed over." This note is signed "J. Tyndale," & directed to Wall (or Hall). All this I do not understand, & therefore refer them to you. I therefore send you the certificates that you may do as you think proper. I should be sorry to interpose any unnecessary obstacle.

They ask, beside the enclosed, for a certificate of the death of Sir Bysshe. This I have not got, & I observed to Wall that it was quite unnecessary. The circumstance of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart., being a member of the British Parliament, may surely be taken as a tolerable presumption that his father is dead.

Yours Sincerely
W. Godwin

[Endorsed on back by Shelley]:
5 July 1817
From Mr. Godwin

APPENDIX S

Shelley's Oxford Romance

Possible identity of the girl suggested by a letter written to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

[131a] The identity of this "principal favorite" of Mrs. Griffith's remains an unsolved mystery. Probably the reference is to a young lady; and one wonders if it could have been the "Miss Burton" of whom E. B. Impey wrote, from Flushing, March 18, 1811, to his friend, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, then at Christ Church College, Oxford:

"As for the literary meteor who is now performing his perielion [*sic*] in your learned hemisphere, I have nothing to do—but hide my diminished beams—& congratulate myself on being beyond the scope of his fiery tail—which he seems to whisk about with such wonderful volubility that I would have Miss Burton beware of the laws of gravitation & vigilantly guard her center of attraction." [132a]

In this connection, remembering Hogg's method of concealing identity by reversing initials, one is led to query whether Miss Burton's father was the "B. J." of the reference in Richard Clarke's letter, April 6, 1811, printed on pg. 119.

[132a] Letters from and to *Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe,* Volume 1, p. 446.

NOTE

The following letters reached the author too late for inclusion in an appendix or the index. They are published in this special limited edition by the very great kindness of their owner, Mr. Luther A. Brewer, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, whose vast collection of Leigh Hunt letters, manuscripts, association copies, etc., is well known to collectors.

W. E. P.

Unpublished Letters Relating to Hogg's *Life of Shelley*

1. Letter from Jane, Lady Shelley, and Sir Percy Florence Shelley to Leigh Hunt

June 3, 1858.

Dear Mr. Leigh Hunt:

My husband is at sea and although I expect him home tomorrow, I am most anxious not to lose a post in telling you all that has happened lately with regard to Hogg's book, and to ask your aid & assistance in what is now the only course left to us— On comparing the materials with which we had furnished Hogg with the book itself we discovered that all the letters to Hookham (whom he designates as H. T.) garbled & falsified to a wonderful extent, so that we can scarcely recognise them— They can no longer be considered as Shelley's letters— With those written to himself he has probably dealt in the same way—no one ever having seen the originals but himself——

We obtained all our materials from him, whilst we were in town, with the view of restoring some—before doing this however Percy wrote to request that he might see the proofs before publication— Hogg will not take the slightest notice of any kind of either the letter or this request— It is plain he will not consent to this—it is under those circumstances impossible for us to restore any of the materials—and what we must do is evident. We must ourselves arrange these papers & with a few connecting links give them to the world, that they may judge from Shelley himself and from the testimony of some who knew him well, what he really was——

Will you help us in this most difficult task?—You knew & loved Shelley— You know that both his & Mrs. Shelley's friendship towards yourself was most true & devoted—and I do not hesitate one moment in asking you to stretch out a helping hand to his children in their effort to save his beloved memory from such handling as Hogg will give it——

We are anxious this book should appear at the same time or a little before the other two volumes of Hogg——

If you would write anything of Shelley yet unpublished as shortly as you like, your name of course would have great weight nor should we

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have thought it right to have announced this work without acquainting you & asking the assistance which I feel assured you will gladly give——

Have you seen Peacock's review in the new *Fraser?* It is well done,—but I have never yet seen Hogg handled according to his deserts——

I hope since we had the pleasure of seeing you in town that you have quite recovered from the attack you were suffering so much from——

With kind regards, believe me, most truly yrs.

Jane Shelley

Boscombe
June 3rd 1858—

[the following postscript is in Sir Percy's autograph]

I have just come home—and have seen my wife's letter—which contains all I would say myself—I am not quite sure whether it is clear from what she says that all we want is a letter from you—as short or as long as you like, to insert in the book we mean to publish. But I will let you know how the matter progresses— Ever yours affectionately

Percy Shelley

2. Letter from Leigh Hunt to Sir Percy Shelley, Bart., in reply to the foregoing

Hammersmith—July 2d. 1858.

My dear Sir Percy,

The wish expressed by Lady Shelley and yourself, that I should give you my opinion of Hogg's book, and the indignation and disgust which it has excited in both your minds, have led me to make myself better acquainted with it than I had leisure to be when it first appeared; and the feelings about it, which I then strongly participated with you, have become so increased, and his conduct at the same time rendered so unaccountable in my opinion but upon one supposition, that could I have imagined him capable of the like kind of commiseration for others, or even for himself, I think I should have felt little but pity for the man; the conclusion I have come to being, literally, that he is out of his wits. At least I cannot but consider his brain to be somewhat touched or weakened, and his pen to have become as odd as his appearance and manners.

I am sorry to write the words,—and wish I could see any way of avoid-

ing the necessity of doing so. But in justice to others as well as to myself, I do not find it possible.

You are aware, that in the Lunatic Asylums respecting which so much has been written of late years, and which do so much honour to the progress of philosophy and humanity, many a patient is reasonable enough in his conversation, till some particular point or points be touched upon, which immediately bring out the evidences of his disorder. Cases of the kind indeed are too well known, both in and out of such walls, to need proofs of their existence with any body; and I have no hesitation in saying, with the utmost seriousness of conviction, that I believe the case before us to be one of them. Hogg has long been thought very eccentric by those who are in the habit of knowing, or even seeing him; and if there were any melancholy in his madness, or I considered the combination probable, or his mind, in its last recesses, moveable out of that excess of self-complacency which is the very essence of his disorder, I would much rather have said nothing at all on the subject, than write what I now do. But he will have all the helps which illusions of self-love can give him. Being, furthermore, not a sincere man himself, he will try hard to think me insincere in what I have been saying; and this will double his reassurance. He is subject, it is true, to violent fits of anger; and what I say will make him very angry; but the conceit which is his ruin, is his refuge; and I believe, that whatever bitterness he may experience from my pill which the publication of his book will assuredly force upon him, will be finally and severally swallowed up in those restorative paroxysms of self-idolatry, which have been observed to perform the parts of antidote as well as bane on similar occasions. There are many persons of this kind in society, who walk without keepers to the last, and who are as contented and comfortable with themselves, or at least with their illusions, as they are distressing to every body else.

This is the sole clue, depend upon it, to the enormities and vagaries of Hogg's otherwise unaccountable book. No wonder you did not perceive it at first in the man himself. No wonder (not having seen much of him at any time, or under unfavourable circumstances) that both you and Lady Shelley were inclined to think well of a person, who in days of tutorships less reflecting than the present had suffered expulsion with your father from a bigoted college; and who afterwards, while still young, wrote an account of the circumstance, and of their college companionship in ordinary, in a style that was both amusing and interesting. No wonder you concluded,

that a writer who could describe one portion of the poet's life so well, and who was anxious to be his entire biographer, would succeed at least as pleasantly with the remainder, though he might not be able to do justice to the subtlest requirements of his theme. Men of more earnest and sympathizing natures had thought the time for attempting to do it not arrived; —seemed to think indeed it could not arrive, till all the persons had ceased to be living, whose feelings, with whatever innocent intentions towards any party, might be trespassed upon in a manner which privacy does not desire. But meantime years passed away, and the biography might not be written at all. So no wonder that permission was given for the work; no wonder that the cunning speculator (for cunning, you know, is specially consistent with certain states of the faculties) contrived to make the permission a "request"; and that materials being put into his hands, accordingly, he went triumphantly off with his riches, chuckling inwardly, no doubt, at the knowledge of what he meant [to] do with them, unsuspected by those from whom they had been gained, and of the surprise which he had in store for their unsuspiciousness, in return for its bounty.

For I must confess on the other hand, after all these "no wonders," that my imagination labours in vain to set bounds to the astonishment that must have seized you when the submissive, shy-looking, and soft-spoken individual, who had succeeded in persuading you that he was a "gentleman," and had been favoured with the task which he had set his heart on, and with materials for performing it, suddenly altered the tone of his behaviour and with the severity of a determination from which there was to be no appeal, peremptorily, obstinately, and to the still returning "requests," even of the Lady to whom he attributes its existence, refused one glimpse of a syllable which he proceeded to write, or the sight of a single proof-sheet of the work, while it was going through the press. Modest, honest, and grateful gentleman!

Your wonder ceased, when the book appeared. And well it might. Other wonders upon wonders reduced it to nothing. There you found letters garbled and falsified to an extent which made them scarcely recognisable! there you found friends whom you esteemed, vilified out of an insane jealousy; long disproved calumnies resuscitated against them; the maddest outrages done to their tenderest connexions; contempts and injuries, more or less, heaped upon every individual person, and even upon every class, calling, and absolute locality, that had by any chance whatsoever impeded the course or offended the self-love of this extraordinary biographer of one

of the humanest and most unselfish of men, or by any recognised pretensions to the consideration of the world, might be supposed to stand in the way of his own claims to it. And to crown all, & to set the highest mark of effrontery on his work under the shew of a compliment that was to redound to nothing but his own profit and honour, there you found a Dedication to the lady whom he had refused the sight of a word of it; yes, even to Lady Shelley herself; so contrived however uncouthly, as to throw the responsibility for the work's appearance from his own to the lady's shoulders, and thus render her the accomplice and even originator of all which disgraces it; for who was to know that she had not seen every word it contained, and thus sanctioned its publication? Painful indeed [it] is to think of the disgust, and even the horror, which she must have felt when she found in the book all which I have [been] speaking of, together with caricatures the most gross of persons of her own sex, and an apparent inclination, notwithstanding the homage he pays him, to injure the memory of the men for whose genius and virtue she had acquired a filial veneration.

Luckily, the combination of envy and vanity in Hogg carry him into excesses, that while they betray his malice, render it harmless by their absurdity. Thus his success at the bar not being commensurate, he thinks, with his deserts, and being at a loss how to express the extremity of his rage with the contemporaries who have surpassed him, he casts about in his mind what coarsest thing he can possibly invent to their annoyance; just as a congenial desperado in the street looks for the worst piece of mud, to throw into a carriage full of gentlefolks. So he tells us, that where he was keeping his terms as a student, he and certain other young gentlemen "whose society was not displeasing" (associates, that is to say as briefless and meritorious as himself) made it a point to gather themselves into a body so far apart from other students, even at the dinner table, as to "keep at a distance the future occupants of high legal offices,"—"the coming ornaments of the profession";—all of whom it seems by some fatal necessity of difference from the unemployed, were persons on every account to be eschewed, physical as well as moral! His own words are too coarse to be repeated. Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hogg "keeping at a distance" all the future Judges and Chancellors of England!—The obvious conclusion is, that they had made him keep at his. There were good reasons for it, if balked as he did afterwards, and shewed the future Hogg that he is still.

Such was his outset in life. He then went on circuit; and being, it appears, saving as well as "fastidious," and though addicted to cookery, loving

to get it on the most economical terms, he was not popular at inns. Hence almost every inn which he has met with in the course of his life is "dirty," "filthy," and "nasty." Nasty is one of his most favourite epithets. He loves to dwell upon it; just as some creatures love to dwell in the kind of atmosphere or soil which it describes. In one of the inns "a nasty little girl gives him some nasty tea in a nasty cold room." A great deal of the *Life of Himself* which Mr. Hogg has contrived to mix up with the "Life of Shelley," is made up of recollections and denouncements of this kind,—foolish words about nothings, and such as can be of no concern whatsoever to any body, or any thing, but the writer's own foolish self-importance. What a companionship for your father! and for your father's readers!

Mr. Hogg endeavoured to make up for his brieflessness by writing divers books in prose, of which the world knows very little, and also, it appears, some effusions in verse, of which it knows nothing. In the letters purporting to be written to him by your father are compliments on his "beautiful poems." Be these what they may, neither his prose nor his verse appear to have given him any sympathy with the beauties or the renown of writers his contemporaries. One of the most gifted of men, Brougham, with his fellow diffusers of knowledge composed a "knot of people," who sent forth their information "at a low price in shabby pamphlets" and "on their behalf" Mr. Hogg was once "requested to write something or other"; but he did not chuse to throw editor-handled "pearls before swine" (awkward metaphor for Hogg!). Pearls, he says, he is indeed willing to throw; "only," he adds, "I must be permitted, for my own credit's sake, to throw real pearls before them, not glass beads and other worthless counterfeits, substitutes for my marine treasures." *Preface, p. xviii.* Sidney Smith, as genuine a wit as ever existed, and an advancer of humanity also, he thinks a man terriby over-rated,—a thrower of no pearls whatsoever, or only of one now and then, and that of no value to speak of. He pronounces him to have been "a noisy, impudent, shallow, clerical jester," who "shot out cartloads of rubbish with an overpowering din." (Hogg dined in his company, and, I suspect, had a pearl or two thrown at him, which he did not desire.) The masterpieces of Shelley's poetical contemporaries were sometimes, he allows, very good of their kind; only the kind was a sort of "wheelbarrow trundling," and the best of the performers a "flower of hodmen." What he means by that, I cannot say. As to the poetry of Keats, it was nothing but "consummate vulgarity"; there was "something low-lived" about the Lake School; and a verse quoted from the beautiful

ode of *Hohenlinden* is "a silly verse from silly Tom Campbell's silly poem."

Enough, enough. The man who cannot recognise true wit and poetry wherever he finds it, in vain talks of his admiration of Homer, Shakspeare, and other names worshipped of all the world. The worship is the cause of his faith, not his faith of his worship. Hogg, with his affectation of an enthusiasm in the cause of genius and goodness, wholly at variance with his narrow-minded and cynical nature, is in the habit of calling your father "the Divine Poet,"—an appellation which he repeats, till it looks as if he meant it for an irony, and for which he impudently substitutes now and then, with another appearance of maliciousness, the patronizing pity of "poor fellow," "poor Bysshe," and his "poor friend." The truth is, Hogg knows no more of the "Divine Poet," as such, or of poetry itself, than the animal his namesake knows of a seraph, or of the stars. In no one respect, subsequently to their college days, and in no serious respect even then, was he fitted to be the associate of your father, or qualified to give an account of his genius and his goodness to the world. As well might Falstaff have undertaken to write the character of Hamlet, or Caliban to follow the flights of Ariel. Hogg, like many another man with talents to a certain amount, and abilities of a certain light order, has no serious perception of anything but the "good living" which he betrays such a regard for, and no care but for his profits and his vanity. He is a scholar of the verbal order, more shewy than substantial; and he retains, in spite of intellectual and moral blundering of all kinds, a portion of the wit which he once possessed in abundance, till the corporeal portion of him overlaid the spiritual, and rendered it dull and joyless. In short, he is a mere cynical man of the world, sentimental and romantic in nothing but the tenderest love for himself and the most extravagant notions of his claims to consideration because he happened to be at college with a great man, and thought the great man bound to hold him first in his affections ever afterwards, which it is impossible for such a man to do, he turning out to be the reverse in every respect of his once early friend. A future biographer of your father, if he thought fit to take so much notice of Hogg, might describe the nature of either, by shewing what the other was not.

You must not suppose, my dear friend,—and by this time, after all that has been seen of the nature of the book, I trust you do not suppose,—that such a man as the writer of it, a garbler and falsifier of letters, and at the same time a charger of falsehoods, and of the meanest and selfishest motives

upon everybody whom it suits his rage and conceit to calumniate, can do any harm to such a memory as your father's. The falsehoods of which he ventures to accuse even him, and which, as though he were craftily defending his own, he pretends to attribute to an excess of poetical temperament, were either, you may rest assured, true statements of facts, whatever it may suit Mr. Hogg's convenience or ignorance to think to the contrary, or falsifications originating in the spirit of his own treatment of the statements of others. Respecting the attempted assassination in Wales, I never saw any reason to conclude that a fanatic might not attempt an assassination in Wales, as well as any where else; and as regards the alleged dismissals from Eton, how are we to know that announcements to that effect had not been secretly given, and secretly withdrawn? More will be required to settle these points, than the judgments of the garbler. During the whole time that I knew your father, I never knew him violate the truth in the smallest degree, either in letter or in spirit. My faith in his veracity was so great, that a single shadow of incompatibility with it in a letter respecting myself, which was republished the other day by one of his premature biographers (to say nothing of other reasons), instantly renewed my opinion of its being a forgery. You are aware that not long ago a whole volume of letters attributed to him turned out to be forgeries; and those purporting to be addressed to him in the volumes before us, and the sequels that are to come, will be justly suspected to be such, or partly such, till better evidences than the word of the biographer be brought to authenticate them. The only approaches to anything like double-dealing, of which it was possible to accuse your father (and I have elsewhere alluded to them myself), arose from certain circuitous measures which he would sometimes take in order to do service with others, and from a notion which he entertained that people were improved by leading them to suppose themselves better than they were. Perhaps that was the way, in which he hoped to improve Hogg's poetry.

To conclude seriously this singular tragi-comic subject,— Let the son of the beloved man, and the daughter too (for to so distinguished a title Lady Shelley's filial as well as conjugal zeal has doubly shewn her right) be as easy in their hearts, as they are sound in the judgments, respecting this foolish book of an imbecile pretender, whose misdirected absurdities have made me in my own old age speak of a fellow-creature in a manner to which I thought I had bidden a long adieu, and for whom those three poor

human words, *old age* and *imbecile*, may after all furnish an excuse, which I have not sufficiently borne in mind. I hope such may be the case.

Dear Sir Percy, dear for your father's and your mother's sake, and for your own,

I am ever
Your most obliged and affectionate friend,
Leigh Hunt

To
Sir Percy Shelley, Bart.

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